

JAZZ-AGE PERIODICALS

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Drawing in Two Colors

Winold Reiss

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THE PAINTED DESERT

Delicate land,
Fabulous land,
Clear as a bird-song afloat in the morning,
Keener than glacial air;
Exquisite gift of the slow-building sea,
Held like an altar up to the sky,
Circled with light, cliff-columns high
Rising aerially.
Dare men approach your enchantments of sand,
Land where the rainbow lies bare?—
Enter your sun-guarded gateways of space,
Mortals, like snails with a cheapening trail,
Fearful of mystery, wearily pale,
Out of today's commonplace?
Over the wasteland a strong wind goes;
Like captured heat lies the cactus rose.
The desert sings:
Sand-precious flowers and quick lizards lie
In a world like the brazen bowl of the sky—
Sun-captured things.
Color and distance come weaving their dances,
Mystery-full the great Then, at your hand, silence advances;
Marvelling, mortals unfold strange wings.
Delicate, fabulous land!

Emma Hawkrige

HOPi SUN-CHRISTENING

Child,
High aloft you are held to the dawn,
Naked,
To feel the sun's first rays.
The welcoming god will come,
Leaping
Out of the under-world,
To greet you, to bathe, to engulf you
Child,
Straining the brown arms of your grandmother.
Silent upon the mesa top,

Above a desert of silence,
We, your people, wait
To strip you, earth-strange, to the sun-god,
Child who have lain in the darkness,
Child who shall live in the sun.
Do you see
The lifting of the dusk,
The white line of the dawn,
The yellow coming of light?
Wailing child,
Behold! He has touched you—the Sun!

Emma HawkrIDGE

IN HOPI-LAND AND OTHER LANDS

GHOSTS

Ghosts of the early earth!
The sly coyote knows you,
And the timid deer.
I asked the eagle, circling skyward,
And saw your twin shadows.
The fox looks everywhere
And calls you brother.
Was it your whisper,
Your mocking whisper,
Among the twisted cedars?
Or only the tired winds,
Cuddling on the cool breasts of evening?

BURDENS

Burden of water jars,
Borne up steep trails;
Burden of babies,
Asleep in thonged cradles.
And a heaped-up load of loving,
Carried lightly,
Over all the trails
To the end of them.

HOPI MAIDEN

At the mealing stones
Is one singing butterfly songs—•
Fly, yellow wings, with my love,

That has wings like your own.
Go, in the golden shining of the sun,
Where the cornfields are.
Yellow wings, you are my loving,
Home from the flight.
Somebody is hoeing the corn ;
Heard you not his love for me ?

HOMESICK SONG

To the staccato of the booming drum,
To the dance-step of moccasined feet,
And swaying of brown bodies,
They sang.
Said the very old man at the drum :
It is a homesick song—
Of lonesome deserts,
Of grinding the corn,
Of a roof overhead,
The love of woman;

And of the Path to the Sunset,
Where we go tomorrow.
Ah! then I knew;
Knew why it sang to my heart.

HOPI-TUH

0 people of the peaceful places,
1 have known you of old!
Yet your wise men say nothing,
Nor the tinted sands—
The shifting, singing sands.
These alone are the Knowing Ones:
The shadows of yonder clouds,
And the far-journeying winds—
Winds that cover yesterday's pathway.
They are the gray wings of your rains,
They are the messengers of your praying.

DANCE OF THE DUST WITCHES

Are you not weary,
0 desert dust witches?
1 cannot see who waltzes with you
In close embrace—
But your lips meet hotly in kisses,
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THE NEW DAY

(Optical scan error)

William H. Simpson

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Like thin drifted snow—
And the cradled winds sleepily rub their eyes.
An impatient horse whinnies—
A dog barks, at nothing.
Trails of smoke rise from the kitchen chimney.
The air is washed clean ; it smells sweet
With odors of new-mown hay.
A man steps out briskly
From the imprisoned dark of the barn,
Carrying pails brimful of foaming milk.
A woman waits in the doorway;
She is young and comely.
Mewing kittens are tangled in her skirts;
They smell the warm milk.
A baby cries softly upstairs.

THE NORTH WOODS

Do you remember those rare intimacies
Of August twilights, around a pine-knot flame?
And the luring intricacies
Of paths leading to shaded nooks of no name?
Have you memory also
Of trout, at the end of a taut line,
Poised for the instant,
Like a swift sword-gleam,
Over a flashing, dashing, rollicking stream ?

Have you forgotten—
You, who were love's home—
As the nest forgets,
When the wee birds roam?

NOVEMBER

A thinning of lingering leaves on the boughs,
A sudden chill on the sunny side of the house,
And honk of wild geese overhead.
Summer has fled.
Her departure does not sadden me
Beyond all recompense and utterly,
For you are here,
My dear, my dear.

PITY NOT

Pity not the dead;
They are comforted.
Should they wake not,

All is forgot.
If they rise again,
Love folds them then.

William H. Simpson

COMMENT

SCIENCE AND ART AGAIN

I

IT is easy enough to answer Dr. Steinmetz. He quite ignores the fact that the interest in the Iliad and the Odessey is not in the mode of locomotion, but in the story of human passion and conflict. Otherwise one might replace Homer by a tour through some world's-fair Transportation Hall.

It is merely incidental whether one skim the world's surface by horse, dog-sled, trireme, leviathan, automobile or aeroplane—the motive for going is what counts. Nor is the ability to skim the world's surface in relatively short or long time of any great moment, since any method is both incredibly short and impossibly long—as regards eternity.

Art is the record of the activity of the human spirit; in its essence it is spiritual activity itself. There is perhaps more art in the life-history of a man like Steinmetz, if one could know it, than in his inventions once completed. This, it seems to me, should be the inspiration of the novelist whose imagination is stirred by the spectacle of modern science.

Unless the invention provoke an aesthetic reaction, which is very rare and which is not the motive of the invention, it can not be said to have an aesthetic function, and therefore lacks stimulating quality for the artist. Again, it is the creative human spirit beneath the invention that counts.

Dr. Steinmetz' article illustrates precisely why there is today such a wide divorce between our life—our practical, national life—and art. (There is never any divorce between life and art, because art is life.) Artists are far more willing to grant concessions to science than are the scientists and statesmen to recognize the inherent, concrete power of art. The tribal value (so to speak) of a work of art is never perceived in its own generation, except by a few. Yet fifty years later that work of art, or the composite art of the period, has molded the minds of a people in a fashion that is spiritually concrete. The tribal value of a machine

is accepted at once, for its material benefits ; yet the benefits of art are equally concrete, material; and it is well to remember this in times of peace. We must not forget the storm of protest aroused in the early days of the war by Germany's contention of the superiority of her "Kultur": we summoned our own respective "cultures" to the light, and Robert Bridges brought out his anthology of selections from the poets to prove that we are not deficient in that culture which is founded upon The Spirit of Man—as he called his book.

It is characteristic that Dr. Steinmetz opposes against the creative works of science—and of course science is creative, though not in an artistic sense—only apparently second-rate novels of erotic or decadent tendencies. One would like to know what modern poets Dr. Steinmetz reads, if he reads any, and what he looks for in their work? The burden of proof, it seems to me, rests with Dr. Steinmetz.

Of course our age is not unromantic. Only a very stupid person would make such a statement; but here again one must ask what it is that makes romance? Is it the automobile, turbine engine, flying-ship, or cinematograph? Or are these merely adjuncts to that which is romance? Is not romance also of the spirit?

Dr. Steinmetz clearly does not perceive the distinction between science and art, the aim and object of each; and in this respect he is more out of touch with the Twentieth Century, with his time, and with all time, than is the average literary artist whom he accuses of this fault.

That the poet may not chant paeans to the achievements of modern science is no indication that he is out of touch with his time. Some indeed do chant such paeans, and yet fail to achieve either poetry or romance, or any aesthetic reaction in their hearers. Does not one turn with relief from Mrs. Tietjens' poem on A Steam Shovel to her Most Sacred Mountain, or from Harriet Monroe's poem on The Turbine to her two beautifully intimate sonnets on Pain?

Let Dr. Steinmetz write his own autobiography, as Henry Adams wrote his, and we shall come closer to the springs of creative science, to the spiritual activity underlying it, than if a whole host of poets and novelists treated of its external aspects.

Is the glint of light on an aeroplane more beautiful than that on a bird's wing? Does a steam radiator move one more aesthetically than a wood fire?

The phonograph is an accomplishment, but the aesthetic fact is the voice, not the machine ; the typewriter has nothing to do with the creative impulse of the mind that uses it.

Our age is romantic, as romantic as any other age, perhaps no more so; for it is romantic not on account of the inven

tions that fill it, but on account of the lives that are lived in it, to whom the inventions are an adjunct, but not a controlling power. Here, as always, it is the spirit, and not the machine, that counts. Land feudalism may be supplanted, or augmented by factory feudalism—the struggle is the same.

The problem for the artist is far beyond that conceived by Dr. Steinmetz. It is to perceive and portray the sources of life as these are seen through and beyond the outward trapping. What can one do with the "tube", or the elevated, except ride in it ? And however much one may marvel at the advance of science, however much one may deprecate second-rate erotic novels, it is nevertheless true that no invention has yet been made which changes the course of human passion; the portrayal of which in the hands of a novelist such as, for instance, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, ranks side by side with the achievements of modern science, even though one may sometimes fancy that, instead of chaining sun-power to a turbine, Mr. Lawrence has set himself a task which is a good deal like painting the sun. One may note the difference between Mr. Lawrence's method and that of Homer; Mr. Lawrence gives us a "close-up" in place of a panoramic view (one may find the panorama in Tolstoi or Dostoievsky) ; but one can not admit that Mr. Lawrence is any less in touch with his time than was Homer, even though steam-engines play an unimportant part in his novels.

And incidentally one may remind Dr. Steinmetz that Homer could have left the Trojan horse out of the Iliad, but not Helen!

Certain phases of modern science and invention may provoke an aesthetic reaction in the artist, in which case, if the expression is adequate, the material becomes transmuted into art; and nothing in the world, in this sense, is outside the scope of art. But to insist upon the glorification of modern science as a set program for the artist is to mistake very seriously the function of art and of the artist.

Of course, one could, to refute Dr. Steinmetz, enumerate a host of modern writers whose work is, in a deeply spiritual sense, in touch with their time—indeed, is not this true, on the whole, of modern poetry?—but it would take too long, and the burden of proof, as I said before, rests not with the artists, but with Dr. Steinmetz.

A. C. H.

Much of A. C. H.'s argument is incontestable; but H. M. would like to project one inquiry a little further than either Dr. Steinmetz in his challenge, or she in her reply, has gone.

The inquiry is essentially this: Is not the truth one and indivisible, whether of science, art, philosophy, or anything else? Do we not analyze too narrowly in differentiating the creation of the artist from that of the scientist, calling the one a contribution to aesthetics and the other to material invention? In short, does not all power spring from the Spirit—call it of man or of God?

The poet is almost invariably unmathematical, unscientific. On that side his mind is a blank, and he easily assumes that the forces thus let loose in the world are not spiritual but material. The poet (let me use this word generically, as representing all artists, especially all literary artists) — the poet virtually monopolizes men's ears: what he says goes, because the scientist can merely build his truth—he cannot utter it. And may it not be true that by his blindness to "the soul of the machine," to the spiritual power inherent in its creation, the modern poet establishes a dissonance between the energy of our age and its art?

Just here may be the source of the vague discomfort felt by the average imaginative mind (please note that I say the average imaginative mind—and there are a few imaginative minds in every vocation, from the cobbler to the statesman) in its effort to get into sympathetic relation with modern literature and art. And it may be the reason why modern life and modern art are not one undivided unity, one complete well-rounded circle, as they were in the world's great ages—such periods of transcendent human expressiveness as those of Pericles, of the Gothic cathedrals, of the Sung emperors, of Queen Elizabeth. This vague discomfort is perhaps a just arraignment; and it may be up to the poet, rather than the scientist, to get in tune with his age.

Once in tune with it, once in sympathetic union with the forces now at work in the world, it is quite possible that the poet, and after him the people, will find the confusion of our age resolving into harmony, that he will begin that rounding of the circle which may make the next age as divinely complete and expressive as those others. This will not be through writing eloquent praise of the superlocomotive or the giant aeroplane; but through feeling to the very depths, and expressing to the very heights, the spiritual adventures of the human soul in its use of, and conquest over, whatever powers and agencies the searchers and discoverers of the time have revealed. He will round the circle of beauty in his own way, but it must be the way of knowledge and sympathy—it cannot be the way of ignorance and scorn.

Even so enlightened an observer as Waldo Frank misses

this point in Our America, which is nevertheless the most luminous book of fundamental criticism yet written about our present-day American world. If Mr. Frank could have seen that the pioneer—and the pioneer and the scientific inventor are essentially one type—if he could have realized that his "pioneer" was pursuing a dream rather than mere material riches, he would not have had to call Lincoln a "miracle"—a miracle of spiritual power arising out of a crassly material environment. Lincoln was a son of the pioneers not only physically and intellectually, but above all spiritually. In him the brooding melancholy of their endless quest, the power that paused for neither hope nor despair, that accepted no fulfilment but pressed on ever to the next goal—in him these heroic imaginings flowered into symmetrical beauty and grandeur. And the men of Lincoln's breed today are men like Dr. Steinmetz, pushing on from knowledge to knowledge through the encompassing darkness of our fate.

The fact that their discoveries are misused by meaner men for material gain has nothing whatever to do with the case. It is no more true today than in Homer's time or Elizabeth's—there are always grafters to suck the blood of heroes. But the poet should see beyond the grafter to the hero: if he confuses the two, or neglects both, he is no true interpreter of his age, or prophet of the next.

It was under the spur of such feeling as this that I wrote *The Turbine* twelve years ago. Its sources were authentic: a talk with a twelve-year-old boy whose dream of the beauty of the higher mathematics pushed far out into space and time; and a story, told by an electrical engineer, of the misbehavior of one of his beloved turbines in a great powerstation. No doubt my poem falls far short of that boy's fervor; and of that man's humor and love, his sense of mysterious and temperamental life in this mighty product of human hands and brains. But only a poet who knows and loves machines, or a machinist who knows and loves poetry, is competent to say so. H. M.

REVIEWS

IRRITATION

Pavannes and Divisions, by Ezra Pound. Alfred A. Knopf.

There is a word which one associates with Dostoievsky's works—Sorrow; as we think of Walt Whitman the word may be Joy; for Mr. Pound the word is Irritation. Irrita

tion inspires him and he inspires irritation in his readers. Here are twelve dialogues of Fontenelle, translated. One may say of them that they are just such things as only a man like Mr. Pound could have scooped out of the welter of minor French literature; since if there is a literature in the world to which Mr. Pound is extraneous and foreign, in feelings and ways, it is the French. These dialogues conform surprisingly, and sympathize remarkably, with Mr. Pound—these quarrelsome persons in these dialogues, these not remarkable persons of these not extraordinary dialogues. Here is a poem called *L'Homme Moyen Sensuel*, parading in a Browning exo-skeleton, with much less than Browning under the skeleton. Here is also a translation from Laforgue by which Mr. Pound has achieved a thing worthy of observation: he has been true to the letter, almost, of the original, and at the same time has betrayed and desecrated it. Laforgue's satires are veiled by a delicate and almost haughty modesty, and they have a sorrowfully humble way, which become boisterousness in the translation, reminding one of what Billy Sunday did to Christ.

The book, taken as a whole, is Mr. Pound's profession of faith in art. A faith in art which consists of a few don'ts shouted at some imaginary and improbable followers; of repetitions of phrases by old and ancient masters, duly stripped of their original glamour, as all repetitions are. (One finds here a formula almost directly translated from a famous passage of Rimbaud's *Les Illuminations* : "It is the presentation of such a 'complex' instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation".) A faith in art that becomes militant in a fierce little contempt against America—look ! he's throwing pebbles at our skyscrapers, O People !—and a provincial and bourgeois quarrel against the provincial and bourgeois in art. A faith in art that has no love, no ecstasy, not even drunkenness.

It sums itself up mechanically into this: Mr. Pound lets it be known that he is against stupidity, bad art and bad artists. Ask any bad artist: he will tell you that it is he who is against bad artists and bad art! Now, the only way to judge whether it is the case of a bad artist disagreeing with himself and objecting to art, or the contrary, is from the style of the objector, from his way of moving about. (As for his tastes in art—in our century one can no longer judge a man from them—faking about them is the most popular of the arts.) What then are the stride and the physiognomy of Mr. Pound? Well, he may have written some exceeding good poems, I will not say whether I doubt it or not. But this book is a sequence of false steps made by its author in

his effort to gain a recognition that he misses and longs for. And a sulking, aggressive, self-conscious man scowls at you from behind every sentence. Here are some of the false steps: He tells us that he takes "no pleasure in writing this" He drops, altogether too magnificently, such a portentous formidable new phrase as, "Art is a science . . . like chemistry," and as no elucidation or comment follows, but some flat and hollow English instead, one has a feeling of suspicion, as though one had caught a glimpse of a bum with a gold watch-chain strung across his ragged vest. He reiterates that "obviously this is so, obviously that is so. . . ."; resorts to such stimulants of laughter as three exclamation marks (!!!). Boosting James Joyce, he cannot find a more enthusiastic or enlightening phrase than, "He gives us Dublin as it presumably is" ; or, "He gives the thing as it is." Giving the thing as it is he calls realism, and his criticism proceeds with a quibbling on such words as imagism, impressionism, realism, symbolism ; words which, if they ever mean anything, mean one thing only; otherwise, they mean what you understand by them, and if you do not tell us precisely what, they mean nothing.

I might praise the book, and say that there is in it a sort of dignified love for art and art concepts. But how can I ?—this love is so cold and so awkward that it inspires no sympathy. It is probably an affair between Mr. Pound and some Grecian wraiths, and we are unable to say just how immoral or lively it is. And is it love? No sincere lovemaking, no liberating gesture can be awkward; whereas, as Mr. Aiken says, "awkwardness incarnate" is in this book. Perhaps Mr. Pound's liberation occurred some time ago, in his poems. If it be so, then this is a post-mortem restlessness, it is a case of "pain animating the dust of dead desire." Yes, that is indeed why we do not stand in awe at the sight of the considerable fight Mr. Pound has put up, that is why we call it a quarrel; a quarrel that is so much and so exclusively nobody's quarrel that there's no chance to sympathize. His problems are unrealities that he has created out of his weariness and spleen, to throw sand in the eyes of the ghost of insignificance and pettiness that haunts him. His anger against the big plagues of the world is so petty, that, I think, he makes petty difficulties out of big ones in order to give himself the sport to fight them. If he saw how enormous the difficulties are that he is making grimaces at, he would become human and there would be a little more sentiment in him—but I suppose he would feel ashamed of it!

It's an ugly love. Rather the crudity and the bombast of

an earnest beginner, rather all the pathetic attitudes of selfglorification and self-abnegation with which incomplete artists daily pester the world, than this sophisticated love towards Her ; for She is a tough-handed and strong-smelling Woman. Rather the uncouth gaffes of an adolescent than this philandering with fawns and nymphs and mouldy reminiscences of Pan—a nasty way of snubbing this great Woman who slings, in passing, streetfuls of dust of today's cities ; whose favorite perfume is that of the loam—the loam that soils the hands of dudes and snobs. Rather morbid and talkative love than this ungainly nouveau-riche abstinence from raptures for fear of clumsiness; rather coarseness that is tender-hearted, and foolishly weeps and foolishly laughs, than this delicacy and aloofness achieved, or rather striven for, without drama.

Yes, Mr. Pound talks of the experts, of such men as may die of a harsh sound inadvertently caught by their ears. We know them, *ces delicats*. It's Oscar Wilde who wrings new postures and new words out of poor Salome (she was an adolescent and she had a human tendency to be obvious) ; who writes of men flinging themselves languorously on sofas—and refuses to sit down in Whitman's room for fear of soiling his clothes. It is Remy de Gourmont, with his perfectly charming receptiveness, who cowers at the sight of such a forsaken, accursed and violent genius as Rimbaud, and gossips about the tragedy of the splendid Youth. It's Gustave Kahn who quibbles as to whether Laforgue is a symbolist or not, while Laforgue's aloofness and sorrow and death are one of those mistakes or crimes of the world for which the world never gives an account or an apology. It's Ezra Pound who, on the death of Verhaeren, makes haste to tell us that Verhaeren wasn't as good as. . . I forget the name. What these *delicats* miss, what these choosers, these select selectors and elite-makers and aristocrats miss, is what I call roots. They miss what they intensely long for—a place in the world and the sense of their importance in it. What they hate most is clumsiness, lack of taste, they tell us : to anyone who knows the weight and the majestic stride of this our Earth, to anyone who knows how deep and weirdly gnarled men's roots are, common men's roots, how tormentedly tangled and twisted they are, this lightness and this amenity and this aristocratic giggling are grotesque and funny and sorrowfully clumsy. There was exquisiteness in an Italian mother I saw in Taylor Street biting in a sweet frenzy the mouth of her sloppy child; and she was fat and greasy, too. It is the strong-nosed and big-hearted love which is most delicate. Delicacy is a luxury of the strong-nosed, it is not the privilege of a carefully self-preserving scantiness

of heart. Ces delicats and "immaculate perceivers" can never reach that perfect isolation toward which they started when it became impossible for them to be in the world; yes, it was their inability to be a struggling part of the world that dropped them out of it. Evidently—the concept of isolation is a theoretical fallacy—isolation that exhibits itself, indifference that meddles with everything and Tiags and objects !

Ezra Pound's exclusion of his own personal emotion from this book affects to be a feat of dignity, austere lack of sentimentality. It is self-contradictory, and inasmuch as Mr. Pound cannot refrain from shouting and showing signs of emotion, he is most absurdly sentimental. This book is the throttled cry of non-confessed inhibitions. The sentimentality of so many propagandists and radicals who start out, of a day, to settle the troubles of the world—troubles for which they assert they are fundamentally not responsible—this sentimentality is Ezra Pound's. It is the most depraving sort of sentimentality. The idea of self-surpassing, of the Superman, in Nietzsche; and that most frequent and most permanent of colors in art, Sadness—these are furthest from sentimentality, and the best example to set before such noisy self-contradictions as Ezra Pound and the whole bevy of modern purists, professors, learned men and experts! Mr. Pound is a gentleman who, possessing a good deal of human discrimination, saw what were the things that a great man is concerned about. Thereupon he laboriously set himself to be concerned in such things. Indeed, his art theories have all the requisites: there is the proclamation of art as morals—there is the damning of our present-day ugliness and the longing for the times of Chivalry and the beauty that was Greece; there is an act of faith called Religio. It is extraordinary and very deplorable that the same man who speaks of Christ as "the unpleasing Semite who began to use myths for social propaganda," who compares disparagingly Blake with Whistler, does not in the least realize that these same men have benignantly given him that which he surreptitiously tried to steal from them, and, without acknowledgment, stalks about calling his own. He does not realize that his art theories are ages old; that the only newness that can be brought into such topics may only be the weight of a personally suffered tragedy, or a golden gift of song, torn out of a man's own heart, his heart of today, of today's sorrow and today's laughter. In other words that only a very personal emotion validates and differentiates a man's art theories. Then, when one brings such a gift or casts the shadow of such a tragedy, it matters little that similar things have been said by someone else before;

then indeed one may rejoice that they have been said by someone else; then one no longer strives for originality, but for a communion with the great, for the frenzy of the extreme loneliness of being together with the great. And such loneliness is perhaps what is meant by originality.

Dignity, aloofness, cool judgment—the dickens! Only eyes of fire may look at the sun. I am thinking that such things as he eventually utters coldly and precisely are the same that were screamed without precision, and with blind illogical heat, by Blake, by Shelley, by Nietzsche, by Rimbaud, and even by the kind and moderate Sir Philip Sydney, who speaks of "scientists who draw a straight line with a crooked heart." And I say that it is no longer, in such cases, a matter of words or language, but a flame and an uproar which must unfortunately take the form of questionable and confutable words. Ezra Pound is the soot and the ashes of the fire of what he calls derisively "the prophetic Blake." And as for free verse. Upholding, or apologizing for, free verse is ridiculous and obsolete. There is a song or a scream coming to free verse today, since an image of a Great Hunt became song, song of today, song in the ears and song in the throat of a man whom one may see, living and looking sad, if one goes to the office of the Chicago Daily News and asks for the "journalist" Carl Sandburg. The bookish discernment of men who left America "to seek for intelligent conversation" ought to limit itself to things less alive than free verse is today!

I would praise the book and be pleased at Mr. Pound's sincere love for James Joyce, Hueffer, T. S. Eliot and Laforgue ; exult in the fact that he is one of the very few men who spoke at all of Laforgue to the English-speaking-and-not-reading public. But how can I?—I like these men well enough myself; and his enthusiasm is so slack that it disconcerts mine, if anything. And as for Laforgue, I love him so that I am ashamed, for Laforgue, of Pound's indecent flirting. As for the elucidations, which might pass instead of enthusiasm—some of them I have quoted, and here is another: "If the nineteenth century had built itself on Crabbe? Ah, if! But no; they wanted confections." Naughty child, that little nineteenth century!

This book is the Statute of the American-English elite. The elite is always a self-founded group of self-appointed noblemen. In the fact of this self-appointment there is a bitter realization that no one but the candidates was there to do the appointing. No one ever recognizes the elite ; and the elite must therefore come down and make a most undigni

fied show of itself among people whom the elite is supposed to despise and whose opinion it is not to consider. There and therewith the elite commits suicide.

The book has no sadness, no drunkenness, no love, no despair, no whimsicality. No human quality here, nothing but opinions and—an attitude. Attitudes and opinions are such things as may be bought, sold and exchanged, like clothes; they are never contributors to the welfare of the world, since everybody possesses one or more and the world is not helped thereby. Men are forces within the world, and when they become conscious one hears an exaltation or a complaint; and these are signs of life. This world is one and ours. These men opinionating assume that they stand out of the world. . . . Well, they do; and each of them ought to look around him and ascertain the space of air he is filling, and make sure what sort of a ghost or reminiscence he is. But, of course, they are not really outside the world—they are an unease of the world, of a kind which is too tenuous to demand a radical cure, and which keeps feeding from itself—its life a vicious circle.

Ezra Pound has estranged himself. It is a task for a broad-shouldered Balzac to state the causes of such a fact; but we who have read his book have suffered from the effects of it, and this is our complaint. And this is our resolution : he cannot talk to us. By us, I mean readers, artists and shoemakers. We—and I stand together with all the fools he so hopelessly curses—acknowledge that there are many things the matter with us; but we realize that he is not really interested and we consider his talk an intrusion: he irritates us.

Emanuel Carnevali

FOR BEGINNERS

New Voices—an Introduction to Contemporary Poetry, by Marguerite Wilkinson. Macmillan Co.

How to Read Poetry, by Ethel M. Colson. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The number of books "about it and about" would seem to prove not only that the "poetic renaissance" has arrived, but also that a large and eager, but somewhat puzzled public is thronging to book-shops, schools, lecture-halls, etc., to acquire knowledge of its intricate and devious ways. Mrs. Wilkinson does not speak to the initiated, but to

these eager enquirers. She takes the puzzled public by the hand and gently leads it through a course of lessons, illustrated by contemporary poems. Part I, on the technique, consists of chapters on The Pattern of a Poem, Organic Rhythm, Images and Symbols, Diction, Certain Conservatives, Certain Radicals, and How Poems Are Made. Part II, on the spirit of contemporary poetry, discusses Democracy and the New Themes, Patriotism and the Great War, Love, Religion, Nature and Personality in contemporary poetry, ending with a brief chapter about Children and Poetry. No doubt the book will be serviceable to those for whom it is intended, although, considered as scholarship and criticism, it is soft and uncertain in approach and grasp. The expository chapters are better than the analytical, for Mrs. Wilkinson is informed in her subject, and capable of gathering together and presenting familiarly the modern point of view, approximately, and of choosing poems which illustrate fairly the various points of her thesis. But when it comes to thinking for herself in criticism and interpretation, her inadequacies become at once apparent. In the chapter on Certain Radical Poets, for example, she is quite painfully beyond her depth, either uttering banalities, as in the discussion of Mr. Oppenheim, or shying off from even these, as in the case of, Mr. Pound, who is "so clever that one mentions him with trepidation, knowing how much amused he would be at the wrong thing said." And as for Wallace Stevens, her one reference to this poet quotes that superb, that almost sublime, grotesque—

*The light is like a spider:
It crawls over the water;
It crawls over the edges of the snow ;
It crawls under your eyelids
And spreads its webs there—
Its two webs.—*

with the incredible comment:

Sometimes poems by very clever moderns fall short of being good poems simply because the symbols used in them could never have been realized and profoundly felt, and are therefore rather more clever than true.

In Part II one must criticize her analyzing The Spirit of Contemporary Poetry in terms of subjects—such subjects as Democracy, Love, Religion. Here again the author is beyond her depth; but here the text is little more than a running comment upon quoted poems.

However, one may return to the opening statement that this book will be of service to a large public which is beginning to be interested in modern poetry; indeed, that it

is the best book yet offered to that audience. Compared with such volumes as those of Professor Phelps and Howard W. Cook, it is a masterpiece.

If Mrs. Wilkinson's book is for freshmen in the art, Miss Colson's is for a still less initiate class: advice and counsel offered by one who loves poetry to those who are as yet ignorant that such an art exists; an excellent book, one would think, for high school, or even grade school, students and libraries. H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

A LONDON LETTER

The last time I wrote to Poetry on the subject of English verse was from a little house at Taintignies near Tournai in Belgium. It was just after the Armistice and we had no coal, I remember, and outside there were ten degrees of frost and about a foot of snow, so that to continue writing I had to stamp about and thaw my hands by blowing on them And yet instead of drinking whisky in the mess—which would at least have kept me warm—I couldn't help freezing over my article on poetry. During the war I dropped every intellectual pursuit I had except writing poetry. I agree with George Moore that there will always be a few fools ready to die for a poem. And to-day, when the whole of Europe is in an ungodly mess as a result of the war; when the most superficial observer must notice a sharp decline in general morals and manners; when even wealthy England is on the verge of bankruptcy ; when almost the whole life of the nation has become commercialised ; when art and artists are in a lamentable state of disorder and neglect: to-day, there is more poetry in the publishers' autumn lists than I can ever remember seeing before. Certainly a great deal of it is trash, yet even the trash has some circulation. The question, who buys it, is interesting. The poet's own friends cannot be the sole guilty parties. Possibly this continued and inexplicable interest in poetry is due to a dumb revolt against the pressure of modern commercial life. Or it may be, which I don't believe, that young Labor is buying poetry.

Going through a number of these new books I come to the conclusion that most of them will have no sort of interest for a cultivated American, and that the others will almost certainly be published in the United States. You do not need me to tell you that the edition of Mr. Hardy's Col

lected Poems, just published, proves him, as we always knew, to be a great poet, perhaps the only great poet now writing in English. He makes most contemporary poets look rather like pygmies. Francis Ledwidge's Collected Poems will almost certainly be issued in America, so that you will see for yourselves what he is like. He belonged to the Georgian Poetry type of writer, was an Irishman, was highly praised by Lord Dunsany, and was killed in the war.

Mr. John Masefield has turned up again "more English than ever." He works the same old stunt of a newspaper story, long catalogues and delicious "twiddle bits" about Nature (with a large N). The book is called Ghost Heath Run and the "run" refers to a fox-hunt. For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be explained that the average Englishman adores anything to do with racing horses or killing small animals. The vast circulation of the late Nat Gould was entirely due to his having perceived this fact. But I think Mr. Masefield is mistaken if he thinks that the average sporting Englishman will be brought to like poetry even by making the hounds and the fox its subject. The poem will of course be hailed as a "gloriously English" piece of work, in the same spirit that the inhabitants of Rotterdam might talk about a gloriously Dutch piece of cheese; but it (the poem) will not last six months.

Mr. Arthur Waley has published another set of his translations from the Chinese. Mr. Waley is an official at the British Museum Library, and therefore has facilities for acquiring and reading Chinese manuscripts. He is an expert with a sense of poetic language and rhythm. His translations are made in a vers libre which is often beautiful:

*Water's color at dusk still white;
Sunset's glow in the dark gradually nil.
Windy lotus shakes (like) broken fan;
Wave-moon stirs (like) string of jewels.
Crickets, chirping, answer one another;
Mandarin-ducks sleep, not alone.
Little servant repeatedly announces night;
Returning steps still hesitate.*

More Translations from the Chinese is a book worth having. Like the earlier series it is published by Allen & Unwin in London, and Knopf in America.

I see hardly anything else in this pile of books worth noting. There is. Miss Rose Macaulay's Three Days, a book I shall want to keep. It is without pretentiousness, pose

or rhetoric. It should be read for a certain quietness and self-obliterating charm. And then there is Mr. Pound's *Quia Pauper Amavi*, which, being by an American, does not properly come within my province.

Let us leave the hoary elders and listen to the roaring of the young lions. *Art and Letters*, *Coterie*, *Voices*, *The Monthly Chapbook* are all young periodicals, started since the war and devoted largely to poetry. *Art and Letters* is edited by Frank Rutter and Osbert Sitwell. It has published poetry by T. S. Eliot, Osbert Sitwell, and Herbert Read. Mr. Sitwell has published two or three volumes of poetry, was a contributor to the *Wheels* anthology, and is mixed up with many new literary projects. I think I have already written in America of Mr. Read's *Naked Warriors*. It is, I think, one of the best books of war poetry I have read. It gives the "feel" of the trenches admirably ; I may add that, unlike most war poets, Mr. (late Captain) Read has been there, in the infantry. Mr. Eliot is of course an American poet. I dislike his poetry, but I think his prose is marvelous. He is certainly by far the best young critic now writing in England.

Coterie, in spite of its name, is less "cliqueish" than most young periodicals. From the first number (Henderson, 2/6 net) I would particularly select Mr. Aldous Huxley's prose poems on Beauty. The same author has a long rhymed poem on Leda in the second number. It is a pity that Marlowe and Keats came first, but Mr. Huxley has achieved one or two beautiful passages which have no echoes in them. Other contributors whose work seems to me interesting are : Edith Sitwell, Helen Rootham (translations of Rimbaud) and L. A. G. Strong. J. G. Fletcher and Conrad Aiken also contribute. The editor of *Coterie* is Mr. Chaman Lall. *Voices* is edited by Mr. Thomas Moulton. In the last three months it has published poems by Louis Golding, H. J. Massingham, F. V. Bramford and many others. This little periodical, which is pleasantly outside the old pre-war cliques, has also printed prose by D. H. Lawrence, Gordon Craig and St. John Ervine.

The Monthly Chapbook is the new form of Poetry and Drama. So far it has published four numbers: I, Twentythree Contemporary Poets (including John Alford, Herbert Read, Walter de la Mare, H. D., Sassoon, Lawrence, Flint, Sturge Moore, Frederick Manning and Charlotte Mew) ; II, an essay on the theatre; III, old poems with new illustrations; IV, a long study of new French poetry by F. S. Flint. This last is especially well worth having since, as usual, Mr. Flint is in front of every other critic of con

temporary French poetry in the country, and has "discovered" a lot of new people. I think he has got hold of a mare's nest in Cocteau and Birot, whose funniness isn't nearly funny enough to be worth while ; but on the whole these notes are exceedingly useful.

Richard Aldington

Inter-American - October 1920

A MAN OF ERUDITION

By
Rafael Maluenda

A whimsical story of how an avaricious Teuton was able actually to vanquish three women—blue stockings at that.—The Editor

ONE of them had a love for music.

Only Irene, the oldest, worked a bit at sculpture, as a girl, when the true vocation is not yet defined.

However, the three—Irene, Clara and Dorila—had achieved eminence in affairs literary. Untiring readers, with prodigious memories, keen and heartless critics, bibliomaniacs, bibliophiles and somewhat polyglot, the three sisters constituted a formidable trinity, especially in the matter of novels, poetry and the drama.

They had centered upon this mania, of not being surpassed in literary knowledge, that feminine vanity which makes of everything an occasion for show and display. French literature, Russian literature, were familiar to them, from the classic periods to the most recent times, or, at least, what they deemed most recent. Of Spanish literature they had less mastery, perhaps because it argues much more merit to know what is foreign; and they naturally could not with strictness con-

sider literary productions written in our language as such. In respect of the national literature, they were very backward, and they made no effort to conceal the fact. On the contrary, they boasted of it, because they considered such ignorance a proof of the possession of a select spirit.

In the literary meetings of the *Círculo del Buen Gusto* or in the sessions of the *Centro Femenino de Cultura*, the three sisters were wont to give free range to their tongues when the national literature was mentioned.

"Have you not read Daniel de la Vega's last work?"

Clara would reply: "Do not talk to me about books of travel. As to travel: it is best that one gather traveling."

"Mistral's last works are splendid."

Irene parried: "I think it would be difficult to surpass Mireya."

"NO; I refer to Gabriel Mistral."

"Ah, I did not know that he has a daughter who writes!"

But just let any one mention a foreign writer, however little known he might be. Then the learning of any of the sisters was an inexhaustible torrent.

"Mikhailo Yatskiv, do you say? Wait a moment. Ah, now I know! I remember perfectly! Yatskiv is a writer of Ukraine, a Slav. He has published a novel that is called *Fires Burn*: he also published two volumes of stories in 1905 and 1910—with the following titles: *In the Kingdom*

of Satan and Black Wings. I know Yat skiv thoroughly. He is but slightly original; he has suffered greatly from the influence of Baudelaire and Poe."

Professional writers with whom they were wont to mingle in the Ateneo once mentioned an author with the certainty that only they were acquainted with him. "There has fallen into my hands a magazine that contains a short story by an unknown writer, and it is a real masterpiece."

"Do you remember the author's name?" asked Dorila.

"His name is Geza Cardonoyi."

"But that author is very well known! He is a Hungarian writer, born in the Carpathians. He is not a writer upon customs, however. He has one masterpiece, a novel entitled *The Third Power*. It is an analysis of conscience, made with profound penetration. He published afterward an historical novel, *The Invisible Man*, the action of which is developed during the invasion of the Huns."

The three Bernales sisters became bores, with their stupendous literary erudition. Hence, by way of answer, some one would insinuate:

"Very well, and why don't you three Write?"

"Oh! What for?"

selves to writing, who would read? ple read very little in Chile."

As no one, in respect of foreign literature, ever succeeded in catching them in a display of ignorance, it would necessarily be very painful, very humiliating to them, if anybody should prove their lack of knowledge in the realm of letters.

The hour of their humiliation came, however.

The Bernales sisters were now on the road to compulsory spinsterhood, not because they were lacking in attractiveness, but precisely because their virtue—that gigantic erudition—intimidated aspirants, who, in general, however ignor-

ant they may be, do not like to have the women they woo pull them up at every step because of their ignorance.

They had become bookishly hypertrophied.

They lived upon books, in books and for books.

In order to succeed in winning their regard, it would have been necessary to meet them with a literary knowledge more or less comparable to their own; and, on the other hand, it would demand a great deal of devotion to put up through life with women who had the intellectual heaviness of a library.

However, there was always a gallant engaged in taking his turn at trying his fate, because the Bernales sisters were rich, the daughters of a couple with a great fortune, and highly connected in Society. The truth is that the flirts' lasted but a short time; for, at the first exchange of words, the Swains were minded not to return again.

"You are little given to reading."

"Not much, but I read."

"But you do not know anything at all about Russian literature."

"Of Russians I have read only two: Pérez Galdós and Carducci."

*English in the original.—The EDITOR.

If all devoted them

Peo

"Jesús, but how terrible! But these were never Russians."

"Excuse me, I thought. . . ."

"And how do you occupy your time then?"

4 "I?"

"It is incredible that there should be any one so slightly intellectual."

And the gallant went away, not to return.

Another one replaced him, however, in order to meet the same fate.

There was one, one alone, who was too much for them.

He was neither a writer nor an intellectual by profession.

He was a young man of German descent who held a good position in the Banco Alemán.

He was making up to Clara, precisely the best “prepared” of the three sisters. He began by listening to her, listening without opening his mouth, apparently dumbfounded by her learning; but he exercised toward that learned magpie, who was crushing him with opinions, names and titles, that admirable German patience which is able to overcome the tedium of the means when it is a question of an object in view.

When he realized, however, that his extreme lack of literary interest might be prejudicial to him, he declared that indeed he knew almost nothing of English, French, Russian or Italian literature. He was a German and he had been nourished upon German works.

“In German, it would be different!”

As his name was Hans Richter, he even dared to insinuate that he was a descendant—not so direct as would have been desirable—of the great esthete, Jean Paul. It would have been better, if the patient Teuton had confessed his ignorance openly! So he was strong in German literature? To the test then.

And Clara let loose the torrent of her German erudition:

“Have you read Ganghofer? A great novelist. Do you know the works of Clara Viebig? Let’s see: what novels of George Ompteda’s have you read? Pshaw! Then in poetry, you must be still further behind. Do you know Detleff von Liliencron? I venture that you do not recall a single stanza of Julius Wolff’s. Have you not read Paul Heyse, either?”

The German felt crushed by these quotations, questions, references and anecdotes that almost drove him mad.

However great his avarice—corralled, besieged, without an exit—poor Hans felt

himself lost. However, before confessing his absolute ignorance, he gathered, like Samson, all his mental power, straightened up with deprecatory haughtiness and, in turn, asked and interrogated and wondered at the ignorance of the Bernales sisters in respect of contemporary German literature, the new literature, the most recent literature.

The scene was enacted in the presence of witnesses, on one of their receiving days, in the drawing-room of the sisters.

The Teuton said, with no little spirit:

“Pshaw! How fine to know Sudermann, Hauptmann, Harden, Goethe and so forth!

. . . Do you know Falikmann?”

“Falikmann? NO.”

“The youngest of the German poets: a Bavarian. Do you know Reitmann?”

“I have never heard him mentioned.”

“He is a dramatist of great merit, a Prussian. Ulricksen? A journalist and writer of stories. Khel, Herls, Eberth?”

The sisters were confounded, flattened, humiliated! How could they be so “behindhand” in German literature? Their blue-stocking vanity was bleeding as if every name and every title that the young Teuton was pronouncing was a direct stab at the intellect itself.

Finally, the German had to leave before the Bernales sisters recovered from that frightful and pitiless lambasting. He left the salon and stepped into the street. He turned to look for the last time at the Bernales mansion. He knew that he would not return again, that he could no longer return; and, nevertheless, he experienced a profound satisfaction. They had flailed him so.

Yet he, in turn, had left them plunged in stupor at his victorious erudition, even if it were but for a few hours only.

He had named, in the capacity of contemporary novelists and poets of his country, all the employees of the Banco Alemán!. -

ANTECEDENTS OF ARGENTINE HISTORY

A good illustration of the contention that no institution can be understood without a knowledge of its history. To know Argentina, the author holds, one must not only be acquainted with her history in America, but also with her European antecedents—Spanish, of course, but also English, French, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish—and to appreciate her difficulties and her achievements, one must make comparison between Spanish and English ideals and motives, laws, customs and methods, as embodied and developed in the great nation of the extreme south and the great nation of the extreme north of the continent; his plea for the establishment of a chair of history, in which emphasis shall be laid upon the study of national antecedents, is based upon impressive data; and students will be interested in his marshaling of widely separated facts and his striking juxtaposing of seemingly unrelated events.—The Editor.

THE study of the history of Spain can not in itself serve as an antecedent of American history. The New World came into being, it has been developed and it exists as the result of manifold phenomena into which enter very complex factors, and only by a careful analysis of the causes can one succeed in understanding the development of this continent. The history of Spain constitutes in itself a monument of varied facts, many of which sustain no direct relation to us. There are others that affect us so directly that they are even to-day the object of studies necessary to a comprehension of the make-up of our society and our life; and it is to this particular kind of facts that we ought to devote our attention as investigators. Neither in what we are wont to call the history of Spain nor even in the general histories is anything said of the constitution of societies; the forms which the government adopts; the way in which matrimony and the other sex unions are contracted; the rights of children; or the

participation of woman in the collective life; nor is there any discussion of the psychology of crowds. Great battles and memorable events are described, but the degree of any people's education during each period passes unobserved; and there is not the slightest reference made to the state of agriculture, industry and the arts; nor does any one concern himself with legislation in general, much less with labor and social legislation; nor is there mention of the routes followed by the currents of traffic, the infallible indications of human progress.

Our laws, our customs, our language and all our particular manner of being did not spring up by spontaneous generation; they are consequences, rather, of premises laid down ages ago in distant countries; and many anomalies—incomprehensible to those who have not taken the trouble to trace the antecedents to their epochs—seem natural and logical enough, and even necessary, if our minds have lingered for a while upon the study of the precise themes of history that serve us as bridges over which the investigator of the nebulousities of the past crosses to the splendors of the present time.

However, the history of Spain is not the only one that can interest us. The history of France, that of England and even that of Holland, Sweden and Denmark, are intimately connected with the history of this continent. Some of them are the complements and explanations of the others: keys, as it were, to the conduct of each government, friendly or hostile. Commerce in great fleets is not the result of caprice, but of necessity. The British navigation act, based upon the practice of piracy, subjected Hispano-American trade to slavery for two centuries.

In books and lectures and in magazine and newspaper articles, there is constant mention of Magna Charta, of the rights of man, of the habeas corpus act and of liberty and democracy; but only by an analytical study of the constitutions

and customs of each people can we arrive at a conviction of the true origin of liberty; only by a comparative parallel, exact and impartial, will youthful Argentines be able to learn anything regarding the first place upon earth where men were free as the natural consequence of their moral and intellectual elevation.

THE PROPRIETY OF ESTABLISHING A COURSE IN "AMERICAN ANTECEDENTS"

The study of the history of Spain does not solve the problem of clearing up the obscure points in our past. What is lacking is a course, for teachers rather than for students, in which should be analyzed, compared and determined the origin of our society and of our institutions and customs, a course in "American Antecedents," the basis of the specialization of Argentine history. -

America did not spring from the foam of the seas by the magic art of enchantment. From the most remote antiquity, the idea of the existence of lands to westward of the Old World preoccupied humanity. Beginning with Pytheas, in the year 340 before our era, down to Columbus, there were myriads of stakes set up along the road to the discovery of this continent. Several indigenes of these American lands reached Rome in the year 62 before Christ, and the historians Mela and Pliny concerned themselves extensively with them. The Scandinavians colonized Vinland in the year 1000 of our era, and Canon Adam Bremen wrote before 1076 a book in which he described very curious details of what to-day constitutes North America; and when Columbus snatched this world from the unknown of the waters, the world discovered by him already possessed sixteen Catholic bishops who followed each other in succession in their diocese, and there were already ancient ruins of schools and convents, and America could even then boast of martyrs and saints.

While in the north of this continent

there was being developed a rudimentary European civilization, there were springing up in the rest of the New World social movements of immense importance for the future of these regions, at the same time that in the Old World, among the peoples called upon later to colonize these countries, there was being initiated a new civil and political life under many different aspects; and without being acquainted with these facts in detail it is impossible to realize how those modalities reappear among us at the conclusion of the several centuries that have elapsed.

This is the part of history that Spanish Americans ought to know in its least details, if they desire to form an idea of the sources of their respective patrias.

The narrow limits prescribed do not permit us to develop a plan of studies. We shall do no more than blaze the way. This will suffice to demonstrate that it is necessary to establish a course in the antecedents of our history.

The first vestiges of Toltec civilization appeared in México in the year 577 of our era. Of that date are the palaces whose ruins are admired to-day, as in like manner the remains of monuments that show the progress attained in astronomy and other branches of learning among the indigenes; and these expressions of the intellectuality of the Americans coincided with the embodiment of municipal liberty in Spain, the right of popular franchise, the establishment of justices of the peace and the recognition of the jurisdiction of each town, with its own judicial rights, at the close of the eighth century.

In the year 1000, disappeared the Toltec civilization in México, at the same time that the Normans established themselves in the present United States. The Chichimecas extended their dominion over what to-day forms the Mexican republic, and twenty years after this event of so much importance in the history of America, that is, in 1020, assembled the council of León, which was in turn to influence so

greatly the forms later applied to the constitution of this New World of ours. It was the first council held in Spain, counting from the Arab invasion; and upon the twenty laws sanctioned there were laid the foundations of the juridical constitution of the kingdom of León; just as the thirty-one ministerial ordinances drawn up at that council form the superb charter of the capital, that is, the first legalized and protocoled germ of the juridical existence of the cabildos, destined to be of

See INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 148,
footnote 3.—THE EDITOR.

so startling an importance in the political constitution of the New World.

In 1050, the council of Coyanza met; prelates and nobles voted together upon affairs connected with civil government, and it was a true national parliament, very much earlier than any other upon earth.

In 1062, the Peruvian Inca Manco Capac ceased to reign, almost at the same time that King Ramiro I of Aragón called together the council of Jaca, the first assembly of which the history of the world takes account in which not only participated nobles and prelates, but also the popular elements of all the inhabitants of the town, the first written recognition of the part taken by the commons in the direction of governments.

While the Iberian democracies were thus winning their rights and franchises, the English free yeomanry succumbed, at the battle of Hastings in 1066, and William the Conqueror distributed the 60,215 baronies among his Norman warriors, six years before the legendary vow of Santa Gadea where, according to the chronicles, the Cid exacted of the king of Castilla and León the oath not to take any part in the assassination of his brother.

In 1091, died the Peruvian Inca Sinchi Roca, and about that time the American lands were the theater of upheavals and

revolts more important than those that occurred in the old continent during the period included between the eleventh and the fifteenth centuries.

So firm and powerful was the constitution of the municipalities of Aragón before the beginning of the twelfth century, that is, in 1100, that communities or confederations of several cities were already formed to defend their rights against the abuses of the nobles or the prepotencies of royalty; so that when the Peruvian Inca Yupangui left the throne in 1126, the Spanish popular classes had already come, through the direct representation of their municipalities, to have a voice and a vote in the policy of their respective patrias, without being under aristocratic tyranny, as happened in the whole of the Europe of the same period. In 1133, the commons obtained representation in the cortes of Aragón, while in Navarra, from 1134, the popular deputies received fees paid by the towns whose interests were placed in their custody.

In 1156, the Peruvian Inca Maita Capac ceased to reign; and four years later, in 1160, were held the cortes of Burgos, in which good men and representative of the commons were the really directing elements; and it was their vote which outweighed that of the magnates and prelates. These cortes provided that no tribute might be laid upon the cities without the express consent of those who represented them. The people now assumed the legislative power and determined the forms of administration; and it ought to be borne in mind that this occurred more than a century before the holding of the parliament of Leicester, where an ephemeral representation of the people was achieved for the first time in the political history of Great Britain.

In 1190, appeared the Aztec people upon the table-land of Anáhuac, and there entered a new element into the civilization of the American indigenes, while the Norman colonization in North America was

extending and progressing, and while municipal life was taking root and acquiring a new consideration throughout all Spain, as is shown by the cortes of Zaragoza in 1163, and by the very notable ones termed a parliament, gathered in 1134, to designate a successor to the throne. So sovereign were those cortes that the monk Ramiro left his order and came forth from the convent to wear the Aragonese crown; he was married and he lived in wedlock until a daughter was born to him, whom the cortes married to the count of Barcelona, who was forty years older than his wife, in order that the marriage might be dissolved and the king again assume the habit in the convent of Montearagón.

When the Peruvian Inca Capac Yupanqui ceased to reign in 1167, the universities of all Europe were seeking inspiration at the Spanish centers of learning. Berceo wrote his poems—from which Dante afterward took his theme and meter—and at the same time that the cities of the Iberian peninsula were living together in complete Christian peace and harmony—Jews, Mohammedans, Mozarabs, Mudéjares, ° with rights and laws and jurisdictions of their own—there were burned in England, in a single night and in the single city of London, two hundred and sixty Jews, and all their goods were confiscated; 70,500 were expelled; and Israelite worship was not again permitted to be exercised until the time of Cromwell.

In 1214, King Jaime I of Aragón assembled the cortes of Lérida, in which nobles and prelates and ten representatives of each city took part; and in 1215, a year later, John Lackland, king of England, granted the famous Magna Charta, a purely aristocratic privilege in which there was slight concern with the rights of the people. The Peruvian Inca Roca Rea ceased to reign in 1269; and a year later Jaime I of Aragón drew up a code in Huesca, in which the popular freedom and rights were amplified; and in 1250, liberty was strength-

ened still more in Aragón, Valencia and Cataluña, and codes of the laws of each of these kingdoms were published, and the forum judicum was modernized in Castilla to give life to the Siete Partidas, ° whence emanated our present legislation.

In respect of the family life, we also find ourselves, when we study American history, in the presence of inexplicable facts, if we do not give heed to the traditions of the peoples who colonized these countries. The same struggle with the Moors and life in common with them, whether in the cities conquered by the Mohammedans or in those that fell later into the hands of the Spaniards, gave rise to forms in the constitution of the family which reappeared here in subsequent ages when the similarity of the circumstances rendered it necessary or useful to proceed in a like manner. The rudeness of the Norman conquerors established in England modalities that were later passed on to her colonies in this New World.

°Mohammedans who became subjects of Christian sovereigns and lived among Christians without changing their religion, just as the Mozarabs were Christians who lived under Moorish sovereigns and among the Moors without changing their religion.—THE EDITOR. -

*Laws compiled by Alfonso el Sabio, divided into seven partidas or parts; they form the code of Castilla.—THE EDITOR.

The union of the sexes in Spain assumed there distinct forms, all of them legal.

There existed the matrimony with ecclesiastical blessing, that of vows and that of concubinage; and the three forms were juridically equal in many towns, since local decisions alone could regulate what related to inheritances, the recognition of children and the rights of the woman chosen by each man to be his life companion. The defenders of divorce, those who demand the investigation of paternity, all the more modern ideas, are to be found already legislated upon in the Spanish constitution, and all of them relate in this

land of the Indies, legitimizing generations of mestizos born of unions not so illegal as they are held to be by those who do not know the inwardness of history.

The schools of medicine and sciences at Córdoba, the studies of Alfonso el Sabio, and the literary studies of Berceo and the kings of Aragón were the sources of the universities of Salamanca, Palencia, Montpellier and Lérida, and those generations of learned men were the ones who emigrated with Oviedo and Father Acosta to these regions to give, from the first days of the conquest of America, proofs of a science not sufficiently admired by us, although well informed foreigners praise and glorify it.

In 1270, Alfonso el Sabio elevated Castilian to the rank of the national language when he made of this language a literary instrument, and Jaime of Aragón conquered the nobles in their last efforts by relying upon the strength of the municipalities, whereby feudalism received its death-blow; and this occurred five years after the holding of the parliament of Leicester, called thus because it was in Leicester that the earl of Leicester assembled it to fight against the king and the higher nobility.

This was a notable parliament, and we must study it in detail. For the first time, representatives of the cities, or rather of a city, participated; and that assembly is credited—foolishly, it is true—with being the source of the universal freedom that men enjoy to-day.

The attention of thinkers has been directed to the curious fact of the surprising similarity between what was transacted in that parliament and what had already been accomplished in Aragón; and Sarmento himself marveled at the likeness between the institutions of the English colonies upon this continent and the formulas employed by our ancestors when they constituted their municipalities.

The explanation could not be simpler than it is, and only because of myopia has it been able to escape notice. The earl of Leicester was thus named because of his marriage with the daughter of the king of England. His family name was Simon de Montfort, and this is sufficient to explain to us what has appeared to be so mysterious. Simon de Montfort, the grandfather^o of the earl of Leicester who called the celebrated parliament, was the leader of the French crusaders against the Albigensian heretics of Toulouse and the South of France. Master of Béziers and Carcassonne, after defeating and killing the king of Aragón in the battle of Muret, he held the cities mentioned in fief as a vassal of the Aragonese crown, and there is no doubt that both he and his son and successor in the earldom must have received more than one affront from the “justice” of the “good men,” the representatives of the rights of citizens, when they placed obstacles in the way of their aristocratic and feudal tyrannies.

When Simon de Montfort, in his capacity as earl of Leicester, had to fight against the king of England, supported by the militia of London, it was natural for him to revive upon Saxon soil the customs that had irked him so much in his childhood. It was logical to recall the power of the people and to recognize it, since to it he would owe his hope of victory, and the “good men” and a “magistrate,” with identical powers with the “justice” of Aragón, began to appear in the history of Great Britain, although the existence of both was ephemeral; and that parliament was no more than a longing of the enslaved people; but as the earl was beaten a few days later at the battle of Evesham, the seed of Aragonese liberty, transplanted there by Leicester after only a few decades,

*Rather, the father.—THE EDITOR.

disappeared from the political scene, not to reappear.

These and a thousand other antecedents, which can not be found in the history of Spain nor would logically fall within it, are those that we need to make known among students and professors; and only by a plan of comparison, fact by fact and epoch by epoch, can be conveyed to the conviction of youth the true conception of what Our forefathers were and of their deeds upon this American soil.

The encomiendas, upon which so much has been written, existed not only in the peninsula but everywhere upon the earth. The mita was a common form of servitude general throughout the world, and it continued to exist in Europe in certain regions after it was suppressed in the Indies.

THE INQUISITION AND NATIONAL UNITY IN SPAIN PROVO KED THE EXPANSION OF DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM IN AMERICA

The conquest of Granada, with the union of the two monarchies and the strengthening of the royal power, while it gave a last and fatal blow to the aristocracy, also tended to limit the popular freedom and powers. Religious intransigence was born and became rooted in Spain, with the destruction of the kingdom of Granada. The necessity of constituting a national unity upon the basis of religion—the only common bond—explains the inquisition; and Spain, the last Christian country to admit it, has had the reputation of being the only country that possessed it.

The persecutions of the Jews and Mohammedans incorporated definitively with the national culture all the learning of the Israelites and the Moors, and thousands of those who were persecuted passed over to America, where the inquisition never became cruel or annoying. The first explorer of lands in the Indies was the converted Jew Luis de Torres, and the very persistence of all the chronologists to make it

out that such and Such a person was a Christian of long standing proves how many were the converts, Moors and Israelites, who emigrated to those countries. The death of the prince don Juan delivered the crown of the Spains to foreign dynasties, and the wars of the comunidades and of the germanías or hermandades forced the most zealous defenders of the rights of the cabildos and municipalities to emigrate. Local autonomy, Iberian individualism, revived with vigor on this side of the seas, and the first capitular act that crossed the ocean—the one written by the founders of Veracruz, even before digging for the foundations of what was to be changed into a miserable village, the embryo of the populous city—clearly set forth to the sovereign that it was the popular will that ruled here, and that Cortés was deposed from the office which had been bestowed upon him by the governor of Cuba in the name of the king, in order to exercise the function of captain-general with an appointment made by the cabildo of a city that did not exist. The recognition of this strange decision shows the vigorous life with which municipal autonomy was instituted in America. The Spanish democratic customs and the example of the free cities erected upon the frontiers of the territories newly wrested from the Moors revived with greater strength in this New World. The mere fact of crossing the sea established the uniformity of classes and created a democracy haughty and jealous of its rights and privileges. If there be any doubt in this respect, let the acts of the cabildo of Buenos Aires be consulted, and in it will be found examples of disobedience to the royal authority freely justified by voluminous reports of the bishop.

Spaniards begot Spaniards. The color of the skin means nothing to a people accustomed to crossings of races, in whom kings themselves mated with Moors, in whom it was necessary to establish con

cubinage and marriage by vows in order to legitimize children born of love, in whom the adulterous son enjoyed rights and in whom adultery furnished ground for absolute divorce, with the right to contract a new marriage.

THE WORK OF THE IBERIAN INTELLECTUALITY IN AMERICA : THE INFLUENCE OF ITALY

The necessity of preaching the gospel to Moors and Africans caused the monastic orders to be a center of polyglotism in the convents of Spain. Thus is explained how it was that the first thing that the monks did when they reached the land of the Indies was to learn the local languages. They did nothing more than follow the traditions of the order. The copper colored Indians or brown Africans were all one to the learned priests. The marvelous development acquired in the study of the aboriginal languages in a very short time is in no sense remarkable, if we recall that those monks had made a vow to learn and to teach. They discharged their duty without taking the least account of the effort involved.

Spanish navigators have surprised modern scholars by the precision and daring shown in their voyages of discovery. He who knows the history of the progress of the sciences related to navigation does not wonder at such things. In addition to the purely Spanish sciences, we must attribute to the navigators who rescued these countries from the unknown all the knowledge accumulated by the studious Italians; and the history of Italy, which seems to have nothing in common with that of America, is the one that it is most important for us to know. Not only was Italy the cradle of the arts, but it was also that of the Sciences. There has not been a decisive step along the road of progress that was not initiated in Italy, and for several centuries the transfusion of civilization from Italy to the races of the world was very notable.

Thence have come many ideas and inventions with which egoistic nations are to-day honored. Let us be just and take at first hand the materials for our history, without attributing to another great Latin nation merits that were not hers.

Iberian intellectuality, literary traditions, devotion to philosophy and history, which have characterized Spaniards of all ages, have borne splendid fruit here since the first years of the colonies. Santo Domingo, México and Lima had universities half a century after this continent was discovered. The creole bibliography of the first centuries is astonishing, and the language of the American writers is remarkable for its purity, in comparison with the infinitude of Gallicisms introduced into Spain by the house of Burgundy and the Burgundian guard of the French Carlos V, who has been erroneously considered German.

In many of the codes of insignificant towns of Aragón and Castilla, exists proof that there were public schools from the earliest times. Tradition traces the establishment of these institutions back to the first years of the reconquest. What is indeed proven is that in Castelló, Figueras and other Catalan towns, the municipalities maintained the primary schools, according to the testimony of writings that date from 1321. Knowing this, it is not strange that the settlers of Buenos Aires should have installed their school in 1605; nor will it cause surprise that already in 1524 the first schools for Indians were founded in México; nor that Friar Pedro de Gante edited and illustrated a very remarkable primer that seems to have been planned by the modern heralds of objective teaching.

Agriculture and industry, ancient and perfected in Spain, became established here with the first years. America was discovered in 1492, and in 1493, it already had

hydraulic mills, the Camino de los Hidalgos was traced out and all kinds of plants, brought from the Old World, were being harvested. The first emigrants who came with Columbus upon his second voyage brought all the materials for the formation of a new colony. Cortés, in his first Carta de redacción, already spoke of the agricultural future of the region which he explored and desired to conquer; and Pizarro acclimated vineyards and olive groves in Perú, at the same time that he was founding cities and building asylums and convents. The public works constructed in the Roman period were the example and pattern which were of great service here in spreading civilization over this continent. The works for the drainage of México, executed in 1600, and the bridges still in use across the Mapocho* and the Rímac** are faithful witnesses to the knowledge and experience of those men.

*A small stream that flows through Santiago, Chile.—THE EDITOR.

**A river of slight proportions that well nigh loses itself in Lima, Perú, and from which the name of the city is said to have been derived.—The Editor.

Mining, in which Spain was the most advanced of the nations of primitive times, found here a splendid field in which to spread and operate. Let it be understood that not only were gold and silver exploited in the Indies; iron, copper and mercury were taken out in sufficient quantities to meet the local needs, and the practice of amalgamation sprang up in America, as well as all the industries designed to benefit the metals obtained.

There is no way of explaining all these necessary antecedents in a mere simple history of Spain; nor even if one should pass lightly over many points, would he be able to present a systematic comparison, without which the history of peoples says nothing and is worth nothing.

THE SPANISH COLONIZATION IN THE NEW WORLD WAS SUPERIOR TO THAT OF OTHER PEOPLES

The diversity of the traditions of each of the nations that took part in the colonization of the new continent gave rise to notable differences in the ways of extending their dominions.

The religious principles in which every one found inspiration were like the two different compasses that indicated diverse routes. It is necessary to make a very thorough and impartial investigation of the performances of the Spanish, French, English, Dutch, and of their different American colonies in order to appreciate the degree of virtue of each race.

The customs of Iberian freedom and independence did not permit here the existence of a common people or proletariat of European origin, however much mixed it might be, if the culture, fortune or any other of the conditions that are sufficient in all epochs to establish social differences concurred to include within the ranks of the privileged any one who might have risen from the lower classes.

Labor customs in the English colonies, the aristocraticalness and rigidity of the gentlemen of Virginia and the lack of missionaries to convert the Indians and incorporate them with the civil life created in those establishments class distinctions and forms of Servitude unknown in Spanish America and overlooked to-day by the larger part of those who are considered learned. The "indentured" were nothing more than slaves during the seven years for which they were bound. It would be well to establish a parallel between the state of those unhappy whites and that of the negroes subjected here to the encomiendas or the mita. Perhaps many bandages that obstruct the vision of our children would fall away. Spain always based her legislation upon the idea of privileges, immunities, exemptions or facilities and advantages for each

new locality, but the privileged person was not favored by the prohibition of competition. When the Indies were incorporated with the Spanish dominions, no attempt was made to produce only what the mother country did not yield or to possess colonies that would supply what the peninsula did not produce. From the first years, wheat was cultivated in Española (Hispaniola); and sugar-cane, the wealth of the meads of Valencia during those years, was acclimatized and it produced magnificent crops in the Antilles. The vineyards produced must in Buenos Aires, and if the wines of Córdoba and Castilla were prohibited here, it was only because it was thus ordered by the cabildo, to prevent foreign competition. The king recommended the acclimatization of hemp and other plants in Trinidad that were considered to be adapted to fostering the wealth of the country. Industry achieved extraordinary development from the earliest years in México and Perú, without any restrictions being placed upon local initiative. Trade was carried on between colony and colony, with clearly defined restrictions, much exaggerated by those who treat of them, and Chile and Argentina were in constant communication, as Argentina was with Alto Perú" Paraguay and Uruguay. The exportation of gold was prohibited, and at the beginning commerce was prohibited, on principle, without being subjected to definite restrictions. If we compare each of these points with what occurred in the English colonies and in Canada, we shall perhaps be forced to recognize that these Spanish American countries enjoyed liberties and exemptions that were not enjoyed in those days by any other peoples of the earth.

7Upper Perú, now Bolivia.—THE EDITOR.

Without the least idea of advancing opinions, which should be based only upon a thorough and impartial collation of data, we will merely say that the industry of the manufacture of hats, established in

North America from the first years, as a natural consequence of the abundance of beaver skins, was prohibited by the government of the mother-country in view of the development it was acquiring. Those colonies, as the historians of the United States say, and as the English and French corroborate, were planted with the idea of producing what the mother-country did not yield, and never for the cultivation of what England produced.

An extended study of this particular theme will demonstrate with absolute clearness the falsity of assertions in favor of the Supposed commercial, industrial and political liberty of the countries colonized by peoples other than the Spanish.

The minute and systematic study of the antecedents of our national history, that is, of American history from the discovery until the glorious day of May 8,^o ought to take into view all the factors that enter into so complex a subject.

We know something of what took place among us, but we are ignorant of how the countries peopled by other races developed. The legend of backwardness and oppression in the countries inhabited by the creoles has been created, and the establishments of the north of this continent are painted as models of liberty and progress. The detailed comparison of every industry, every art, every profession, year by year, would assign things to their proper places, and there is not the least doubt that another and very different impression would be the one which our school children would receive, if the teacher were to explain to them that there were universities in Santo Domingo, Lima and México a century before the founding of Harvard university, the earliest of the United States; that there existed printing-presses in this Spanish America a hundred years before the setting up of those of the North American union; that Perú and México possessed industries such as glass manufacture and

^oThe allusion is to May 25, 1810, when freedom was proclaimed by the Argentine patriots.-THE EDITOR.

other industries a century before the Venetians went to establish themselves in England; that the Universidad de Córdoba is twenty-three years older than the first university of the British colonies; that the most enlightened European scientific academies felt honored to count many creoles among their most esteemed members; that de Candolle acquired and copied for his works Meciños drawings of the flora of Guatemala; that Linnaeus was extraordinarily partial to the works and papers of Mutis, whom he inscribed as a member of the academy of Sciences of Stockholm; that Humboldt dedicated to him his geography of plants, calling him the “illustrious patriarch of botany;” that when the learned Abbé Chapé—sent by the academy of Paris to Study an eclipse of the moon that ought to be visible in California, July 18, 1769—encountered there the mestigo don Joaquín Cárdenas, he had to recognize that there existed, in backward Spanish America, creoles who, without leaving their country, had mastered the most difficult problems of astronomy and rectified the mistakes of the most famous academicians; that when the celebrated Jenner discovered vaccine in 1796, vaccination had already been practised in these countries from 1765 with so much success that the Chilean priest Pedro Chaparra had saved five thousand persons who had been attacked by Smallpox during an epidemic that swept over Santiago, Chile, during the year 1765 just mentioned, while Antonio Guill y Gonzaga was governor; that when, not two months ago, a yacht was sent by the Carnegie Institution to visit the port of Buenos Aires in order to make its notable studies in terrestrial magnetism, it did nothing more than continue the very remarkable labors of our ancient pilots, and carry forward what the Casa de Contratación had been doing, that is, perfect and modernize the map of magnetic variations

of Alonso de Santa Cruz, published in 1539, and rectify the celebrated theory of Halley, the great English savant, the discoverer of the four magnetic poles, a dreary gloss of what had already been written in 1589 in these backward Indies by the forgotten Father Acosta who, in his astonishing *Historia natural*, said that “there exist four lines without declination,” in view of which it cost the highly regarded Briton little to deduce his four poles; that the astronomical observatory of Santa Fe de Bogotá, erected at the end of the eighteenth century, was the only one upon all this continent for more than half a century; that there were newspapers in México earlier than in London; and, finally, that the much heralded Pestalozzi system, like ten thousand other novelties, is nothing more than a crude imitation of what had been done in these American regions by our heroic and highly cultivated ancestors. The history of the backwardness and ignorance of these countries has been recorded; and it is the history of their intellectuality and their glory that yet remains to be written; and, as knowledge of this kind can not be drawn from the simple history of Spain, but rather from the parallel between the activities engaged in by Hispano-Americans and other peoples in all the realms in which cultivated nations express their initiative, in order that the truth of our very honorable past may shine forth, we consider proper a scrupulous, methodical and full analysis of legislations, cultures, customs, servitudes, liberties, commerce, institutions and progresses of all kinds, not only of this part of the New World colonized by our predecessors, but also of all America from pole to pole, the only means of clearing up the unknown realms that contribute so much to obscure the antecedents of our genealogy. The task seems arduous, but it can be simplified in a notable manner, if a call be issued to all the men of good will who are concerned with the education of their children and the glories of the country in

which they were born. There are not lacking investigators whose greatest pleasure will be to coöperate in the patriotic enterprise; and coming generations will bless throughout all ages the memory of those who shall revindicate the honorable traditions of the race.

A WEDDING IN THE QUECHUA GREAT WORLD

By
Alfredo Palacios Mendoza

Into some region of that pale, but still interesting, modern survival of the mysterious and romantic world of the Quechuas, the author leads us, circuitously, along dizzy precipices, over rough trails, beneath beetling crags, in order that we may witness a scene so primitive, so regional, so unrelated with our sophisticated world as not only to be interesting, but even moving and refreshing.—The Editor.

IT WAS seven o'clock in the morning when we set out for the village of Huaillas. The cavalcade was strung in an extended train along the trails cut in the living rock, and the mountain basin gathered up, as in a Soundingbox, the noise produced by that hundred or so horsemen in all the registers of the human voice, from the subdued murmur natural to confidences to the stertorous shouts uttered by the stragglers to attract the attention of some friend who rode at the head of the interminable column. Along the edge of the road rose the huts of the Indians, with their earthen color and their miserable aspect. At the doors already smoked the fagots of wood, sending up into the blue sublimity of the morning thick columns of smoke, which softly faded away.

The disturbance produced in the solemn silence of the mountains by the noisy caravan as it passed brought to the doors of their huts Indians who loitered indolently, spreading their arms in the form of a

cross and viewing with surprise that motley and vociferous party. An Indian woman, doubtless the most diligent of her home, who was milking a cow, offered us from a distance, in a rustic gourd vessel, the noble liquid, while she smiled with a good-natured expression. The men looked on taciturnly, as if suspicious of these outsiders who were invading their domains. The sheep-dogs barked furiously with forebodings of imaginary attacks.

Matinal sweetness wrapped the scene in lovely enchantment. The sun poured its shower of gold into the dells, which thrust their green tints amid the rocks, as a prodigy of nature. The tārachis' sang their harmonious melodies, and thrushes of dark, lustrous plumage slowly rent the air in straight and sustained flight. At the head of the bustling party rode the patroness of Pitantorilla, the sponsor, with the cura of Huaillas, who was to perform the ceremony.

After a wearisome climb of two hours, we at length reached the end of the ascent. There the mountain spread out in a vast table-land, and upon it appeared suddenly the village of Huaillas. The aspect of the village was magnificent. Water from the mountain, brought down in a murmuring rivulet, fertilized a myriad of successive gardens, with their broad beds of strawberries, alfalfa and vegetables, bordered by peach-trees, apple-trees and plum trees, as if those regions lay along the Cachimayo, and not upon the rocky and arid summits of the cordillera.

In the distance could be made out the festive house, dressed with little white and red flags and ornamented with great bunches of molle." Amid the melancholy complaints of the *quenas*' could be heard the blatant strains of a band of *sicuris*," who

"Quechua: a species of thrush; the Spanish equivalent is *fortal*.—THE EDITOR.

*A stocky, leafy tree that abounds throughout South America, whose fruit, when ripe, is not unlike black pepper in appearance and taste and which is used by the Indians to give strength to their drinks. THE EDITOR.

*Primitive flageolets or pipes: short, rudely fashioned ordinarily and made of bones of human beings or beasts, or of reeds, clay or hollow wood.—THE EDITOR.

“Aimara: musicians, players upon the quena,—The EDITOR.

intermittently executed dances, cuecas" and marches, and in which the sonorous tones of the bass drum stood out in rhythmic harmony. From time to time, the explosion of a fire-cracker sounded high in the air.

The house was the center of an extraordinary animation. The Indian women, dressed in simple *acshus*," which left their arms, bosoms and the calves of their legs exposed, and with their waists girdled by wide *chumpis*' of vivid colors, carried at their backs their babies in *llicllas*" of thick wool, or they held them in their arms, suckling them. The heads of the women were covered with broad-brimmed *ampos*," on which shone complicated allegories embroidered with seed bugles and gold and silver spangles, and silk of lively colors. Over their shoulders and backs fell like dead serpents, long plaits of coal-black hair.

The men wore crossed waistcoats of wool and *chutas*" of the same kind of fabric, and around their waists many-colored *chumpis*, and gathered about their shoulders were polychrome ponchos," the garments for all occasions among the Quechuas, and those that constituted their luxury and their protection. Their dress was completed by *semicircular calapacus*" of grey leather, or namented, like the women's hats, although with less display, and *ojotas*," ample and coarse, of untanned leather. Down their backs fell the two (*apanas*," long and well plaited, to the waist.

*The cueca, in the regional Spanish of Chile, is a pop

ular, colonial dance; the word, as the designation of a Chilean dance, is now used in Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia; the corresponding Peruvian name of the dance is *marinera*.—THE EDITOR.

“Quechua: more correctly, *acshun*, overskirts.—THE EDITOR.

7Quechua: belts, girdles.—THE EDITOR.

*Quechua: square mantles, of a great variety of colors.—THE EDITOR.

*Quechua: hats.—The EDITOR.

100Quechua: shirts.—THE EDITOR.

in Blankets, and, in recent years, covers of rubber cloth, with an opening in the center for the passage of the head: a term widely used in the South American countries and corresponding to the Mexican *sarape*.—THE EDITOR. -

12Aimara: bag, pouch, corresponding to the Quechua *huaillicui*.—THE EDITOR.

i-A regional word which corresponds to the Spanish *alpargatas*, sandals.—THE EDITOR.

“Quechua: queues.—THE EDITOR.

It was an animated spectacle—not unlike an Indian fair—noisy and many-hued. Some of the indigenes were coming and going from one place to another in ceaseless activity. Others formed groups about the musicians or the improvised dancers who were moving in lively dances accompanied by the hoarse strumming of the *charango*.” The rest, seated upon the floor, were drinking and talking, making forecasts about the weather and the next crops.

When the first horsemen arrived, the horses took fright at the enormous hubbub of the festival, but the Indians gathered rapidly, quieted the animals and assisted the riders to dismount.

Then began the courteous salutations, beginning with the patroness of *Pitanto rilla*. They lifted their headdresses, bent their left knees to the ground and respectfully kissed the hand she extended to them. It might be likened to a ceremony of Some ancient court, executed by disguised courtiers.

“Ymaynacanqui, *mamay* ?” they repeated with profound respect, remaining standing and uncovered before her. Then they offered to every one *mates*"

and in iris," overflowing with yellow chicha," and we went on to the house, where they were awaiting the happy pair who were to be married.

An hour later, the church of Huaillas set its bells flying—as upon the Saturday of Glory or of the Pascua Florida—the Sound falling upon the habitually quiet air of the village with a discordant din.

*A regional word expressive of a small guitar.—THE EDITOR. -

Quechua: "How art thou, mother?"—The EDITOR.

"See INTER-AMERICA for April, 1920, page 206, the article entitled "Hierba Mate," by Andrés Blay Pigrau, note 6—THE EDITOR.

"Quechua: jars, pitchers—THE EDITOR.

*Quechua: a fermented drink, made of a variety of fruits; the Chilean chicha is made of the juice of ripe grapes, boiled and fermented. The Peruvian chicha, or chicha de fora (a corruption of zara, maize), is made from the sprouted, dried, ground, boiled, sweetened and fermented Indian corn.—THE EDITOR.

*Easter: the word florida, flowery, is added to distinguish the feast from La Pascua or Las Pascuas, _ Christmas.--THE EDITOR.

This was a salutation in honor of the wedding party, which was just arriving. At the head came the groom, very ill at ease, clad in garments and shoes that were not his own, but the property of a cholo" friend of the best man's, and he was wearing them for the first and only time. They were too rigid for the rudimentary indigenous etiquette and too generous for the anatomical proportions of the wearer. At his right strode the sponsor, with her amiable and worldly smile, convinced that if this was not the wedding at which she had shone thirty years before, with her singular elegance, the originality of the festival and the enthusiasm with which it was celebrated were sufficient compensation for the weariness of the journey. Then came the bride and the best man. She was dressed as a chola: short, full skirt of light plush, tight comodín," mantle of silk crape and shoes without heels. She was not ugly, being slender and well

proportioned, in so far as the hyperbolic garments would permit one to divine. Her large, black, piercing eyes looked forth with Soft Sweetness.

The best man was a son-in-law of the sponsor's. Very punctilious and jovial, he played his rôle conscientiously, Sure of himself and of the others in this ceremonious procession.

Commenting merrily upon the wedding, followed the other guests, paired by elective affinity, the band of sicuris, a crowd of yockallas," who were setting off fireworks, and another of dogs that barked furiously bringing up the rear.

When they reached the church, the noise was deafening. The bells jangled with great fury, and dozens of fire-crackers and camareias," rolled in many colored and closely compacted paper, exploded with an infernal noise, while a swarm of uproarious children fanned the air with their mom

*According to regional usage, mestizo, a cross-breed of European and Indian blood, and it is also an adjective descriptive of his characteristics, customs and dress.--THE EDITOR.

*A provincial Spanish word: blouse, waist.—THE EDITOR. -

*Quechua: adepts in the song and dance.—THE EDITOR.

*A Spanish word, used in the regional sense of bombs or cannon crackers.--THE EDITOR.

teras" and gave vent to resounding hui fas."

Great bushes of karallantas," allowed to grow wild and left there by lazy neglect, had invaded the court. The floor inside the church was of brick. Upon the three altars—one of them frontal and the other two lateral—that absorbed the devotion of the faithful stood three crude sculptures of wood, known by tradition to be the images of San Marcos, Santa Barbara and San Juan, with no considerable difference between them. Knowledge regarding who they were was to be gained from the altars they occupied and the garments in which

they were clad, since none but the habitual attendants could discover who it was that each of them represented. Dense layers of dust covered the yellow mantles of the altars. There was a penetrating smell of dampness in the corners, and great spider webs gave assurance as to the propitious repose in which lived the humble and misanthropical fauna that delights in the calm solitude which is never invaded by the furious assaults of neatness.

A great organ with double bellows presided, from the choir, over the ceremonies of worship by observing a silence beyond all suspicion. No one remembered ever having heard it, and to some it was but a decorative piece of furniture that was in no way related to Sonorous musical waves.

The multitude filled the temple. The devout and reverent humility of the Indians contrasted sharply with the impertinent curiosity of the expeditionaries, who exchanged impressions upon the peculiarities they observed in every detail. Then the ceremony began. Through a small side door that communicated with the sacristy entered the parish priest with a flaming white and gold chasuble. He was followed by the acolytes, dressed in red surplices which reached only to their knees, thus leaving exposed their profane garments, consisting of long trousers rolled up at the bottom because there was no more leg to cover, and which had been de

*A Spanish word used in the sense of the Quechua ampos, hats, head-pieces.—THE EDITOR.

*Regional Spanish: cries, shouts.--THE EDITOR.

*Quechua: alders.--THE EDITOR.

signed and came into being with a generosity of sufficient proportions. Suddenly a thrilling harmony fell upon the air. It filled the single nave and poured out its melodious oblation at the foot of the altar: Soft, languid tones, of a

Sweet and quivering melancholy. They rose at first as the capricious harmonies of a mystical improvisation. Then came the first measures of the aria of *La Traviata*.

It was not the organ, however; for it maintained its Solitary mutism, experiencing only who knows what internal resonances? From what mysterious source rose the melodious torrent? There, beneath the chorus, the hand of an aged blind man drew from a small harmonium the sentimental "Health" of Verdi's opera. Then followed a brief interval, filled with sincere rapture. The singer of the curacy chanted in a nasal voice an unintelligible Latin. A brief prayer gave rise to a subdued murmur of responses muttered in a low voice. Souls were now attuned; all now felt equally the mysterious hovering of the eternal.

The preliminary service being concluded, the bridal pair and the best man and the sponsor advanced toward the high altar. The bridal pair walked with downcast looks—ingenuous and timid—assured of receiving, with that blessing that was to unite them for ever, moral strength for their inexorable destiny. The priest asked them in Quechua if they would take each other as husband and wife.

"Ari, tatay," answered the groom with manly heartiness, looking at the cura with a certain vague incomprehension, as if he considered the question idle.

"Munacuykun, tatay," responded the bride, in a voice so remote that it seemed an echo.

The priest then joined their hands and pronounced the ritual words. Next he improvised a brief address in Quechua, exhorting them to a faithful and harmonious conjugal life.

The conclusion was rapid. The divine

Quechua: "Yes, father."—The Editor.

*Quechua: "We love each other, father."—The EDITOR.

breath that had hovered above a moment before was dissipated as soon as the priest retired. Voices that previously whispered low, sibilant murmurs were now raised somewhat irreverently in comments and calls for attention, as all left with solemn aspect, after facing the altar to cross themselves with their fingers moist with holy Water.

In the court, the spectators stood aside to make way for the bride and groom, and as soon as they appeared the air was invaded by a fugitive shower of camaretas, which thundered at a great height, to the vast enjoyment of every one.

When the column returned to the house, a band of ayarichis^o was already waiting before the door, their long, thick flutes at their lips, and upon them they began to blow and to pant over the colossal pneumatic effort of their brave lungs. Their great elastic cheeks puffed out like wine-skins, congested by that peculiar vascularization of the relaxed tissues, and Sounds of a sweet and languid nasality seemed to mock the hyperbolical appearance of the effort.

The band had assembled voluntarily, as on all similar occasions in Huaillas. It was made up of musicians with lungs, but also with hearts. They were never missing from their places, with their showy calapacos,^o which are nothing less than breastplates of medals, coins and pieces of silver, overloaded to the point of martyrdom with two or even three kilograms of metal in ostentatious display of economic and cervical strength.

The music of the flutes was not their entire art, however. When they had concluded one effort, in which they had expressed the enthusiasm of their violent longings and that poetic emotion which is

ever latent in the depths of all primitive Souls, the ayarichis danced. It was a grotesque dance, with a slow and monotonous cadence, in which the heavy and rhythmic movements were accompanied by frightful gestures and burlesque grimaces. The great ofotas of wood, ten centimeters long, gave them the look of people in torment,

*Quechua: musicians.—THE EDITOR.

*Quechua: ornaments.--THE EDITOR.

as if the whole spirit of the dance consisted in the heaviness of the foot wear.

The ingenuous comicalness of the ayarichis aroused uproarious mirth. All laughed in frank hilarity, with that entire abandon of gaiety which is only found unmixed in primitive souls.

Upon entering the house of the wedding party, the apu^o advanced to receive the best man and sponsor and the bride and groom, offering them a seat upon the uncomfortable patillas^o of stones heaped up and covered with fullos^o of wool woven in the house.

In the center of the court, was an enormous and portly huarqui^o filled with chicha. The apu and the ayllus^o dipped from the contents with mates and iriris and served the guests.

When this preliminary welcome was ended, the apu congratulated the recently Wedded pair and delivered a eulogy, praising the fine qualities that characterized them. They were honest, laborious, simple, frugal, and they had all the virtues of the aged and gave promise of continuing the firm traditions of the race. What was Said on this occasion was true. The young couple were strong and Sound and of good blood. Their solid structure betokened undiminished vigor; and in the clear look of their eyes was reflected the Sweet innocence of their pure souls.

Afterward the apu took an iriri, dipped it in the huirqui, and when he had slightly

moistened his lips, greenish with coca, he poured out the rest upon the ground, as an offering to the Pacha Mama °

Then he offered another iriri to the sponsor: “Campac, mamay,”° and another to the best man: “Campac, tatay.”°°

These courtesies being complied with, all mutually served one another.

The red liquid circulated plentifully

°Quechua: father, elder.—THE EDITOR.

° Regional Spanish: benches, seats.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: mantles, covers.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: rather, huirca, large vessel, jar—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: aids.—THE EDITOR.

°°Quechua: Mother Earth.—THE EDITOR.

°°Quechua: “For thee, mother.”—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: “For thee, father.”—THE EDITOR.

amid the general talk, in which Spanish and Quechua mingled with the polyphony of the instruments, played incessantly by the sicuris and the ayaruchis in a rivalry of pulmonary endurance. Every little while they refreshed their throats with inir is of chica, of at least two liters, gulped down handsomely without the least show of effort. Aguardiente ° also flowed, and although it did not refresh, it toned up and fortified, furnishing strength to go on with the formidable concert.

The old Indians regaled themselves by preference with the leaves of the coca and the llucta, ° which they took sparingly from their chuspas, ° while they chatted in a friendly way, making prognostics as to the weather, and estimates as to the crops and the multiplication of their cattle.

The enthusiasm reached its height with the dance. The apu announced that the well known indigenous artists, Sumac-ttica° and Sinchi-horco, ° were going to dance a apateo, ° and this aroused the attention of all. As many as thirty Indians of both Sexes formed a circle about the pair, holding hands, the women with the children on their backs.

In the center, appeared the slender figures of the dancers. Then sounded the sentimental notes of the charango and the melancholyplaints of the quema. A great silence of expectancy gave zest to the moment. It was as if something supernatural held the attention of all in suspense until the moment in which the dancers began an agile and merry dance with elastic movements and lively contortions, rhythmical and amusing, while singing:

*Kara pampa sonckoyquipi
Munayniyta tarporcami,
Pockosckanta ockaric ris pa
Quiscallauan tincorcani°*

°Rum: (often merely low grade alcohol), usually made in the process of sugar manufacture.—THE EDITOR.

*°Quechua: ashes, produced from the molle, used instead of slaked lime to neutralize the alkaloid of the coca; after serving this purpose, it is pressed into cakes and chewed.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: pouches.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: Beautiful Flower.—THE EDITOR.

“Quechua: Strong Man.—THE EDITOR.

°Spanish: a kind of clog-dance.—THE EDITOR.

As soon as the pair began their dance, the entire ring of Indians started to move, whirling about them, and shuffling to the beat of the music.

During the intervals, the Indians that did not dance uttered resounding huifas and egged on the dancers with refrains chorused by all, and even by the excursionists, who were enchanted with that original festival: “Chaquis yachachun, maquis yachachun!”°

The dance continued its incessant round, and no one knows how long it would have lasted, had not the apu brought it to an end by inviting everybody to the merienda. The ring of dancers broke, and the pair, uproariously applauded, fell to the floor, worn out with the tremendous exercise of the dance.

The supply of food, varied and abundant, was spread upon llicllas, as if it were some exhibition of indigenous products submitted to the distinguished judgment of the viracochos.^{oo} The apu and his familiars passed the food about with great heartiness, always using the diminutive in their speech, with reiterated affectionateness. The chuas^{oo} came laden with smoking ribs of roast kid, tripe, soft-boiled eggs, mote^o and great curpas^o of fresh, white, goats' milk cheese; but what aroused the

*A characteristically sad Quechua stanza, of which the following is a translation:

*In the arid field of thy heart,
Sowed I my affection;
When I went to gather fruit,
Only thorns did I discover.*—THE EDITOR.
"Quechua: "Let the feet dance, let the hands clap."—THE EDITOR.
°Spanish: collation, lunch, any light or irregular meal.—THE EDITOR.

voracious appetite of the Indians was the aycha-canca,^o the cancha^o and the lagua,^o which they passed to their mouths without the medium of knives and forks, by taking the plates with both hands and causing the savory viand to slide down the inclined plane, when the nature of the food did not require the dextrous interposition of the fingers.

Seated all upon the ground, they merrily devoured that singular meal, and even the sponsor of the occasion, forgetting for a moment her former dyspepsia, did honor as a guest to the stewed huailpa" prepared for her as an especial dish.

The exercise and the wholesome air of the sierra lent famine proportions to the appetite, to such an extreme that one forgot all fastidious regard for certain details of a kind which, if omitted in the city, render a meal abominable to us. When the tecti^o was served as a dessert, stomachs were overloaded, but the pleasant Sweetness opened in them even that last redoubt

which survives in us for the dish of our preference, even after the most abundant collation.

As the day was far advanced and the distance that separated us from the city was great, we took the road to return while the Sun was sinking behind the lofty summits of the Obispo in an apocalyptic conflagration, carrying with us the memory of an original and never to be forgotten festivity.

°Quechua: gentlemen.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: plates, dishes.—THE EDITOR.

°Regional Spanish: boiled Indian corn, not unlike the big hominy of southern United States.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: molds, lumps.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: dried meat, broiled over embers until it is very hard.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: toasted Indian corn, ordinarily red. THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: pap or porridge of Indian corn or other cereals or of potatoes.—THE EDITOR.

°Quechua: a stew of domestic fowls or of birds, with potatoes, red pepper, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

"Quechua: a sort of hasty pudding.—THE EDITOR.

THOUGHTS FOR AMERICANS

Telegraphs, railways, gas, are but charlatanry—the rhetoric, the surface, of civilization—if they be not accompanied by the marrow and substance of all civilization, which is security of life, person, property. America lives in greater intimacy with Europe than with herself.

War is a sophism: it evades questions; it does not solve them.

In France, the body is free; in England, the soul.

America will not be liberated until she be liberated from liberators.

In South America, poetry is everywhere . . . except in verse.

Haughtiness is the mask of servilism.

An example of it: lackeys.

Let me study the conduct of a single man, and I shall tell you about the government of his country.

The design of constitutional policy and of government in America is essentially economic. So, in America, to govern is to people. To define government otherwise is to ignore its mission in South America. Government receives this mission from the necessity which it represents, and it dominates all other needs in our America. The dangers of America are in America; her guaranties are in Europe. Our bad legislation contains a treasure of wisdom. I would inaugurate a program of government, without issuing a single law, a single new decree, and merely by enforcing the laws that exist. A man likes excess of flattery in proportion to his backwardness, just as he likes the drunkenness induced by alcohol in proportion to his lack of culture. Hypocrisy, like humanity, has no country. The companion of man, it follows him through all climates and under all systems of government. The republic also has its Tartufes of liberty. Also in its words serve to disguise thought. There are two ways to write history: either according to tradition and popular legend, which is ordinarily the history fashioned by vanity—a sort of “political mythology,” with an historical basis; or according to documents, which is the true history, but which few dare to write, for fear of wounding their country's vanity with the truth; one kind, in which appear only men, who are the arm or instrument of the law or natural forces of progress, and who look upon themselves as the moving cause of historical events; the other kind that goes into the investigation of those laws or forces or interests in which reside the true causes that produce events. In the day in which the people shall become the army and the government, war will cease to exist, because it will cease to be the industrial monopoly of a class that cultivates it in its own interest.—

JUAN BAUTISTA ALBERDI.

THE STRAIGHT LINE A DRAMATIC SKETCH

BY

ENRIQUE HERRERO DUCLOUX

The professor clothes his theories in flesh and blood; whereupon they become types, characters, beings sufficiently human to hold an ideal, cherish an ambition, sermonize, pose; admire, idolize; misunderstand, patronize, dally, squander, temporize, wheedle; gad about, gossip, fondle; be ungrateful; sit in judgment; seek the easy way out of the difficulty; with the inevitable tragedy, which neither makes amends, materially or emotionally, nor satisfies the moral requirement; and he would have us conclude that the straight line is unlovely and that it leads to tragedy.—The Editor.

PERSONS

PABLO EIBAR, age, forty-six

CARLOS, brother of PABLO, age, thirty

CARLOTA, mother of both, age, sixty-six

ELENA, wife of PABLO, age, thirty-seven

BATELLI, assistant engineer to PABLO, age, twenty-six

LILA, sweetheart of CARLOS, age, twenty-six

Scene laid in Buenos Aires: time, the present

INTRODUCTION

THE author begins by admitting that this sketch was taken from life.

The two men that appear in it, as the principal actors in the drama, are opposite, antithetical and contradictory types, although of the same blood, and not exceptional among us. AS symbols, they are valuable, and they contain a lesson; they are valuable because they are genuine, and they teach because they both suffer, one of them too late perhaps. Mingled in very diverse proportions, like the colors that the artist mixes upon his palette, they form the plot of the men that surround us—vulgar, obscure, mediocre.

Pablo incarnates reason, will and pro

ductive labor in the realm of method and order; while Carlos is instinct, abandon and idleness, ministered to by indiscipline and disorder. -

Pablo thinks of to-morrow and he produces with altruism; Carlos thinks of nothing but to-day, he consumes like a parasite and he is selfish to the core. For Carlos, life is pleasure; while for Pablo, it is duty. Pablo is a bowstring and Carlos is a string hanging from a tree and swinging at the sport of the wind. It is not a secret from the author which of the two makes greater appeal to the majority of people. Carlos attracts, captivates, in light intercourse, and he is welcomed with warm sympathy, listened to with delight and remembered with pleasure. Pablo does not triumph easily, he smiles little and he laughs even less; his presence acts upon the crowd like a silent reproach. If he speaks, he is a judge; he is a severe onlooker in his indifference to the gaming table, a drinker of water among tipplers, a mute surrounded by garrulous backbiters, an inopportune witness of deformities and defects: he is conscience.

Pablo would be—if metempsychosis were not a myth—a tree that stretches upward seeking the Sun above the undergrowth of the thicket, the haunt of the reptile, the spider and the nocturnal bird, just as Carlos would be the creeping and lazy plant that shelters vermin and opens its flowers in the Swamp. Earlier, much earlier, when they lived in inert matter, as the eastern poems say, Pablo was, without doubt, a river that ran, sang and fertilized; and Carlos, a pool of water that slept and stagnated.

THE STRAIGHT LINE

ACT I

SCENE I

Office of Engineer PABLO EIBAR. Cases of oak, filled with books, line the walls; above the cases, diplomas and pictures; a North American writing table on one side; in front,

an ample drafting-board, furniture of a severe style. An air of prosperity, without display. Day is breaking as the curtain rises. A winter day—gray, rainy, drear. A fire is burning on the hearth, and the light of the electric lamps mingles with the glow of the fire and struggles with the pale clarity of dawn, which penetrates through the window of the balcony and the doors of the hall. Standing near the drafting-board, PABLO is talking to his assistant BATELLI, who, seated, is arranging in rolls and portfolios, plans and miscellaneous papers.

BATELLI. I confess that when we began this piece of work last night it seemed impossible that we should be able to finish it. PABLO. I was sure we should finish it, as it was you who were helping me with the work.

BATELLI. Thanks for your confidence, señor Eibar; but permit me to remark that the greater part of the undertaking—and not the easier—has fallen to your lot during this nocturnal day's work of ten hours.

PABLO. You exaggerate, Batelli. Your mental alertness and your ability to work are the privilege of your age, which I also have known.

BATELLI. Yet if I alone had had to do over these plans and remake the calculations and change the explanatory memorial, it would not have been in the session of to-day that the minister could appear with the bill in due form.

PABLO. It was an engagement of honor for me, and I could not fail to keep it.

BATELLI. What is needed now is that they should turn over to you the direction of the work, in order that you may obtain the reward of your efforts.

PABLO. It will not be so, I think. As soon as the magnitude of the project becomes known in the chamber, ambition will spring up.

BATELLI. It would be, none the less, an injustice and a robbery.

PABLO. The injustice would pain me more than the material loss.

BATELLI. It is no trifling affair, don Pablo. It is a fortune that is knocking at your door—both for you and for your children—earned by your effort.

PABLO. I know it, my friend; but I do not crave and I do not seek wealth. Comfort, yes; for comfort is necessary, when one has reached my age, with habits that clamor like necessities, even if they be not such. A fortune may often turn out to be an obstacle to the man who has grown up without it, and a drawback to a rising man. I have no desire for a fortune to leave to my children. Without mentioning the ideas that are beginning to creep in and that threaten to dominate the laws very soon, thus rendering inheritance very problematical in the near future, I do not wish to make of my children useless parasites, chronic weaklings, sated with life before they begin to live it in the noblest sense.

BATELLI. Money is never out of place, don Pablo. (Highlights cigarette as helistems).

PABLO. The heir, dear Batelli, with rare exceptions, may be likened to a piece of cast-iron; it comes ready made, and it is worth much or little, according to the mold; the man of his own effort, the self-made man, ° is like wrought-iron, whose value is created between the anvil and the hammer. I desire for my country men of this kind, with a value of their own, with initiative and aptitudes; and I do not need to tell you how I should glory in having my Sons grow into men of this stamp.

BATELLI. Yours, rich or poor, will amount to something, if you bring them up in your home as you formed us in the university throughout our career. The spirit of work and devotion to duty are already a priceless capital, which they will inherit without the slightest doubt.

PABLO. There is no merit in this spirit of labor of mine, which, according to you, I am envied. Everything depends upon imparting to work a noble design, upon transforming it into a habit that very soon changes into a necessity. From that moment, it becomes a pleasure to gratify

it; whence the secret of effortless workers, of happy toilers, of useful men.

(Elena enters, in a house dress).

SCENE II

(The same and ELENA)

ELENA. thought that you had finished your work, for I heard Pablo haranguing you, and I see now that the señor Batelli is getting ready to poison himself with one of his toscanos !

PABLO. Insecticides! On our expeditions (and also everywhere else), Batelli has always been respected by the mosquitoes, thanks to his cigars.

BATELLI. Just one word more, señora, and I put it out.

ELENA. No, no; by no means. You have earned the right during your vigil.

BATELLI. Coffee and tobacco have always enabled me to keep up with don Pablo during his frequent nocturnal sessions at work, by overcoming weariness and sleepiness.

ELENA. suppose that ever since I left you two, you yourself have monopolized the coffee (pointing to the coffee service upon the mantel.)

PABLO. Do not think it. I have had to serve him.

ELENA. And what will your sweetheart say of your absence last night from the theatre?

BATELLI. spoke with her by telephone, explaining my absence to her, and I promised her a long visit to-day.

ELENA. And was she convinced?

BATELLI. I think so; for I made her understand that this work might start us on the road to wealth, even if don Pablo doesn't desire it.

ELENA. Pablo dreams of glory, holding that he is satisfied with what he has.

BATELLI. And you, señora, do you not protest against these theories?

ELENA. I am almost convinced that he is right; he has talked to me so much that I have reached the point of not desiring material wealth.

PABLO. Nothing is wanting to make us happy, as human happiness goes. What we call modern life, civilized life, leads us, by exaggerating it, to consider indispensable what is only accessory, complementary or superfluous, and thus all the disequilibrium of our environment. The man who becomes convinced that he can not be happy without having a Packard at his door, a box at the Colón, a chalet at Mar del Plata, and a string of servants at his home in Buenos Aires, is a candidate fatally sentenced to be a prevaricating judge, a trafficking physician, a grafting functionary, a consciousnessless engineer or a blackleg lawyer. He wishes to be happy, he wishes to make his family happy and he gives no thought to the means, as the thirsty man pays no attention to the muddiness of the water or the hungry man to the hardness of the bread. And it would be so easy to convince them that there are pleasures for the modern man that spring from an intense spiritual life, from an honorable life, even in these motley and polychrome cities! The mistake of such men springs from vanity, from the fact that they live with their gaze outward, standing at the balcony window.

ELENA. Pablo exaggerates; he is often uncompromising in his judgments of men.

PABLO. So you think that, Elena?

ELENA (to BATELLI). He would wish to have all men like himself, and all the women like me.

BATELLI. You will admit, señora, that, if he be too exacting, he does not err in the selection of examples.

ELENA. Thanks, Batelli (smiling); but you will agree that it is madness to hold that humanity should be all of a single color, even if it were a spiritual one.

BATELLI. It would be monotonous, at least, would it not? (to ELENA).

PABLO. No; I do not hold by a single color. What I demand is honest colors, and I repudiate hybrids, hypocrites or pretenders.

BATELLI. It seems to me that you de-

mand too much of our contemporaries. I can not conceive, for example, of our colleague Martorán's abandoning his calculations of probabilities at the hippodromes on account of a lofty and noble abstraction.

PABLO. Nevertheless, he has more than enough talent to enjoy a very different world, if he devoted himself to his country, in his seat as a deputy.

BATELLI. He thinks he is doing it; didn't you read his last speech? (with irony). Could you ask for more patriotic fervor?

PABLO. No; this declamatory and flamboyant patriotism is not the kind we need, from men whose past can not be whitewashed and whose present is shameful. We need the silent, unostentatious patriotism of works, and not that of words: a patriotism based upon unselfishness and sacrifice, the only one capable of producing inner joy for the true intellectual, without vanity, without show, as a son delights to contemplate and caress his mother, far from the multitude and the public plaza, in a corner of the home. Ostentation detracts from merit and stifles Joy.

BATELLI. Party demands tend at times to enslave men who, if they were independent, would accomplish something worth while.

PABLO. Even in this they demonstrate their fundamental error in thinking.

BATELLI. It is that they fancy they are compelled by a sense of loyalty.

PABLO. If it were loyalty to a doctrine, to ideas, we should have to praise them.

ELENA (to BATELLI). When Pablo speaks of politics he is an excessively severe censor.

PABLO. Why should I not be so, if the most sacred interests of the community are in jeopardy? Political parties—how many are there in the country? Are we, perhaps, to consider worthy of this name, the ridiculous if not lamentable swarms of drones—parasitical and hungry—in which some in good faith carry the flag and saw on

violins, followed by the unknowing mob, stupid and irresponsible.

BATELLI (with affectionate reproach). If any of these so-called saviors of the country were to hear you, they would take offense.

PABLO. Those to whom I refer know it as well as I do, although they pretend to be ignorant, for their own ends. (To ELENA). Do you remember the more or less comical titles of the groups in the carnivals of the olden times? All the names were different, but the men were alike: a red or white feather in the cap; a disreputable cloak, blue or yellow; bandy legs and a vulgar carriage; and the same violins murdering the tunes in fashion. So, in the carnival of the whole year, the human masquerade falls in under flags with different names, without varying the feather or the cloak, to the extent that a talented deputy was able to felicitate the candidate of the opposite party upon his program of government, without its being possible to suspect him of irony.

BATELLI. A strange coincidence.

PABLO. By no means; it is inevitable! Don't you see that all these parties, without principles or any program of ideas, do the same as the makeshift cook, ignorant of his art, who is content to promise to be punctual, not to put in too much salt and not to burn the roast.

ELENA. Pablo does not understand that he is drawing the portrait of the ideal cook of the present day. -

BATELLI. And even of a party that would govern. . . .

PABLO. If in the opposition all are alike, all turn out to be worse when they come into power.

(A maid comes in).

SCENE III

(The same and a MAID)

MAID. Señora, the children are starting to school, and they wish to speak with you.

PABLO (to ELENA). Why don't they

come here?

ELENA. They must think that thou art still engaged. (To the maid). Tell them that I am coming at once.

(The maid goes out).

PABLO. I too am coming. I wish to see those two devils, for I owe them my nocturnal visit of yesterday, which our work made impossible.

BATELLI (preparing to go out). Then I shall be going. I am taking everything in good order, and at ten o'clock I shall deliver it to the minister in your name.

PABLO. Yes; he awaits you; and he will receive you without delay, if you announce yourself in my name. If he should need any complementary data, tell him to inform me. Any way, I shall be in the hall of the parliamentary committee at three sharp.

BATELLI. Señora, my respects. Until we meet, Señor Eibar.

ELENA. Pleased to have seen you, Batelli.

PABLO. All settled. Until later.

(BATELLI goes out).

SCENE IV

(ELENA and PABLO).

When they are alone, Elena modestly and tenderly caresses Pablo.

ELENA. You must be tired to death; why do you not rest until noon, at least?

PABLO. I am going to have a look at the children and then I shall take a hot bath; I am sure it will drive away all my weariness.

ELENA. As you please. (On seeing him about to withdraw). Ah! do not forget to leave me some money, as your mother asked me last night for what you gave me for the house, and I did not dare to refuse her.

(PABLO goes to the desk, and hands her some bills).

PABLO. Did Carlos come yesterday, after dinner?

ELENA. Yes; he came for a moment.

PABLO. Now I understand.

poor little old lady; he is incorrigible!

ELENA. Do you think so?

PABLO. I do not think it; I know it.

For some time I have observed that my brother was preoccupied and that he was trying to avoid me.

(They go out).

SCENE V

(CARLOS, afterward the MAID)

In the door appears Carlos, dressed with elegance: overcoat buttoned, velour hat on, hands clad in street gloves. He looks toward the rear, inquiringly, speaking to some one back of him.

CARLOS.

one!

(He enters and shows himself; casting his hat upon the drafting-board, he throws open his overcoat; and, while he is removing his gloves, he walks slowly toward the fire place. The maid enters after him, as if to convince herself and to ask for orders).

MAID. He was here with the Señora a minute ago. They must have gone to the dining-room with the children.

CARLOS. And my mother?

MAID. The older señora went out early, as always, to church, and she has not yet returned. There is no returned. Do you wish me to inform the Señor.

CARLOS. No; I shall go to the dining room.

MAID. Very well.

(She goes out).

SCENE VI

(CARLOS seats himself, looking into the fire; after a moment, when he feels that he is alone, he no longer disguises his state of depression and profound preoccupation).

CARLOS. What a hell of a night! It was an utter overthrow; the catastrophe has come at last. . . . (A pause). The gringo Harding laughed at me. . . I could have throttled him. Ah, he did not know that I was playing in desperation, that I was like a drowning man. And,

nevertheless, the combination that could not fail, failed and what a fail

ure! What an idiot I am! A

fine time to begin to protest when what I have to do is to pay! . . . to pay!

- - to pay? where from? -

with what? (He looks about him, stirs the fire and then sits again for a moment staring at the flames). And I need the money before the afternoon; what will Pablo say to me? He can not abandon me in the slough; he can not abandon me. To-morrow the scandal would be public, and he watches over his reputation as over a treasure . . .

(shaking his head): a treasure that I would gladly surrender for twenty bills of a thousand pesos, and I would call myself Pérez or Gómez or López or anything.

. . . Pablo must suspect something;

he sounded me with his eyes and

it is better perhaps; he will be prepared

- as when I saved Peluzzi -

who is a millionaire now! (As if thinking well of a sudden idea). And what if I should try him first! Peluzzi

can not have forgotten. He will do it for me when I explain to him . . .

only a question of a few woman's wheedlings. His friend Carlos (in a lower voice) in prison; he will not dream of permitting it, I am sure. (He rises, much livelier, as if to go, and he looks at his watch). Even if I pull him out of bed, I wish to be certain; and Pablo will not know anything about it. . . . I have no liking for sermons.

(As he is taking up his hat, ELENA comes in).

ELENA. Carlos! Did you wish to see Pablo?

CARLOS (distracted). No; it isn't worth while. I am going, but I shall return!

ELENA. He has been working with Batelli the whole night through, and he wouldn't lie down.

CARLOS. So I was told. . . . I shall return. I shall return. For a little while, Elena; don't bother.

ELENA (observing his perturbation).

you wish to leave any message for him?

DO

CARLOS. No; I shall be returning.

Good-by, for the present.

ELENA. As you will.

(CARLOS goes out, leaving ELENA thoughtful, looking toward the door).

ELENA. I could Swear he was talking to himself when I entered. It is perfectly clear that he was upset as he went away; what a noddle!

(PABLO comes in).

SCENE VII

(ELENA and PABLO).

PABLO. Now I feel like an entirely new being. (Looking around surprised). The maid told me that Carlos was here!

ELENA. Yes; he has just gone; but he said he would return. He must have thought you were resting and did not wish to disturb you.

PABLO. I have an evil presentiment. For a month the lad has taken pains not to be left alone with me; he avoids me. I am puzzled that he should have come to see me so early.

ELENA. As always, you preach to him about his way of living.

PABLO. What would I not do to change him !

ELENA. And you contradict him in his theories. -

PABLO. Theories? Stupidities! If laws were based upon them, the republic would be a Zululand or a Mozambique.

ELENA. Poor Carlos; his head is hollow; can he have learned that you have taken charge of his little son?

PABLO. It may be. have not said anything to him about it, however. It is going on two months since the death of the mother, and have waited in vain for Some sign of haughty protest on account of my interference and yours in behalf of that unhappy creature who paid too dear for her ignorance.

ELENA. It must be that he knows nothing about what has happened.

PABLO. Or he feigns ignorance, which is more convenient. Often I think that in his soul there are empty, dark spots: wheels that are not in gear with the mechanism; dry branches, without sap.

ELENA. He does not understand home life, and that is the whole of it.

PABLO. Not even the obligation of a father toward his son—more primitive, more animal, if you will (since it has its root in the instinct), than the filial duties, the result of civilized life, imposed by intelligence.

ELENA. According to him, he is an illegitimate son, an obstacle.

PABLO. That is the absurd part of it, and it is monstrous! What has a father to do with distinctions between legitimacy and illegitimacy, established by law? If he has had the cowardice to beget him, in obedience to instinct, let him have the courage to maintain him, feed him, protect him, since he is his.

ELENA. If he were to marry, he would change. Carlos is very good at bottom.

PABLO. I do not doubt it. have the example of his old chum, Peluzzi

ELENA. Well?

PABLO. I found him a few days ago, withered, flabby, and I was startled by his appearance, so different from his wonted ruddiness and look of prosperity. The man was changed, aged, washed out, exhausted, fainting from weariness and lack of sleep. He confirmed his condition with an eloquent laconicism, because his words began with a yawn and ended with a grotesque grimace, as of one trying to keep from weeping in the presence of an Outsider.

“Pablo,” he said, “ you can understand me. For four days I have not rested, I have not slept, I have not lived: my little Son is ill and I do not know but what I am going to lose him.” I stammered a few stupid phrases—meaningless, colorless, unworthy of me—because in stringing them together I was notable to give them the appearance of sincerity.

Afterward we separated, with a vulgar phrase: he, with his heart torn by cavilings and fears; and I, reproaching myself for my triviality, cudgeling my slow brains that had not enabled me to treat the poor devil properly, at a difficult moment in his life.

ELENA. It is true, Pablo, that you were not felicitous!

PABLO. You will see. As I went my way, confused by the multitude that was going up and down the avenue, the inner voice tried to justify itself, saying softly to me, in a whisper: "Do not scold me, for you would be unjust. Your faithful memory alone is to blame, because, on seeing Peluzzi alarmed and cast down by the illness of his heir, you could not believe that he was the same person who had passed his days in Pantagruelian feasts at no remote period, while the obscure daughter of his provincial amour was dying in a room of a miserable tenement, with no other affection than that of the humble and ignorant half-caste who had borne her and with no other support than public beneficence.

(As PABLO is concluding his story, doña Carlota enters. She is a little old lady, with youth and health retained, and agile and lively as a squirrel; she is dressed with simplicity and elegance. She has just come in from the street and she is wearing her furs, her hands in a muff; small packages are upon her left arm, and a mother-of-pearl rosary, hanging from one of her wrists, indicates whence she comes and how she has employed her time).

SCENE VIII

(ELENA, PABLO and doña CARLOTA).

CARLOTA. What are you doing? I am dying of the cold. (She approaches the fire). Santo Domingo is an ice-house. Wasn't Carlos with you? They told me, as I came in, that he was here. -

ELENA. He was here for a second, and then he went away; but he is going to return.

CARLOTA (to ELENA). met the chil-

dren on the way to school; they looked like two little men.

ELENA. They went to speak to you this morning. They dared not enter, thinking you were asleep.

CARLOTA. Yes; I know; the poor little fellows! (To PABLO, in a tone of affectionate reproach). They are fonder of their grandmother than you are, my son!

PABLO. I went to say good-morning to you, but you had gone out; why do you get up so early thus?

CARLOTA. What I have always done, as you are well aware.

PABLO. In the depth of the winter, however, to stick yourself in a church, at daybreak, and at your age. - -

CARLOTA (feigning anger). According to you, ought not to go at any hour, you great heretic!

PABLO. You are mistaken, little mother; I wish you to be happy and I wish to take care of you for ourselves.

CARLOTA. Enough, enough! (To ELENA). I encountered Leonor; the poor woman is in great distress, you see. Her son-in-law has ruined her sister in a few months, and they are going to have to move to humble quarters with three rooms. The count has turned out a rascal!

PABLO. They did not say the same when I permitted myself to observe to Leonor herself that this count person had his talents in his feet and his fortune in his nails, according to what I had heard.

ELENA. You were cruel, Pablo. Leonor was greatly hurt with me.

PABLO (ironically). And with good reason. I should tell her now that they were unlucky ventures of the Parmesan count and nothing more.

CARLOTA. What Rosari has told me is a shame. What physicians! They are so many asses! Only fancy that her niece—the One married to Colonel Lerez—was ill six months ago, and they diagnosed a tumor and forced an operation upon her. Little daughter, she was operated upon in

the sanatorium by three physicians (to PABLO), one of them your friend Keller, a god to you, and it turned out that she was enciente! The child was lost, a little boy, as they said, and she died immediately. - -

ELENA. How horrible!

CARLOTA. The colonel wished to kill the physicians!

PABLO. Poor fellow It would have been the least he could do to them, being such dolts!

CARLOTA. And they have sent him a bill for ten thousand pesos !

PABLO. It is the best proof of their moral courage: a physician may be mistaken; a man of honor does not err.

CARLOTA. However, your friend Doctor Albert, who is always on your tongue as an example of the magistrate, has given a wedding present to Blanquita—Jiménez's—which has been the topic of the wedding and . . . of the tribunals.

PABLO. Why?

CARLOTA. It was the Sentence of absolution in the suit they were bringing against the groom's father for falsification of trade-marks, and you are well aware of who was in the right.

ELENA. What an original present!

CARLOTA (mockingly). These are my son Pablos lily whites !

PABLO. One more to cross of my list of "men." (With sadness).

CARLOTA (ironically). And have you many left?

PABLO. Ah, little mother, little mother! You are jesting and you do not know the pain that these disillusionments cause me.

CARLOTA. Because you do not know the world, save through your books. It has always been the same; I have had enough of hearing about it from your father.

PABLO. I also do not forget it. Father did not believe in anybody or anything except you and his work, and he could live tranquilly with his cows and his wheat fields; he did not have to struggle with men.

I am in a different position; I am concerned over the spiritual rather than the material future of my country, and I cherish the illusion that I am a considerable factor in that future of which I dream.

ELENA. And you are, Pablo. All recognize it in you.

PABLO. The loss of one of those choice spirits saddens me, as the chess player is saddened when he sees one of his valuable pieces removed from the board, because they are few, as men are upon our stage.

CARLOTA. Do you consider there are but a few lawyers, physicians and engineers? Therefore I think Carlos did well not to study; in the Compañía de Bosques he has a future.

PABLO. I do not speak of those who have received diplomas, who are many, it is true; too many, perhaps. speak of the apt, the capable, who are very few. (A maid comes in).

SCENE IX

(The same and a MAID)

MAID. Señora, some one wishes to speak with you by telephone regarding the Téllez-Ruiz affair.

ELENA. With me?

CARLOTA. No; it is with me. I met Florita at the church, and she was to tell me something about our society. You know that she is now the secretary. (To the maid). Say that I am coming at once.

MAID. Very well, señora. (She goes out).

(Doña CARLOTA gathers up her packages and her furs, and before leaving the room, she addresses PABLO, half affectionately and half ironically).

CARLOTA.
señor philosopher.
you, and then you.
you think so?

ELENA. That is what I am always telling him.

PABLO. It is now too late.
have to be born again.

(Doña CARLOTA goes out).

SCENE X

Do not consider anybody,

First, you, afterward

(To ELENA). Don't

I should

(ELENA, PABLo and a MAID)

ELENA. Poor little mother She could not live without her societies and associations: always on the go!

PABLo. And now you see how she spends her time; in a moment she has passed in review, with her friends, all the news of her circle, her little world.

ELENA. She has a marvelous memory. (A maid comes in).

MAID. Señora, they have come from the shop with the samples and they ask whether they are to leave them.

ELENA. No; tell them to wait. (To PABLo). myself am going to choose, so that they may take along the order. (They go out).

SCENE XI

(PABLo alone; afterward CARLos)

PABLo (pensively). To-day it is Keller and Albert who are trafficking with science and justice; yesterday it was Ruiz Alves, my teacher, in that shameful business of the cement, and Pepe Lemos, my childhood's companion, in the scandal of the material for the navy, and Mestres Yáñez, my father's friend, selling his vote in the congress, without any hesitation; falling into shame in his old age, and forgetting his preaching of many years; departing from the straight line like deserters, like fugitives. If they were only moved by hunger or love, in straying from the path! But no; it would be absurd to suppose it of any of them - unless they designate as hunger the uncontrollable desire for the material pleasures of which our grandfathers did not dream, and as love, unnamable and bestial vices. (He pauses). After crime, impunity, accomplice silence, the guilty silence of the environment, the certainty

that they will find, as yesterday, a hand that will press theirs and a smile that will welcome them with kindness, as if it forgot or rather as if it did not know; audacity to look one straight in the face, and woe to him who should respond by letting an accusation gleam in his eyes! If the penal code was closed to them, the code of honor consecrates them as gentlemen, and as a climax, inviolable. (He has become by degrees more and more stirred, and he concludes by giving way to anger).

No; it can not be. We who lead, who fashion and govern the new generation, who stand in the front rank, must arise; our responsibility is undeniable, our responsibility is enormous. All those whom suffering has brought to our land must find in us an example, a standard, a code, vital and in action, a barrier, and if they see the children of the very land violate and destroy the laws, thus profaning the national home, they will, like vultures, wrest from us all that remains of the patria, and the republic dreamed of and fashioned by our dead will be an ignoble mart!

(In the door appears CARLos, hesitating and downcast; when he sees PABLo, he pulls himself together, but without succeeding in disguising, in his voice and altitude, the preoccupation that possesses him; he lays his hat upon the drafting-board and starts toward his brother).

PABLo. What have you to say, Carlos?

Elena told me that you came here early to see me, and that you would return.

CARLos. Yes; did not wish to trouble you. . . . I supposed you must have lain down for a while.

PABLo (with affectionate irony).

what do you need?

because your visit seems too matutinal not to be interested.

CARLos (gravely). And you are not mistaken, Pablo I left in order that it might not be so I wished to see Pe-luzzi first (with sadness) he has failed me as I never should have believed. (With discouragement). Miser

able gringo

PABLO. Money?

CARLOS (emphatically). Much money!

For him, very little, as he is now a million
aire and as he was formerly my friend.

PA BLO Friend! friend!

this is your mistake, like that of many.

Your pal! you mean to say, a companion of
the gaming table always smiling, approver
of follies and a well of easy counsels. True
friends are only made by work, by sharing
weariness, struggling shoulder to shoulder
for a noble and just cause.

CARLOS (interrupting). beg your par

don, Pablo. I am already acquainted

with your theories and . . . re

spect them. If I come to-day to see you

(doubtfully) it is because I need

you as never, more than ever, before.

Hear and answer me, without berating

me; it would be too late. (He seats him
self, without looking at PABLO).

PA BLO (alarmed). Have you gambled?

CARLOS. And I have lost! (At PABLO's
gesture of reproach). It is useless, I warn

you. . . . From Peluzzi's house to

yours I have heaped upon myself all the re

criminations that you could apply to me,

perhaps more; but it is useless, I repeat.

- - What is done, is done. (He sits

looking at the floor).

PABLO (resentfully, after a pause). Well;

and how much do you owe?

CARLOS (hesitating and without raising

his head). Twenty thousand pesos. .

PABLO (precipitately). You have been

gambling on your word? Have you signed

any document, or did you borrow money

at the club?

CARLOS (with the Same attitude).

than that! -

PABLO (who divines, and refuses to be

Worse

lieve). Carlos

CARLOS. I have stolen it.

PABLO. (With rising emotion, which

contrasts with the tranquillity of CARLOS).

Stolen? Where? When?

CARLOS (master of himself). From the

company a month ago. I thought

I should be able to raise it at night, be

cause to-day, without fail, I must replace

that sum or. - -

PABLO (interrupting). Ah, Carlos, how

far you have fallen! How dreadful! That

you should have been able, coldly, day after

day, to go on stealing without feeling the

nausea of your own wretchedness!

CARLOS (interrupting him again). Pablo,

I respect you you have your

ideas, your theories. You reason with

that logic of iron which your mathematical

studies have imparted to your very marrow.

You feel less than you think; you know

nothing of passions. I beg of

you: save your words, if you can not calm

your anger.

PABLO (becoming worked up). Ah, no!

A thousand times, no You must hear me,

inspite of yourself. It (sarcastically) would

be very convenient. Passions, passions!

That is the song of all those of your kind:

they follow their own will, their own whim;

miserable egoists, they think only of them

selves, for their pleasures, and they recall

others for their sorrows. . Yes; I

am office; I do not feel; I think too much;

my life is prosaic; have no heart!

I know your ideas, too. . . . You

think that I have not felt, like a man, the

burning Smart of desire? You think that

I have not suffered, in order to be able to

rise, the bitter deprivation of the pleasures

craved by my youth? It was for you, it

was for our mother, for all those about me,

that I was willing to put lead upon my

wings. (With a tone of reproach). And

you still tell me to keep silent.

CARLOS. I do not know what to say to

you. You are right. I recognize the

wrong of course I recognize it!

but it is done. The guilt is mine

the shame is for all. It is our

name, your name, that is compromised.

PABLO (with haughtiness). My name?

My name is my own; you are mistaken. I

have made it, I have fashioned it by my ef

fort, my labor. My name is not in your

hands; you can not stain it, even if you would. Absurd prejudices are these, to base pride and value upon surnames more or less sonorous. (With irony). Names, labels, more or less brilliant, attached to bottles filled with poison or generous wine, although the glass be identical! What name has not sounded at some time in the prison or the brothel! (With firmness). My name is mine, mine alone, and for it I am responsible to my children, to my country and to my conscience. CARLOS (rising to go, considering himself rebuffed). Then . . . you abandon me? -

PABLO (serenely, coldly, hardly a tremor being noted in his voice). Are you going to give yourself up, in order that after a via crucis of bitterness, they may thrust you into a cell . . . or are you going to flee, hiding yourself like a hunted beast? CARLOS (crestfallen). I do not know what I shall do it is all the same to me . in the end they would find me.

PABLO (with emotion that he can not conceal). There is one door . . . that when it close it yourself!

And you say this
justice does not open
is once closed
CARLOS (starting).
to me!

PABLO (with the serenity of a judge). I do.

CARLOS (becoming excited). Does your head say this? Does reason dictate it? And you point it out to me as a road. PABLO (aloud, severe, although there wells up in the tone of his voice a hidden tenderness). If you approached me under the sentence of an illness beyond remedy—a lane with no other outlet than idiocy or madness, an inclined plane of suffering with no other end than death—I should say the same to you, Carlos, because it is what I should do. We are men! I see you at the bottom of the tankard, and

although do not weep, I feel within me an unspeakable anguish, less because of my impotence to save you than because of the conviction that it would be futile. Sick of will, incapable of reacting after so many trials, I despair of you. CARLOS (becoming more and more excited as PABLO has spoken). Enough! Enough! I shall not cast my shadow upon you. - Like a mangy dog you cast me out, you throw me off; I shall go . . you will feel it. Curses! (He goes out violently, furious).

SCENE XII

(PABLO, afterward ELENA)
(CARLOS disappears, PABLO drops into a chair, his head between his hands, unable to master his emotion).

PABLO. How horrible! How horrible! (He sits up, hearing the noise made by ELENA as she enters, agitated, questioning).

ELENA. What's the matter with Carlos? I ran into him in the corridor. He was carrying on like a crazy man, talking to himself. I called him, and he went on without looking back.

PABLO (deeply affected, and trying to dissimulate). You will know about it - it must be an affair of a duel.

ELENA (looking him in the eyes). You are deceiving me, Pablo. Have you had words?

PABLO (in a dull voice). For the last time!

ELENA. What do you mean? Have you driven him away?

PABLO (now in control of himself). No; by mutual consent. He can not return.

- He will not return. Elena, I beg of you: ask me nothing more.

ELENA (affectionately, although still disturbedly). Don't you see that your excessive work overexcites you, makes you irritable; and you will not rest. Carlos will understand afterward. . . .

PABLO. Afterward? (I rapped in his own thoughts). Will one awaken as from a dream? Will one sleep for ever . . . for ever? Will he distinguish between

good and evil with perfect clearness, or will it be a confused darkness, dull, end less? -

ELENA. What are you saying? Are you wandering? Heed me, dear; rest just an hour or two. (She gently caresses him).

PABLO (coming back to reality). I am not raving, Elena. Carlos, in his disorderly life, has gone on descending, plunging deeper and deeper, and he has reached the commission of a definite crime, a shameful crime, one that the law deals with, that the law marks with a brand! He has stolen money to gamble, to throw it to the winds; and from the shame that awaited him, death alone can free him.

ELENA (a prey to excitement, which has increased in proportion as PABLO has disclosed the truth). But no, Pablo. What you are telling me is horrible, it is frightful. Run in search of him, and dispose of my property as if it were yours, if you will. He is your brother!

PABLO (with sadness). He is my brother! I have tried to form him, like a son; this you know full well. All has been useless: he is now a played card, a tree that the torrent uproots and carries away.

ELENA. Do it for your mother, Pablo. If you did so much to hide ruin from her upon the death of your father; if you have sacrificed yourself hitherto in order to give her a happy old age

PABLO (interrupting). It is too late - n. do not insist . . . you can not understand me. -

ELENA (hiding her grief). I fear for you, for your remorse.

PABLO (without emphasis). A judge does not fear remorse.

SCENE XIII

(The same and BATELLI)

(At the moment when ELENA is bent upon insufling, BATELLI comes in like a whirl wind, out of breath, his face shining, waving his hat. His bubbling joy prevents his grasping the situation).

BATELLI. Master! A triumph! (To ELENA). Señora, this is a glorious day for don Pablo. There were more than twelve deputies at the minister's house when he received me . . . some even of the opposition. Mallo, the powerful Mallo, was there too. If you had only seen, master! The minister compelled me to explain the project in detail, and they did not let me conclude a genuine triumph! This afternoon, in the chamber, your name will resound through the building with cheers, as that of a worker for the country's greatness. The minister said to me as I was leaving that he awaited you in the chamber to give you an embrace.

PABLO. Thanks, Batelli, thanks. The glory is yours also. (With visible depression and bitterness). You can enjoy it to the full, as a spur, as a stimulus. While ascending, joy is complete; upon the summit, it is no longer So ... the chasms seem too deep, the valleys too dark, and the Solitude of the heights is fearful. -

ELENA (to BATELLI who observes without comprehending). Make him rest. He has gone all to pieces and he will not obey me.

BATELLI. (Noting the condition of PABLO and ELENA, and trying to divine). Yes, Señor Eibar. One or two hours of silence, of tranquillity, will be sufficient. You need them to set you up for this afternoon.

ELENA. Batelli also begs it of you! Do not be thus.

PABLO (looking at his watch). As you will.

SCENE XIV

(The same and LILA)

(PABLO starts to leave, and he stops: at the door appears Lila, a prey to extraordinary agitation. Her clothing is elegant, a bit exaggerated: there is, nevertheless, something that shows the precipitation with which she must have come. She looks inquiringly, and she addresses PABLO, almost sobbing). LILA. Señor Eibar! don Pablo! Carlos. (She is unable

to continue, being choked with weeping).
ELENA (to PABLO). Poor thing! (Approaching her with solicitude). Calm yourself, señora. . .

LILA. Thanks I should not have dared . . . but it is horrible, horrible! (To PABLO). Carlos told me to call you . . . he shut himself up in his bedroom to kill himself he had not come last night . . . he entered like a madman . he merely said he was ill, and that I should call you that I should call you. .

SCENE XV

(The same and doña CARLOTA)
(Through the door of the hall enters doña CARLOTA in agitation).

CARLOTA. What is this they say about Carlos? The maid tells me that they have spoken to the police, but she can not explain. (Observing LILA's presence, she goes toward ELENA). Who is this woman? Why is she weeping? (Divining something). Oh! My God!

ELENA. Calm yourself, little mother. It is Carlos's companion . She came to inform us. -

CARLOTA (interrupting). Of what? Speak! (Restraining her sobs). Where is Carlos?

PABLO. Come, mother, courage! An automobile accident at the door of his house it is nothing grave I am going at once.

CARLOTA (who follows PABLO's movements). You are lying, Pablo. Your voice shows it I wish to see my Son, my son!

(ELENA has approached her and embraces her, abandoning LILA, who stands apart in her sorrow. BATELLI, divining the drama, goes respectfully to PABLO).

PABLO. Accompany me, Batelli. Elena will look after mother. They are women; they feel too deeply to be able to reason. They could not understand me. (With sadness, and as if he were speaking to himself). We must begin to do justice, and it is necessary to make an example . with one's own flesh and blood!

CARLOTA (in lamentation, like the wailing bleat of a ewe calling to the lamb). My Son! My son!

(The curtain falls)

Shadowland July 1921



Herman Rosse: Designer and Theorist of the Theater

By Oliver M. Sayler

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

(Rosse's *Drawing in Black & White* is on the cover of this publication. - Ed.)

There is a new figure in the theater, Herman Rosse, of The Hague, the Orient, California and Chicago. He is one of the potential leaders of the new stage movement, and can be depended upon for original inspiration and for patient faith and persistence
artist, naive and simple
and direct, who would never be suspected of cherishing radical or revolutionary ideas. He grows on acquaintance, and yet his quiet smile breaking thru and lighting up his substantial Dutch

features and his reticent voice soon revealing conviction and firmness, make a distinctly happy immediate impression. His mental reticence, likewise, soon appears to be no indication of uncertainty but rather a mark of mental poise and of his unwillingness to be unduly insistent on what he believes, an evidence, too, of a breadth of mind which is eager to see honesty and significance in work dissimilar to his own.

Foreign by birth and upbringing, Rosse has adapted himself cordially to the land of his adoption without losing the inspiration which came to him from his contact with the European artistic and dramatic renaissance. His background is not so much that of his native Holland nor of the America in which he has spent most of his majority, as it is international. He is distinctly one of that small but growing body of artists whose impulses have been quickened and broadened by contact with the arts of many countries and who instead of letting their experience make dilettantes or imitators out of them have drawn therefrom a fresh impetus to make their own vision more expressive and eloquent. England and Italy added first to his early education as an architect in Holland, and then he came to the United States over a decade ago to study engineering and mathematics at Leland Stanford University.

- On completing his course he returned to his native country by way of the Orient, lingering leisurely

\ Several interesting examples of Mr. Rosse's work, reproduced in colors, appear on page nine of this issue of Shadowland. They should be studied in connection with Mr. Sayler's absorbing article .]

I

IN the flood-tide of controversy which has arisen in the wake of the revolutionary production of "Macbeth" by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones, the fact that there is such a thing as a New Movement in the Theater, destined possibly to remake it as an art from head to foot, has been brought home to many people who have thought of the so-called new stagecraft heretofore as merely an effort to provide plays with a more fitting and eloquent scenic setting. The realization that the new movement means something more than scenery and costumes, that it reaches down to an examination of the fundamental form and esthetic of the theater, with a challenge to old forms and theories to show cause why they should not be supplanted by new. provides an admirable and appropriate introduction for the appearance in New York of a new artist of

the theater, Herman Rosse, of The Hague, the Orient, California and Chicago. Thru his exhibition of designs for the theater at the Arden Gallery, he is disclosed unmistakably as one of the leaders on whom the new movement may depend for original inspiration and for patient faith and persistence.

If it were not for the prejudice which exists in practical-minded America against theories and theorists, I would say that Herman Rosse demonstrates his individual ability as an artist of the theater most conspicuously in the role of theorist of the theater. His commissions carried out on the -actual stage have been comparatively few in number, tho important, but meanwhile he has permitted a restless and eager mind to imagine what kind of a theater he would like to work in and how he would like to interpret therein plays written and yet to be written. As theorist, he has not merely thought and dreamed and written about his art, after the manner of those who have brought opprobrium on the term ; instead, he has worked out his ideas in tangible, comprehensible design so that a practical mind will see evidence of a practical hand. And, as practitioner, he has applied his theories with a clear understanding of their

' purpose and a firm grasp of the concrete means of realizing them. To call Herman Rosse primarily a theorist of the theater, therefore, is simply to say that he knows what he is about. In this respect, he deserves a place side by side with Robert Edmond Jones and Norman-Bel Geddes, for, altho the ideas and methods of the three may differ widely, they are alike in their ability to see the theater whole and not simply to take orders from some producer for a set of designs for a given play.

In person as well as in mind and imagination, Herman Rosse is one of the most interesting figures connected with our theater. The profession of artist is stamped obviously upon him, and yet he is neither naturally nor intentionally unusual or eccentric. He is rather the type of

[portion missing]

en route in Japan, China, Java and India.

His first commission back home was to design the interior and paint the mural decorations of the Peace Palace at The Hague for its formal opening in 1913.

In connection with that task he supervised a large pageant which was played in The Hague in commemoration of the

founding of the world court of justice. Rosse looks back now on that early work with not a great deal of respect. I asked him what they were doing in the scene of those labors when he revisited it last summer.

“They are using it,” he replied with the naivete of the artist from whom the political world is far distant, “but I don’t know what for.”

The year 1913 brought Rosse once more to America to superintend the decoration of the Netherlands Government building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, and from that year dates his residence in the United States. In addition to decorating the auditorium for the motor show of 1916 in that city, he executed several other tasks in design, including the Orpheum Theater in Salt Lake City, and in 1918 he accepted an invitation to join the staff of the Chicago Art Institute as head of its department of decorative art. With the exception of several summer excursions back to Holland, therefore, he has lived in this country nearly eight years and he feels that his future lies with us and our theater. Rosse's imagination was lured to the theater many years before he began actual work in it. All through his Oriental travels he was a keen student of the eastern theaters, jotting down on paper ideas which came to him for revitalizing the western theater and storing away in his imagination the fundamentals of design for which the art of the Orient is justly noted. Aside from his Peace Pageant in Holland in 1913, his most important actual productions have been that of Messenger's “Madame Chrysanthemum” for the Chicago Opera Company, and of the Nativity Play at the Chicago Art Institute, produced in 1919 and revived in 1920, in collaboration with Cloyd Head, as poet, and Eric Delamarter, as composer. He has drawn the plans for a theater for Herman Heijermans in Holland and designed

the settings for Mrs. Roland
Holst's tragedy in verse, "Thomas More."
to be produced therein. And he has done
a series of settings for Milton's "The
Mask of Comus," which Pavlowa has
had under consideration. The remainder
of his ideas, set to paper by way of batik
or to canvas with oil and brush and exhibited
at the Arden Gallery, are for theaters
and stages and prosceniums and
curtains and productions which he would
like to bring to pass. Unlike many preparatory
sketches, they are conceived in
terms and proportions which intelligent
craftsmen could readily translate into the
eff of the stage. His architectural
training, like that of Joseph Urban, has
not come in amiss, for he conceives of the
theater not in terms hopelessly fantastic
but in the language of wood and stone
and canvas and lighting and mechanical
equipment, as any designer for the theater
in this new day must do if he is to
command the opportunity to bring his
dreams to life.

Closely linked with both the theoretical
and practical aspects of his mind
is Rosse's desire to make over the building
in which the theater as an art is to be
practised. He looks upon the playhouse
of to-day as a nondescript pile of steel
and stone, ill-suited even to the limited
demands which are made upon it by the
current realistic drama. For the newer
types of symbolic and abstract plays toward
which he and other imaginative
minds are reaching, and for that exalted
and spiritualized style of realism promised
to us in "Diff'rent" and the other
naturalistic plays of Eugene O'Neill, he
demands not one form of theater to serve
diverse purposes but various types of
structure, each one peculiarly adapted to
the purpose for which it is to be used.
In his exhibiton were designs for an outdoor
theater where Greek dramas could
be revived in the spirit of the original
rather than as archaeological copies ; for

an oval theater, suited to particular kinds of symbolic and imaginative plays; for a severely square theater where realistic plays could be presented without any intrusions on the illusion which they sought to attain. In his exhibition, too, were suggestions of prosceniums and stages for recitals, for plays using a minimum of scenery; for plays using curtains only; for plays using flats. In fact, his mind is open and his imagination is stretching to conceive of any arrangement of auditorium and stage which will emphasize and magnify the things which the playwright and the actor and the designer are trying to do rather than serve as an obstruction to their efforts to express themselves.

One of the most intriguing phases of Rosse's art to-day, an aspect of which his exhibition gave only a hint thru two or three designs and sketches, is his investigation into the possibilities of moving scenery. The whole problem is still in its experimental stages in his own mind, both the question of what can be accomplished thereby to make the theater a more vivid and significant art and the question of how to achieve the results desired. On the whole, he sees in it a means of linking the actor more intimately with the scenic background, of making the entire production flow in rhythmic and plastic line to the end that the emotional reaction in the theater may have greater variety and yet greater unity and intensity. The aspect of the contemporary theater which propelled him on this investigation is the tendency of the scenic settings to pull away from the plastic elements of the production and to remain fixed and static while these elements are in constant motion. Other artists of the theater have been bothered by this problem and have sought and to some extent have found the way to solve it by the manipulation of the lighting and by the use of scenery spotted with various

colors in such a manner that it will present varying aspects under different lights. But the problem still exists. Striking at the heart of the difficulty, Rosse proposes a stage on which the scenery moves as well as the actors, in keeping with the demands of various moods which are to be represented or suggested on that stage. He realizes fully that if carried too far this expedient will defeat itself and attract undue attention to a single and perhaps a minor element in the mise en scene. But he realizes, too, that any such innovation will attract more attention while the spectators are getting used to it than it will after they have accepted it as one of the conventions of the theater. If they had been accustomed to such a scenic background and had suddenly been plunged into a theater where the scenery was static, their attention would be distracted in no less manner.

Overriding these initial obstacles, therefore, he proceeds to meet the practical drawbacks that lie on his path. Recognizing the fact that experiment alone will test their worth and perhaps evolve more suitable expedients, he proposes for one thing the use of projected light, with its source behind the proscenium, a development in the hands of an artist of the process of the motion picture cartoons. In less ambitious vein, he suggests actors disguised as elements of the scenery, with streamers attached to their arms ; firmly corrugated surfaces revealing varying aspects after the manner of certain window advertisements ; the development of the idea of canvas spotted with various colors which Urban introduced on the American stage, but carried beyond Urban in more intricate applications ; moving floors, either actually moving or giving the appearance of motion by the use of colors spotted in fine grooves. The whole idea is still rather vague in his mind, but on the face of it, it belongs distinctly in

the swing of the new movement in the theater which is reaching out for more eloquent means of expression.

The New York exhibition is not Rosse's first, for it was preceded by others in San Francisco, in Chicago and in Holland. In connection with these previous exhibitions, he has had interesting things to say about his art in the catalogs. Only a few of his most significant sentences can be quoted here :

"If we earnestly wish to bring the theater to a much more exalted position, to the symbol of life as we wish it, we must take no conditions for granted. If the theater is to be a link between ourselves and our ideals, we must first cut down the old structure and then rebuild from the footing up."

"The painter-designer indicates the scene, but does not portray it, and in that way the play gains in power, for our imagination if once started in the right direction is a better decorator and property man than the best and most realistic in the profession."

"In solving the problems of the theater, we shall find the maxims of the artistcraftsman of value, because however much he may theorize about a problem, he ultimately tests the validity of his conclusions by use. An argument may be spun out indefinitely on the artistic desirability or non-desirability of speech in the drama. The artist-craftsman would simply test the validity of each contention by the results. Drama can be great if produced without the aid of words, but drama can also be great if aided by music, color, words, and incense, and is not necessarily less abstract that way. The Roman Catholic high mass employs all sensuous appeals. The Indian dancers' pantomime employs a few only. Both are great drama."

"All different sorts of stages can have their greatness. Chartres Cathedral is not like a small village church in Normandy,

yet both are temples in which
bodies of people worship their God, and
both are worthy of their destiny. Our
world has gained thru their being different,”
If I were to discover some new idea in
the theater, I know of no one with whom
I would rather talk it over than Herman
Rosse. Despite his definite belief in his
own ideas, he brings a keenly sympathetic
and comprehending imagination to his
examination of any fresh aspect of his
art. There is no hint of compromise in
him in the ordinary sense of the word,
but I see in him almost week by week a
growing conviction that the art of the
theater of the future will be an eclectic
art, taking from various conflicting theories
and manners of expression their
most vital elements and fusing them into
one. Some time ago he wrote on this
subject in Theatre Arts Magazine, and,
pausing only to say that his belief in ultimate
compromise is still stronger to-day,
I shall let him conclude in his own words :
“In the theater of to-day two tendencies
are very evident—one toward a
rare and precious artificiality, and one
toward a new and vital realism. The first
tendency will probably work itself out in
the actorless theater. The second tendency
will probably lead by the way of a
slow development of the purely constructive
stage and the oratory platform to a
new type of churchlike theater, with reflective
domes, beautiful materials, beautiful
people—to a revitalizing of art by a
complete reversal from the artificial to
the living real. If we are going to stay
true to the spirit of the time, both of these
tendencies will develop side by side until
reality carries the day—or will time assert
itself still further and will the result
be a compromise?”

Arthur Schnitzler: Master of Moods

By Pierre Loving

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, Viennese dramatist and author of "The Affairs of Anatol" which is now in the process of being filmed, is beyond doubt, I think, the finest psychologist writing in the theater today. This may not be saying much, as has been pointed out, in view of what is called his narrow range, his limited choice of subjects, his absorption with the emotion of love. True, he is generally known as the cynical dissector of the passion that unites or sunders men and women ; but Schnitzler would probably urge that to a very large extent life centers in the love-impulse and much of everything else we do, or fail to do, in everyday existence is determined by just that. Then again, the admirers of Schnitzler's work, those who really comprehend his importance, will tell you that the latter is only one side or phase of his art. On this side of the Atlantic, especially, we have come to look upon Schnitzler as a virtuoso of the amourette. We say, do we not, that in the field of light-o'-love he reigns supreme. In Europe, it appears, they put a different value on these things. Schnitzler's plays are there ranked on a par with those of his world-famous German colleagues, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Wedekind. He is, to begin with, acknowledged widely to be a master of subtle moods and emotions—not only the emotion of love—and his delicacy and skill in handling these is conceded

to be well-nigh perfect. New York playgoers remember with pleasure the production of "The Affairs of Anatol" with John Barrymore in the title role. On the basis of this one example of his work, Schnitzler was vaguely judged to be sophisticated and gifted with a penetrating wit—and so he is, but the Austrian dramatist is also something more. It is not generally known, for instance, that "The Affairs of Anatol" is one of Schnitzler's earliest plays—the first,

in fact, to reach stage production. Since then he has surpassed the minor art of dramatic pasticcio, exquisite and engaging though it is, wholly engaging and delightful as we find it in "The Affairs of Anatol." Today he paints on a larger and more significant canvas. The creator of Anatol, whom we are to see on the silver screen very shortly, was born in Vienna in 1862. His father, Johann Schnitzler, was a well-known laryngologist. The

younger Schnitzler also studied medicine at the University of Vienna and shortly after his graduation was attached to the Clinical Hospital, the largest of its kind in that city. Meanwhile he contributed intermittently to one of his father's medical reviews. His purely literary activities were confined at the time to writing poems, stories and sketches which appeared in various German literary periodicals. At the moment he appears to have applied himself more or less whole-heartedly to investigating psychic phenomena. We recall William James's preoccupation with spiritualism ; the fact in itself has no special significance except to point several analogies between the career of the American pragmatist and the Austrian dramatist and thinker. Yes, thinker! We must not forget that, next to being an artist of finish and power, Schnitzler is preponderantly a thinker. He published an article about this time, on the treatment of certain diseases by means of hypnotism and suggestion. And this brings back to the mind the delicious hypnotic scene in "The Affairs of Anatol."

"The Affairs of Anatol," as I have said, was the first play of the Austrian dramatist to achieve a stage production. The date is 1892. Schnitzler was thirty years old then. The play captured Vienna like a storm. The rest of the world echoed the applause of his native city. Since

then Schnitzler has written and produced over twenty-five plays, several novels and a host of short stories. "Professor Bernhardt," treating unsparingly of certain religious questions particularly rife in pre-war Vienna, created something of a storm of protest and aroused the vigilant censor in 1912. And only the other day the news despatches from Berlin and Vienna hummed afresh of the suppression of "Reigen," another early work. Schnitzler at bottom is struments. For example, owing to this lack, he got an infection in his arm while operating. Vienna has changed, pitifully

an implacable "analyst of illusion" and his work always offers a more or less free preserve for short-sighted meddling on the part of a stupid official censorship. At present Schnitzler (the last letter I have had from him is now several months old) is engaged in giving his professional services to the stricken city of Vienna. He is caring for the sick free of charge under nerveracking conditions, such as the lack of adequate medical supplies and in-

changed, since before the war. Once she was the queen-city of the blue Danube. Whether in the field of the novel or the play, Schnitzler in those days was preeminently the spokesman of Vienna. The atmosphere and life of the former Austrian capital was half-dreamy and gay; the social relationships of the people were mild and charged with a haunting tenderness. Life wore a sunny Phaeacian air. A careless and racy plasticity marked the old city as a charming playground where the harsher problems of the world rarely broke in. Now, of course, all this is gone. But before 1914 Arthur Schnitzler clearly voiced in story and play the prevailing tone and spirit of the old capital on the Danube, just as the dreamy waltzes of Johann Strauss embodied that spirit in music.

Taking his work as a whole, it is apparent that Schnitzler mixes a proselyricism with such unruly elements as irony and mysticism. The mysticism, however, seems to be used chiefly for the sake of the irony. These elements are skilfully fused together by an almost unerring sense of what is significant in life and what is effective in the theater. The viewpoint, for want of a better or clearer phrase, must be called ironical. It sees men and women with a detached air; it attempts to see life whole. Thus it resembles the cosmic glimpses held by such men as Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy and Anatole France among the moderns. Man, Schnitzler seems to say, is seized by a compelling ego-urge, which everlastingly draws a curious veil over his every act, his every thought. This veil is the veil of illusion. Is it futile to seek to comprehend the world as it exists outside of man's consciousness? Schnitzler answers; It is. Not infrequently thought cannot be divided from the language in which it is clothed. In the same way, life, cannot be parted from the illusions which hedge it round on all sides or, let us say,

hedge man round on all sides. In Schnitzler's plays, as in the dream of Chekhov's dreamer, illusion blends with reality and vice versa. Life—what is life? A dreamlit maze. In "Paracelsus," a one-act play in verse, the following terse lines clearly utter this viewpoint

:

*"Our life is wrought of dreams and waking,
fused
Of truth and lies. There lives no certitude.
Of others we know naught, naught of
ourselves.
We play a part and wise is he who
knows it."*

If we bear in mind the above, it will cause us no wonder to find Schnitzler's people lacking in animal force, dreaming their lives away, delicately casuistic about life and love. And so we come near to grasping why in his work comedy is almost invariably interwoven with tragedy. In Schnitzler's plays we get no tearing of a passion to tatters. Everything is subtle and well-bred. Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, the Austrian poet, describes his fellow-countryman's characters:

"They are like artists and writers who have gathered of an evening in front of the fireplace of one of their number.' The appointments are rich and commodious, and the lamp is turned down. Lounging at their ease, they nonchalantly exchange anecdotes and turn paradoxes."

No small measure of these qualities, which are apparent in such later plays as "Intermezzo," "Countess Mizzie," "The Land of the Soul," "Free Game" and "Light-o'-love," will be found in his earliest dramatic effort "The Affairs of Anatol." No modern writer, it is admitted, has approached in veracity and feeling, this exquisite picture of the manabout-town.

Anatol, as he appears in the string of episodes which compose the cycle, belongs to the modern jeunesse doree. But unlike

most of its members, he betrays more than a pinch of the self-psychologist in his temperamental make-up. Some would say, himself among the rest, that he is a physician of the feminine soul, a roving amateur in the art of making love and in this role he runs pretty thoroughly the gamut of Viennese society. He starts with the shop-girl or domestic type who forsakes her respectable home nightly for the gay abandon of the Prater, Vienna's famous amusement resort or street. He ends or, to be exact, he never ends, with the faithless wife who must needs have a lover on the side. Always he is ready to surrender the old love for the new. His sturdy friend and confidant, Max, fishes him out of many a pretty mess, for Max is at the opposite pole from the butterfly Anatol. Eminently practical and cautious, he appraises women with a skeptical eye. In point of fact, he goes so far as to deny that they have brains. Anatol on the other hand never for a moment frees himself from delicious misgivings about women. He tells you he knows—Ah, he knows them ! Who, if not he ? Isn't he continually experimenting with the species? Yet despite his feminine lore, Anatol repeats the old mistakes and, in the end, the genus Woman is still a perplexing mystery to him. To the matter-of-fact mind of Max, women are very simple creatures. If women only had the brains to think about men, how great a mystery men would be to women ! That in a nutshell is Max's frauen theorie. Few who have read or seen "The Affairs of Anatol" can easily forget such delicious episodes as "The Last Supper," "The Wedding Morning" or the tender dialog in the rain between Anatol and the married woman, a former discarded love. It is difficult, nay, impossible to render adequately the sense of piquancy, pathos and irony that thread the Anatol series. Schnitzler is a fresh and satisfying writer at first hand. His work will not bear being parceled out in second-hand doses.

The Negro in the Theater

By Kenneth Macgowan

HIGH up among the six best pieces of acting of 1920-21—the best, perhaps, considering the difficulties of every sort involved—stands the work of a negro, Charles Gilpin. Holbrook Blinn in “The Bad Man,” Claire Eames in “Mary Stuart,” Ben-Ami in “Samson and Delilah,” Laura Hope Crewes in “Mr. Pirn Passes By,” Frank Craven in “The First Year”—none of these experienced players accomplished a surer and more remarkable impersonation than Gilpin in “The Emperor Jones.”

The difficulties that Gilpin faced were many. I don't know whether to put down lack of training as one of them. Heaven knows the white actor in America has few enough chances at parts that are really worth acting, parts that supply emotional material for the development of his art. If his manager is a lucky guesser, the actor settles down into playing a single shallow “type” part for months on end. If he is fortunate enough to drop into four or five failures in succession, then he may get a little more practice in the art of playing commonplace people whose only outstanding differences are their names.

The negro actor may get a chance at more parts, but they are even less productive than those of the white player. Gilpin has been in the show business intermittently for fifteen years and more. He began as a singer. He has appeared in vaudeville, musical comedy, opera, and stock. Every little while the uncertainties of the colored actor's employment have made it necessary for him to fall back on the ordinary and lowly jobs that are allotted to his race outside the playhouse. He has been a waiter and a day laborer. He has run elevators in New York, and during the war he was a Pullman porter. For a second difficulty Gilpin fell heir to a very long and very extraordinary part. This Emperor, who was once a Pullman porter, even as Gilpin, passes thru five scenes of terror in the jungle. He sees visions of his past and of the past of his race; but not one of the fear-laden visions finds a voice.

Thru them all, thru almost two hours of intense drama, the emperor is the only speaker. Except

for its opening and closing scenes, “The Emperor Jones” is one long monolog. The difficulties of such a task are not merely physical. The actor must conquer our prejudices against soliloquy.

He must achieve illusion from the most difficult form of theatrical expression. And thru all this long period he must display a beauty of tone, a variety of emphasis and of tempo, that will destroy any chance of monotony. All this, quite apart from the quality of emotion that the play demands, the mixture of pungent realism with imaginative vision. Subject races have produced artists before this. It is rather a habit with them, as the psychologists will tell you; for thru art a man may win a superiority that his physique or his position in society denies him. But I think there is no record of a race so deep in subjection as the negro, so cut off from opportunity, putting forth talent such as Gilpin's. Roscius, the great Roman actor, was a slave, but he was a Latin. Yet in spite of the barriers to education and opportunity that the prejudices of the white race have set up, the negro has made a number of very interesting attempts at self-expression thru the theater. The most successful has been involuntary—the development of ragtime and jazz. Certainly if there is any American music it is the music of the negro. Some of it is negro-made as well as negro-inspired—the music that you hear when the Clef Club plays and sings its “spirituals.” Most of it is the white man's parody of the Congo tom-toms; yet even in our rags you will find work by negro composers, and often the best work. The songs of Bob Cole and Rosamund Johnson, who wrote “Under the Bamboo Tree,” retain a healthy beauty that is not always to be found in the art of the Broadway jazz. Almost a hundred years ago a negro attempted to do what Gilpin has done—and more. He was from Maryland, his name was Ira Aldridge and he tried to win a place in the legitimate American theater. Being rebuffed, he sailed for England, and, presenting himself as a Senegalese, gained an opening.

The opening was rather extraordinary. On April 10, 1833, he appeared on the London stage as Othello, playing opposite Ellen Tree. His success was great, and he continued to play Shakespeare both in Great Britain and on the Continent. Curiously enough, London is also to see Gilpin, for the Provincetown Players, producers of "The Emperor Jones," have received an offer from Gilbert Miller to bring the play and the company to England this summer.

The negro played no considerable part in American theatricals until the middle of the nineteenth century. In the thirties, Thomas D. Rice, a white man, created the immensely popular negro character "Jim Crow." In the forties, America's most distinctive and original form of entertainment, the minstrel show, began to make its appearance. It reached its heyday in the seventies, when all-colored organizations like Callender's Original Georgia Minstrels had Charles Frohman in their Brooklyn box office and many rival companies disputed with them on tour. Gradually the white man won the field.

From minstrelsy the negro actor turned to musical comedy. From 1895 to 1910, the popular-priced circuits saw dozens of colored companies and productions. Sam T. Jack, a white manager, put out "The Creoles." John W. Isham had "The Octoroons" and "The Orientals," and sent the latter to Europe. "The Smart Set" toured until 1905. Bob Cole and Billy Johnson wrote the words and music for a long line of shows, including "A Trip to Coontown" in 1906. Billy Johnson was replaced later by Rosamund Johnson, with whom Bob Cole wrote the immensely popular "Bamboo Tree" for one of the college shows of the Mask &

Wig Club of the University, of Pennsylvania. The best remembered of the entertainments that they took out were probably "The Red Moon" and "The Shoo-fly Regiment."

The most famous of all the colored musical organizations was that rare old company of singers, dancers, actors and composers that went by the name of its leaders, Williams and Walker. They brought a new and genuine touch to musical comedy. For once, the form reflected life. Most of their shows were written and composed by Jesse A. Shippe, Alex Rogers and Will Marion Cook. The titles still stick in one's memory: "The Senegambian Carnival" (1897), "The Policy Players," "The Sons of Ham," "In Dahomey" (which went to London), "Abyssinia" (1905), and "Bandanna Land" (the last of the series, produced about 1908).

After Walker's career was brought to an end by his fatal illness, Bert Williams went on alone with his own show, "Mr. Lode of Koal," but soon found variety more profitable and ultimately won a place in the Ziegfeld "Follies." Williams' only rival as an individual colored performer was Ernest Hogan, who played so long at Hammerstein's Victoria and always billed himself as "The Unbleached American."

The decay of the Stair and Havlin circuit of popular-priced houses played a great part in bringing an end to the second effort at negro expression in the theater—the colored musical comedy. Since then negro performers have had largely to confine their efforts to vaudeville and their own stock companies.

These latter organizations have tried in the main to give the ordinary successes of Broadway in as close imitation of the white performance as possible, applying chalk and rouge freely. When, after his apprenticeship in the musical comedies, Gilpin founded the stock company in the Lafayette Theater, Harlem, he used to mitigate the inartistic quality of these imitations of white players by transposing his own part, wherever possible, into

a colored character.

Negro activity in the white theater lapsed until 1916. Then Robert Edmund Jones, the scenic artist of "Richard III" and "The Jest," created, with the aid and encouragement of Emily Hapgood, the Colored Players. The company appeared briefly, but I think gloriously, at the old Garden Theater and the Garrick in a bill of plays by one of the few American playwrights who have seen the dramatic possibilities of the negro race, Ridgely Torrence. Jones produced his "Rider of Dreams," a richly sympathetic comedy, his "Granny Maumee," a tragedy of voodoo, and his "Simon, the Cyrenian," a drama of the negro slave who played such a curious part in the story of Christ. Jones gathered his players from New York's negro quarter, Harlem. The playing of Opal Cooper and Alex Rogers will be long remembered by those who saw the Colored Players.

Two evidences have developed in the past years showing that the negro has felt the general awakening of interest in a new theater. Last season up in the Harlem Y. W. C. A. a group of young negro men and women formed the Players' Guild to put on "Simon, the Cyrenian" and other plays. They not only acted and produced these pieces themselves, but one of their number designed the costumes and settings.

Of greater range and more solid accomplishment is the work of Howard University and the Howard Players in Washington, D. C. Here we find in a negro university of about fifteen hundred students a dramatic department and workshop, or producing organization, almost as completely organized as Professor Baker's at Harvard. The university itself, under the direction of Professor Montgomery Gregory, a Harvard graduate, maintains a department of dramatics in which are given courses in the history of the drama, dramatic technique or playwriting, and in acting and production. Marie Moore-Forrest, executive officer of Community Service in Washington, teaches the theory

of acting and rehearses the students in actual productions. Cleon Throckmorton, technical director of the Provincetown Players, has charge of the classes in stage design and production methods. Sue Gossin of the Boston School of Fine Arts teaches costume design. Unlike Harvard, Howard University gives credit toward a degree for production work in the negro parallel to Professor Baker's "47 Workshop." The Howard Players have given plays by Dunsany, Torrence and O'Neill.

The purpose of Howard University is frankly to better the standing of the negro in the community thru showing his ability as an artist. Professor Gregory believes that the negro can win a broader recognition of his rights and responsibilities as a citizen by demonstrating his ability as an artist. He hopes to train actors and producers who will be able to organize groups of negro players in some of the bigger cities, and give plays in theaters in outside negro districts, catering to both white and colored patrons as Williams and Walker used to do. If they can present good entertainment of a characteristic flavor, they will unquestionably find an appreciative audience. And this audience will recognize the virtues of the negro race and accord it such respect as it deserves.

YOUNG HEARTBREAK

By Alfarata Bowdoin

Hush, dear ! There is no need for weeping.
People say the years are kind.
Has your jewel slipped your keeping?
Hush ! There is no need for weeping,
Rest will come and quiet sleeping.
(Ah, 'tis youth you leave behind!)

—

People say the years are kind.

MASQUERADE

By J. Corson Miller

Over the Night-King's palace-towers

The Fairies' lanterns glow;
 To a lullaby of the restless pines,
 The river sleeps below.
 I will shape me a key from my chain of
 dreams,
 O-Hi ! O-Hee ! O-Ho
 For the Masquerade of the Fairies waits,
 And I must go.
 The Night-King's music is ghostly sweet,
 The bells of the South-Wind chime,
 To the opening waltz of the Lily Queens,
 And the merry sprigs of lime.
 The wise old Moon is doorkeeper—
 O-Hi ! O-Hee ! O-Ho
 With his silver cloak, and his winking
 eye,
 And his portmanteau.
 The night-hawks peer thru leafy bars,
 At the throngs on the forest-floor,
 Who sway in a maze of dripping light,
 While an owlet hoots the score.

Outside is the House of Human Grief
 O-Hi ! O-Hee ! O-Ho !
 But I have shaped me the Key of
 Dreams,
 Where song and laughter flow.
 Under the eyes of the whispering oaks
 Young acorns strut and sing;
 For all the Elves of the forest-world
 Are guests of Night, the King.
 But, hark!—Day rides on the steeds of
 the Dawn,
 O-Hi ! O-Hee ! O-Ho !
 And I, O my ! I have lost the Key,
 —
 The Key of Dreams that I shaped for me,
 And the Night is where—
 ?
 And the Masque is where—
 ?
 All gone

Main Street, the Farmer and Literature Sinclair Lewis Is a Stern Critic of America

By Frederick James Smith

SOMETHING like a
 year ago a new
 voice was heard in
 America. It was the
 voice of everyday life as

it is lived in each town
 and small city in our
 land. It was vivid and
 relentless and real. Its
 spokesman was Sinclair
 Lewis and his means of
 expression was the novel,
 "Main Street."
 Mr. Lewis is as real as
 his story, red-headed,
 ruddy and—he says so

himself—"gangling." He
 is the everyday type.
 His easy, unpretentious
 personality is disarming.
 Yet this everyday young
 man, by one stroke,
 placed himself among
 the leaders of American
 letters, not only because
 of his facility of writing
 but because that writing
 embodied thought and an
 unusual breadth of
 vision.



Sinclair Lewis in 1914

Lewis is a stern critic of America. Just as he held up so relentlessly our endless Main Streets, with their failures and their petty successes, their self-satisfaction and their achievements, he views our land—and expresses his views fearlessly. For one thing, he says we have a national literature right now—and do not know it. “We in America have always felt ourselves provincial. This distrust of our own provincialism has shown in all our affairs. Two things manifestly betray it; first, our eagerness to accept all things European, and secondly, our more or less loudly expressed talk about ourselves and our pep and punch. Now only those who lack real confidence talk about themselves vaingloriously. Thus our talk of ourselves, consciously or subconsciously, has been an admission of our own inner lack of faith.

“There is another reason for this. Except for the red Indians, who probably hailed from the Orient, our ancestors are Englishmen and Continentals. It is natural for us to look up to our mother countries. Remember how men, no matter how great their achievements, look upon their mothers. Somehow the thought that one’s mother is wiser always haunts one. It is so in our national affairs, altho the war has helped break down this barrier in a measure.

“This has led Americans to bow before foreign writers and to belittle our own authors. All this is rank injustice. We have a number of able and brilliant men and women of letters.

“Yet our writers have been held back by many barriers. Our formula way of doing things is the biggest obstacle. American magazines, for instance, travel in a worn groove, developed regularly on formula. The stories themselves move

according to formula. Take the detective story ; it has its regulation ingredients and development. So all along the line.

“Each magazine moves in a beaten path. It is, of course, easier to do things in a conventional way rather than in an unconventional way. Unless he is full of resistance, endowed with unusual vision and force, the editor seeks the path of least resistance. Today a periodical is read as a magazine, for its personality as a whole, rather than for its contents.

“True, there is much to be said on the side of the magazine. There have been brilliant instances of periodical fiction. Take Joseph Hergesheimer’s stories in The Saturday Evening Post, James Branch Cabell’s tales in The Century, Willa Cather’s in McClure’s or Booth Tarkington’s in any of our magazines. Here have been writers who have proved that the young writer need not be the slave of the magazine machine. I mention

The Saturday Evening Post because it is the one publication regularly censured, yet it has published more good fiction than any other periodical.

“But the menace of the routine magazine system remains.

Again, there is the damaging tradition that the training school of the novelist is the newspaper office. This is, in a great many ways, an injurious and ruinous theory. If one is of a shy and sequestered, temperament, out of tune with life, then the newspaper-’ theory is unadvisable in bringing one bang up against humanity. On the other hand, newspaper work creates haste in writing,

with resultant slipslop methods, along with a need for the noise and excitement of the newspaper office. Thus, when

the reporter turns to fiction writing, he finds himself lost. He lacks the zest of the city room and he finds that he has

lost his style and carefulness in his years of hurrying thru his work. He has learned the easiest ways of expression rather than to seek out the word with the exact nuance of meaning. His work has put a premium on such phrases

as 'put a premium on.' Against the one or two big city editors of our newspapers, there are the hundreds of others who spoil writers. Thus the reporter fails.

"Newspaper training, as I see it, is a menace to the would-be writer. Hergesheimer had no such training. Indeed, he even lacks that other supposed requisite, a college training. Cabell is another good example of an able writer, minus the newspaper schooling. Edith Wharton is yet another."

From literature, Mr. Lewis turned to the problems of America. "Main Street is doomed to disappear," he went on. "It probably won't be in your or my time, but it is certain to go. The movement is not coming from Main Street itself, but from the farmers who support it. It is only recently that the farmer, since time immemorial the serf or peasant, came to see Main Street in its true light—as a parasite living upon the agricultural worker. Realize how the town doctor has acted, as if it were a favor to take care of the country patients, the storekeeper had kindly sold goods to the farmer, and the bank had now and then extended credit. Things are changing.

"All this is coming about thru co-operative farmers' organizations. The farmer is beginning to think in terms of all farmers. True, farmers' organizations appear and disappear with disheartening rapidity, but the idea is germinating. There are other things entering into the

theory, such as the new way of having large schools for large districts, the children being gathered by motor trucks.

The old country road school with its old-fashioned thinking is giving way to the bigger school, with its co-operative methods and broadened vision.

"The time is coming when the movement will be away from the city to the farm. Then the farmer, with his modernized household improvements and his revised status in human affairs, will be the citizen who gets the most from life. One of the important reasons for the past farm exodus has been the hard life and its long hours.

"Many farmers work sixteen hours a day. Why? In the main, because they cannot obtain competent aid, altho, of course, it dates back to the lowly status of the farmer. Again, it is due to lack of government co-operation.

"In time of war we raise, drill and maintain large armies to fight an outside enemy. Yet every year we fail to provide a peace army to fight our inside enemies. Our crops are handled as they may happen to be handled, altho the life of the nation depends upon them. Thus we see over two million itinerant farm workers drift about the country every year. They make their living as best they may, veritable hoboes who are despised in the communities thru which they move. Termed everything down to I. W. W.'s, these men gather our crops each year. They are the backbone of our nation, yet the government does nothing to regulate or aid them. They may drift from Kansas to Minnesota or farther, beating their way on trains, frequently being robbed or jailed, and always knowing nothing of the proper locations to apply for work. Thus one district will have a surfeit of men, while another will have none.

"Actually, the government should organize and aid their members. True they may receive ten dollars or so a day, but

remuneration makes no difference. If a man is treated as a bum, he is a bum, whether or not he has ten dollars in his pocket.

“In truth, we are far from a civilized state. Other countries are little better, of course. This same lack of national comprehension runs all thru our life. For instance, we conduct drives for billions, and shift millions of men overseas to fight the Hun, when the patent medicine reptile

is killing more Americans than any hostile enemy.

“We make half-hearted laws to protect ourselves and let it go at that. We permit organizations to censor our books and magazines, to suppress such a book as Cabell’s ‘Jungen,’ and then we allow our Main Streets to house stores wherein cheap and tawdry pictures are exploited and sold to ruin our youth. We Americans are, indeed, uncivilized.”

Broom - Spring 1922

(Highlights)

GOLDEN FOX

by Edgar Lee Masters

Whether you hunt the fox four-footed,
Or the fox two-footed;
A rusty tail that shakes descending
Below the rim of a hill,
Or a woman with ruddy hair —
Corn-tasselled in streaks — natural you know!
Not blondined ~— a woman who hides and runs —
What's the difference, John, good John?
Foxes know nothing of anise bags,
But fox women — have a care!
If you don't, you'll chase the anise bag
And she'll be off another way.
Anyway, here's the sport — all justified:
How to overtake with fox-thoughts,
Hounds we'll say, the fox, the woman.
Sometimes a fox looks over a ridge;
Sometimes between the leaves and clusters of Wild grapes,
Greens and purples and tangles of cinnamon colored vines,
You see the tawny triangle of a wistful face,
And two gray eyes : —
I explain: You're at a dance, we'll say,
And your fox woman looks up at you.
Grapes? You have had drinks.
Greens and purples? Other dancing women.
Vines? The plexus of amorous music.
And you hold her waist and think you have caught her.
But she slips your hands of flesh
When you press her tight with words,
\Where is your husband, my dear?
And answers in heaven, changing her face
From fox to angel. And what has happened?

She's tossed the anise bag, and your hounds
Of fancy run for the beautiful,
The spiritual.
And your fox, has slipped your fingers,
And runs with a laugh to the arbor
Where she eats grapes, While watching
Your mad pursuit of the anise bag.

Oh ho! Call back my hounds,
Here is the fox in the arbor,
Eating grapes.
Yes, here she is in the arbor — her den,
Designed by herself, but paid for
By the man in heaven.
Beautiful suites ! Connecting suites!
Close hall doors and throw little locks
On connecting doors, and behold
A suite with only a room between
My lair and hers.
Grapes? Yes, here is the arbor,
And the golden fox is caught at last.
She purrs here, laughs and cuddles
Tamed amid the grapes.
But the next morning triste as a tired child
More anise trails: —— give me delights of the mind!
And she points to pictures of aged hunters,
Glassy eyed veterans with the white rim of sclerosis
Around the dimmed iris: —— friends! friends !
Heroes of the mind, the soul: — more anise,
Friends who have been here, but on the basis of friendship.
For you are the first to come here this way— and you
Have bowed my head and taken my hand.
For I am not as. these ! (pointing to pictures of other foxes
Thick on the wall around the pictures
Of the tired hunters, winded veterans of the chase,
Friends! friends! Companions of the soul!)
That was an excellent smear of the anise bag!
And I was nearly off, chasing the disassociate,
The make-believe of a fox,

When she turns to the memory of grapes,
Eaten a few hours before,
With her little red tongue insatiate
Licking the pulpy ooze,
Between burst skins.
So we tumble'off the starry-pointed peak
Whither she had scampered, with her golden fur,
Alluring the hunter soul of me
To the den of tangled leaves,
And scented grasses warm from the sun.
Well, golden fox, if there be two of you,
I must hunt my best.
There may be three of you:
The fox that snarls and shows her teeth
When one of the other two of you
Is trapped and tied.

After this, many visits to the den.
She is now my pet fox, can be stroked at will;
Curls up on my breast to sleep,
Her little cold nose stuck under my chin,
Sniffing delicious breath; she's mine,
And says so —— all yours, she says _— no anise bag.
Until when I come to go she weeps ——
Which reminds me: —
A piccolo carries a theme, or a string or two.
But let the viols catch it over here and the horns,
Then companies of violins, then drums,
Flutes, saxophones, the roll of the organ,
And you have a symphony,
And in every woman, fox or what not,
Something gives her the tune and pitch
The key, the tone-color — same theme, I mean.
And you, you are just another harp
To her orchestra and to swell the theme
Of her symphony.
So she says to me: as a little girl
I lost a string of amber beads,
I lose everything;

And I shall lose you: many tears!
The anise gets in her eyes, perhaps,
And I see her throw the bag as I say,
Oh, no! You will not lose me.
Yes, but now many hounds in the diStance howl:
They sense I have caught the golden fox.
Toothless bitches, and younger sluts,
But with yellow teeth begin to howl.
My golden fox pricks up her ears, in a trice
Is trotting off, and I let her go.
For She's tamed now, known to the tiniest nerve
Of her wild and mixed and timorous brain,
Changeable, whimsical, childish, vain.
And She Shows her teeth as she trots away.
She would tear my hand if I gave her a chance.
But I have tamed her and she will return
Or set up a cry from her hiding place
And call me there.
And pretty soon, as I do not follow,
Cries go up, from the Sierras.
She's there, but will soon be off
To parts unknown — more anise!
Cries, telegrams to be plain.
SO I walk, but do not run to the Sierras,
And find her there,
Petted and curled in the lap of Aunt Visyana,

And lying with closed eyes — SO sweet!
Head on Shoulder of Aunt Visyana;
Her little Puck eyebrows
Giving a humorous innocence
To her little fox face;
A pale cherub: cramps from forbidden apples:
Memories of being caught,
But caught in the toils of Narcissism,
Marvelously chaperoned against a wicked man !
There's no such thing as grapes, and never was;
NO sweet pulp oozing between burst skins,
No nest Of fragrant grass under vines,

No dens with locks that softly click.
No! there are mountains and nothing else,
Nature, and nothing else;
Noble thoughts! music ! I am a beast,
She says to me and a hunter—
Are you not ashamed in the presence of mountains
That you put traps of steel
Under the matted masses of sweet grass
To catch the delicate feet of a little girl —— me?
And Aunt Visyana says to beware you.
She sighs like a seedless pod, being all spirit,
And pets the golden fox, protects her
And frowns on me _
As a red faced Satan tracking an angel,
A spirit pure as whitest fire —
Maybe— but why am I here?
Why telegrams P
But after a While, we walk in the mountains,
What for? Thrill of high places,
Lights of sunset, stars at dusk.
All right, stars, smell of pine needles, nature,
Spiritual raptures !
But when' we get there
She is the golden fox again :
Laughs and shifts her eyes, pants, shows teeth,
Eats grapes from my hand — many kisses ;
Runs here and there: anise theatricals.
Oh, Aunt Visyana, come and see.
Come and hear the bitter prattle,
Snarls of the golden fox! I
Other lovers! favors? None of your business!
Anyway, wishers to be husbands, not just hunters,
Trappers like you, you beast!
Come let me stroke the corn tassel hair of you,
Part it from the strawberry hair of you,
I love you, you know! Call back my hounds.

Craftier work; grapes hung on hedges,
Fat pigeons laid on pits;
That is I grow sad, ask forgiveness for sin,

Say I am going away — farewell! farewell!
And so leave Aunt Visyana— trust me.
Come to the city from the Sierras,
\Where we may be
Alone in the last sacred hours!
\Vell, she comes, takes a den,
Locks and doors you know.
Oh, Aunt Visyana, come and see!
Grapes! wine and sweet pulp,
Dropping from the burst skins, riotous sweetness.
Laughter and abandonment, surrender,
Being wholly tamed again ——
Until she brings in poodles and terriers:
Prospective husbands! Or lovers? More anise!
Hints of strolls, little mysterious sighs around,
Snapping of real sparks at times
From the standing on end of golden fur.
But anyway, it's a tame fox now,
Only a tamed fox plays with poodles,
Or an anise bag with a clock inside
To move tufted feet
Around with the feet of poodles.
\Vell, then I walk off, not worried,
And walk back not interested —— not much
To find — Come, Aunt Visyana:
Here is your angel asleep beside a poodle.
Closed lid under Puck eyebrows,
Smear of grapes on her lips —
And to end, I scotch the fox
And here's the pelt,
I nail it on the wall of my habitation.

THE MANSION OF PEACE

CARL ENGEL

For the consideration of ultra-modern trends in music, no one, perhaps,
is placed at a greater disadvantage than I am at this moment. In order to
speak with credit, I should be struggling against the roar of the big city, the
blasts of destruction and the shrieks of parturition. The beating of riveters
should be my pulses ; the rapids of the rush-hour, my native element. I should
hold rank in the councils of the metropolis and have a charge at the court of the
mysterious woman, arrayed in purple and scarlet, the mother of harlots and

abominations of the earth. I should come to you with the clear and aggressive crow of a Jean Cocteau, with the clangor of a Marinetti and Russolo. Instead, I am tempted to quote you Michel Eyquem de Montaigne or Lucius Annaeus Seneca. Instead, I am unbending in the stillness of a sleepy fishing town in Massachusetts, with nothing more exciting for music than the "divisions" of a fresh NE by E gale, the intermittent moan of a distant fog-horn, and the soothing swish of the tide at the foot of the yard. Instead, I am enveloped in the hush of a house built one hundred and one years before I was born, and in my spacious room the bead-work along the ceiling, around the doors, lovingly devised upon a chaste White mantle-piece, tell a long story of untiring patience, infinite leisure and quaint elegance. Worst of all: before sitting down at my table and putting pencil to paper, I tinkled on my thin-voiced "square" a faded song by Samuel Webbe, Esq. — "The Mansion of Peace." There was appropriateness in it, after all.

How to escape the influences that surround me, is a problem. And yet, on second thought, are these influences really so inimical to the task in hand? Does not the relative detachment of this solitude bring with it the advantage of calmer judgment? Have not the echoes of the past perhaps a bearing upon the sounds of day-after-to-morrow, to which my ear is straining? The past of music is shorter than that of any other art. Music is all future; it is not merely change; so far it has always been growth. Yet, within the comparatively brief span that lies behind us, how much that is definitive, or was regarded as such by the generation which saw it come into existence! Music affords us today the singular sensation of realizing Mr. George Bernard Shaw's latest ambition, — to attain the age of Methuselah. Under normal (not necessarily 36

ideal) conditions, I should double the present number of my years. Yet, already I have lived long enough to remember the dissenters at Wagner's deification and now to witness M. Darius Milhaud's defiant "a has Wagner;" long enough to have seen young Strauss branded as Antichrist and now exposed as an old man with a bag of tricks; long enough keenly to remember the magical flowering of Debussy's "poisonous" garden, already marked by some as waste land and as dump heap. It seems but yesterday that Schoenberg's Five Orchestral Pieces startled us, and today we discover that if we take a score of Mahler's and put it before a concave or a convex mirror such as the midway knows for the delight of country cousins, we get exactly the same thing. Now for the "Six," and their followers, until they lastly resolve into the "One" — the comet with the trail of star dust — all this in half a lifetime!

The progress of music has been the conquest of discord, the liberation of the human ear. We are learning daily to hear new things and are trying to repeat them. At first we may stammer, but in the end we sing. If we could represent the whole substance of tone as a solid mass, we should trace the development of music by marking the earliest and faintest impressions made on its surface, then the pits, the gullies, shafts and vaulted galleries, which, honeycombing, we have wrought into this substance, until in intricacy it resembles the last bead of a Flemish rosary. Or we should show how climbing, from landing, to landing, the stairs of overtones, we entered one new chamber of sound after the other and made ourselves at home in each. Our youngest are impatiently skipping ahead, knocking at unopened doors, prompt to break them

down if the lock will not yield. And the treasure they seek is a new thrill by virtue of new discords.

What is discord? An irritation of the aural nerve. A sensitive musician does not have to hear a discord, he need think it only to feel the same physical reaction in his ear. Why is discord? Because its irritation emphasizes the sensuous element in tone, or what is most communicative in all music. Discord then, is something physiological and psychological. While musical art cannot do without it, aesthetically it has no standing, is not a settled quantity. This point bears remembering. Not merely for contrast, as a long list of aestheticians would have it, but for itself we have learned to demand it. We have no satisfactory explanation why it is that every discord should ultimately turn concord. But for this fact, the skein of music would never require untangling and re-winding. Were it a matter of contrast alone, that difference would be permanent, in spite of modifications; for light is light in any strength, and shadow always kin to darkness. The tapping of tonal sources is something different, untranslatable in terms of any other art. It is not a case of finding new pigment; rather of slowly shedding a horny film, enabled gradually to face more light, all the light. Yet, within that widening radiance the proportions of what we see, or hear, should prove constant; the projection of ourselves into the work of art should be imbued with the spirit of sincerity, passionate with the desire for fresh aspects of beauty. That point also bears remembering. And thus it shall always be, even though the new light should blind us for a moment, should distort our vision. Therefore the cries of "fraud," until we blink no longer and have become accustomed to new focuses. Therefore the danger of forming habits at any time. Therefore the critic, who is — or should be — the helper with the adjusting lens, never so needed as when an added ray of brightness has been cast upon the farther distance. Beyond the remedying of astigmatism and myopia, his functions seldom go; unless, he be not only critic but crusader, not only interpreter but vivifier, preacher and artist in one.

I have said that the progress of music lies in the assimilation by the ear of more and more complex sonorities, which anticipating genius divines, and the multitude at first refuses to accept. This has been, and still is, the continual quarrel between advanced and retarded hearing. But the progress of music is twofold. The one road is marked by the milestones of plain chant, modal polyphony, the enharmonic scale of our tempered system, chromaticism, polyharmony, and so forth. It is the essentially musical path. The second road, which runs parallel with (though quite independently of) the first, carries us successively through the eras of Church and Renaissance, Court and Baroque, Revolution and Romanticism, Socialism and Impressionism, Bolshevism and Post-Expressionism. It is the road of cultural development in general. The politico-social tenor of the times reflects, of course, on every art; this is not peculiar to music. The two roads represent definite and separate avenues. We may pick up music, in retrospect, on different points of either. For that reason we are able to produce, for instance, the effect of a 17th-century Sarabande by musical means which belong to the chromatic epoch, without committing so much as an anachronism, provided the result be artistically satisfying. It is well to hold apart, in music, this dual development of form and contents. The whole and intricate web of civilization governs

the first ; it is the ear — and the aural sense alone, as transmitter of sound — which demands the second. And of that puzzling need of the ear we know nothing. Science owes us still the very first and fundamental explanation. But is that cause to be disturbed at the thought that music, as we conceive it today, may be but the crude beginning of an expansion and. of wonders which we cannot dream?

SO far as goes the short hour of this life, the questioning look ahead is partly answered by the reassuring glance behind. Music is born in the heat of strife,
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but it dwells in the mansion of peace. It is that bookcase there, with the friendly folios and octavos of yellowed leaves, which seems to confirm my suspicion that we are never very far from the center, turning ever around the same axis, ascending spirally at best, dropping excrescences and perversions by the wayside, outgrowing innumerable stages of childhood? From the Shelves beckon Monteverdi's " new discords in five parts " ; the " crudities " of Dr. Blow ; Lully's " faux accords " ; the chorale harmonizations that got Johann Sebastian Bach into trouble with the worshipful Consistory at Arnstadt ; -Beethoven's last quartets which priggish Louis Spohr though eccentric, unconnected and incomprehensible, and in which he saw nothing but the composer's " constant endeavor to be original. " Now, this endeavor is justly Shared by every new generation, but it is not given to every artist to be SO. Here, finally, we have to reckon with individuality and genius.

It is curious what rapid progress music has made since the advent of improved keyboard instruments, and what help this tastatura has afforded genius. The tempered scale may be a curse, but the keys that strike it have been a , blessing undisguised. It would seem that instinct guides the hand, and that the hand awakens the ear. Bach's use of his hands, on ebony and ivory was a departure. So was his music. Mozart, the improviser at the harpsichord, surpassed in daring the composer Mozart. Beethoven deaf, remembered his fingers ; the Silent reading and hearing of notes is associated in the mind of many musicians with the playing of the music on an instrument. The three greatest musical innovators of the 19th century — Chopin, Liszt and Debussy — wrote their best music for that unspeakable piano. And all that in a day when orchestral colors were growing ever richer and more subtle. The keyboard has been the experimental laboratory of music, and a note missed has often proved a hit, as a mixture wrongly compounded has been known to account for chemical discoveries. The experimenters are not through. Some of them seem all too reckless in their mixing. In consequence, their explosives do not detonate. Time is almost ripe for a new scale, composed of intervals smaller than halftones, and for a new keyboard instrument wherewith to sound them. The tendencies of modern music display again a kicking at the immediate past and a revulsion from accepted standards. Tonality is no longer a prerequisite. Music is gaining new freedom by its unhampered transit through a variety of keys, without according to any of them a predominating or tyrannical sway. Tonality has been a gauge for the ear. we are learning to do without that measure. Modulation may go by the board in the process, or at least modulation as we have heretofore understood it. For its charm consisted chiefly in the fact that after a digression it returned to the point of departure, or that it led into a new tonality with the inevitableness that made

the step convincing. But we shall be able to dispense with modulation in that sense much more readily when we realize that another characteristic of music, the motive or theme as a germinative factor, is being abolished. Modulation into other keys was an assistance and relief as long as, for structural reasons, the composer had to develop his motive, recapitulate his themes. With the element of vacuous imitation dropping into the discard, counterpoint is becoming more pliant, and less a matter of stencilled repetition. For the lost keys and tonalities, we shall win a firmer grasp on tone values in the meaning which painters attach to color values that make a picture. Rhythm is falling into an ampler gait ; the bar is removed and the rhythmic flow unloosened. Quicker mobility will replace architectural stiffness. Music may thus strive to become even more musical, by breaking its alliance with painting and poetry ; it may evolve a language more direct and specific.

These are but a few of the principal symptoms which call for attention.

The situation is not unlike that in which music found itself at various turns of the road when the cry for simplification was raised, when, " the sluices of innovation once thrown open, such torrents of incongruous opinions deluged the world, " that a seeming anarchy threw everything helter-skelter. Boldness was the rejuvenating force in some of the Venetian madrigals; expressionism was not unknown to the 'groping Prince of Venosa, whose modulations Burney called " forced, affected and disgusting. " But it was Monteverdi who set the seal of genius on these extensions to the charter of harmony. The smaller form is always the favorite during an interregnum. It lends itself better to tentative methods. Moreover, there is another reason why our modern madrigalists should want to *faz're pct'z't-z* as a protest against the endless music-dramas against longwinded symphonies. The miniature has come once more into its own as a crystallization of thought or mood. We live in an age of " columnists, " the essay has given place to the paragraph, the epic to the epigram. Music also has become paragraphic and epigrammatic. Orientalism, which had such far reaching influence on modern arts and letters, has added exotic variegation to our tonal speech. The hysteria of the moment finds vent in grotesqueness, exaggeration and caricature. We have with us, inevitably, the false prophets. Some call it Gift, and some New Light,

A lib'ml art that costs no pains

0/ study, imi'ustry or brains.

— There are those to whom the spiritual side of music is poppy or mandragora.

They have done with the B minor Mass of Bach, the Missa Solemnis of Beethoven not to mention the increasingly noisy thurifications of Berlioz and Liszt.

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These, or at least the two last, may be " mediocre composers. " But their spiritual exaltation was something we know not of today. We maybe reasonably safe in not expecting a Te Deum from Mr. Ravel, a Litany to Saint John Cryostomos from Mr. Prokofieff, or a Passion according to Matthew from Mr. Strauss. Schoenberg is threatening to give us an oratorio. That settles him. God is not popular in art, these days. If I am not mistaken, Gauguin painted a livid, agonizing Christ in a Breton landscape. Yet we would hardly think of him, Picasso or Matisse as painters Of altar pieces. The sacramental vestments of the church now serve as pillow covers or wall hangings, and we flip the ashes of our cigarette into a quattrocento censer. The curio and bric-h—brac

is the thing to emulate. But is all this stranger or more unnatural than was the florid, gilt, and festooned rococo? Were those gallant abbés not worse than candid atheists? To compare modern music with the cast of modern life, is to find its aim and drift. To delineate its conquests in the realm of “discord,” is to point to the latest unshackling of sound. And in all this, technique is but concomitant. Technique adjusts itself to the transformations of the material. Craftsmanship tells in the end, for it is one and indivisible with genius, requiring that union of skill and inspiration which shapes the masterpiece. The Wind is blowing up, the sea is getting fretful. Another back-log on the fire, for the night. And why should I have running through my head old Webbe’s pallid tune?

THE HEAVEN OF THE TIME-MACHINE

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

You must imagine a vast laboratory - a tremendous affair of several thousand miles — stretching its spotless length of Albalune (a by-product of moon dust that had superseded all wood-work and tilings since 2058), reflecting only the purest of celestial colors. An intricate network of rapidly moving runways spanned the stars; myriads of spinning platforms threaded the upper reaches which were reserved for aerocars, travelling at speeds of three hundred miles an hour and upward. The introduction of a dozen new metals in 1970 — especially Maximite, Kruppium and Luxpar, to name the three chief members of the important Iridio-Aluminoid family — had revolutionized aerial traffic and when, a half century later, the full power of atomic energy was released and exploited, land travel ceased entirely. The whirling streets flashed by in a maelstrom of sound. Huge trumpets, grotesquely curved to resemble calla lilies blared eternity’s oldest scandals and its newest advertisements with an impartial clamour. “Harrumph! Harrumph! Baroom! Look slippy! All the latest styles in latter-day creeds! Special Bargains To-Day in Nee-Paganism. Large Assortment! Baroom! Ham’s Halos for Happiness! Ask Adam — He Knows! Harrumph! Harrumph!”

§2.

Down one of these runways, seated on a machine not unlike a twentieth century bicycle but far more delicate and equipped with dozens of sensitive antennae, advanced a figure. You had to look twice at his fantastic costume to assure yourself that this was a man. You figure him a sallow, plumpish person, a little over middle size and age, bespectacled, and with a thinning of the hair on his dolicocephalic head — a baldness, if one examined closely, that might have been covered by a shilling. His clothes, conforming to the etherial fashion, were loosely draped rather than tubular; woven of some bright semipneumatic material, ingeniously inflated to suggest a sturdiness not naturally his. All vestiges of hair had been extracted by a capillotomist early in his youth and a neat translucent head-dress, not unlike a Phrygian cap, was fastened to his scalp by means of suction. You must picture him borne down one of these ribbons of traffic, past the harr and boom of the Blare Machines, to a quiet curve (corners and all dust—collecting angles had

long since vanished from architecture) half-screened off by a translucent substance
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resembling milky glass . . . In the centre of this chamber on a pedestal of weights and measures, stood a crystal ball that seemed to have a luminous quality of its own ; clouds, colours, half-defined shapes writhed within it ; a faint humming seemed to emanate from its now sparkling, now nebulous core. Fastening three of the web-like filaments of the machine to the globe, he pressed a series of studs along what seemed to be the crank-shaft, spin the sphere with a gyroscopic motion and brought it gradually to where a violet ray pierced the ramparts. The light within the crystal ball grew brighter, turned orange, then flame-colour, then prismatic in its fire, exhausting the spectrum until it assumed an unvarying brilliance. This play of colours was reflected in the features of the crystal—gazer; his expression, almost kaleidoscopic in its changes, was in quick succession, imaginative, philosophic, extravagant, metaphysical, romantic, quizical, analytic, middle-class, historical, prophetic.

(“ Who is it P ” I whispered in an awe-struck undertone to my superterresm'al companion. “ Am I actually gazing on God, the Invisible King 9 ”

“ Scarcely, ” replied the unabashed angel. “ Those varying features belong to a more local divinity . ' Wells, the Divisible God. ”

“But look — ” I exclaimed “ he is drawing nearer... He is stopping; immediately beneath us . . . We can even see what is happening inside the crystal. . . Look — ! ”)

§ 3

It is very hard to tell precisely what period was registering itself in the heart of that amazing crystal. One saw walls quite plainly, a table with shaded lamp, books, chairs. From the conversation between the two men — they were both in their aggressive' thirties — the place seemed to be England Some time in the Nineteen Twenties. The older one, whose name was something incongruously like Fulpper, had a trick of waving his arms whenever words failed him, finishing his expansive sentences with a rush of onomatopoeic sound.

“ We can't wait for wisdom, Balsmeer, ” you hear him saying, “ Life goes too damn fast. We start off at a fair pace, increase our speed a little, lag behind, try to catch up and, first thing you know — whooosh ! That's what the whole business is: an immense and hideous scramble, an irresistible race ending in heart-break and — whooosh ! ” '

“ But isn't there such a thing as the scientific temperament ; something that is not carried away so, passionately? ” inquired Balsmeer.

“Meaning — P ”

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“ Well, ” continued the younger chap, “ I'm what you might call a serious sociological student. I'm earnest straight through. NO humor to speak of. No romance. I stumble over bright and beautiful things. . . missing most of 'em, I dare say, but getting on fairly well without 'em. I know there are high ecstasies in the world — splendid music, extraordinary women, stupendous adventures, great and significant raptures — but they are just so many abstractions to me. Scientific truth is the least accessible of mistresses ; she disguises herself in unlover trappings ; she hides in filthy places ; she is cold, hard, unresponsive — but she can always be found ! She is the one certainty, the one

radiance I have found in a muddle of dirt and misery and disease. ”

“And don’t you see, ” pursued Fulpper with exuberant warmth, “ that this same Science of yours is the very Romance, you’re running away from? This whole mechanistic age with its oiled efficiency, its incalculable energy and speed and — whizz. . . What’s it all for anyway? just to make traffic go quicker? To get the whole mess revolving faster? Not a bit of it! Your Research and my Romance are blood-brothers — or dual personalities, to be more exact. . . I seem to see — wait a minute I — I seem to see a time when this Science will be revealed not so much as the God from the Machine as a god within it. A socialized thing. A lessener of stupid and unnecessary labor. A force to end the criminal exploitation of men by man. A power to finish, once and for all, the muddle and waste and confusion that destroy the finest human possibilities ”.

“ Yes, ” Balsmeer conceded, “ but — ”

“I’m coming to that, ” continued Fulpper. “ That’s where Love and Refined Thinking — grrrr! — meet as enemies. Mr. and Mrs. Grundy won’t be able to debase the latter and foul the former: Knowledge — a full, frank knowledge — is going to change all that ”.

“ But innocence — ”

“ It may go. \Ve’ve tasted the fruit of the tree. You can’t have your apple and eat it, any more than Adam could. But there’s something better than innocence. There’s a fiercer virginity, a more courageous and affirmative purity in wisdom. No more dark whisperings. No more poisonous insinuations, nasty suggestiveness. No more music-hall smut, no French farce allusions. No more smirching of impulses that are as beautiful as art and as clean as chemistry. No more nightmares of adolescence ; no more muddling up to sex. This, please my God or your Science, will cease to be world of the bully, the enslaved woman the frightened child — the domain of the mud-pelter, the hypocrite, the professional diplomat. It will no longer be the world of the underworld, the cesspool, the liver-fluke . . . ”

His voice trailed off, incontinently. . .

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§4

The crystal became suddenly opaque. For a few minutes there was absolute silence. Then a faint clicking began; invisible pistons tapped out a delicate rhythm. The tympani increased both in volume and speed. A lever shot out from the very heart of the mechanism and the dials of the Time Machine began to register new eras. The radiometer clicked off years, decades, centuries, millenials. . . Presently the hands stopped. The diffused light within the ball resolved itself ; a gray-blue mist lifted from a strange landscape as the magnetic arrow pointed to 5,320,506.

§ 5

It was, as I have said, a strange landscape. There was no color, no motion, not a sign of vegetation. Even as the darkness disappeared, the sun, a great greenish disc half the size of the heavens, sprang out of the icy sea. The planets were drawing nearer together for the the final débacle. The rocks on the shore were covered with frozen rime; the shadow of Mars, a dark clinker as round as the forgotten moon, covered the ground. It fell on the faces of the two who sat as if carved, at the mouth of their subterranean tunnel. They were swathed in

bands of electrons ; what showed of their faces was bloodless. Their lips did not move — the organs of speech had disappeared during the second stages of telepathic communication. — and only the minute dilations of the pupils during some emotional passage, animated their chiselled immobility. You picture them sitting there, strangely. . .

“ The waste of it. . . the hideous waste of it, ” you figure him flashing this to her, “ What’s the whole push and struggle for ? Is every generation to be at the beginning of new things, never at a happy ending ? Always prodded or prodding itself on with dreams, half-perceived vistas? ”

“ My dear . . . ” her eyes remonstrated.

“ It’s you and I against the world, ” he telepathed. I guess it’s always been that. Two alone against the welter of mud and ugliness, dulness, obstinacy; two tiny rebels against a world frozen with hate and hypocrisy. . . The pity and shame of it. . . The shabbiness of it all. . . ”

“ But, dear, ” she challenged, “the human race is still so young. It is still learning to progress. ”

“ Progress! ” his pupils contracted. “ We are as sunk in apathy and ignorance as our mythical ancestors in the pre-historic twentieth century. Progress is a shibboleth. It’s worse — a religion that everyone professes and nobody believes in. Where are we now ? Education has lost itself in the schools.

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Sex has been buried in lies and lingerie. Science is fuddling over its dead bones, trying to reconstruct the brain-cells of the Post-Wilsonian man . . . Progress ! Until this icy earth falls at last into a solid sun, millions of us will come out of our burrows to question what it all means. . . Here, — at the very mouths of our underground tunnels, — man once walked, warm and careless and secure And here, before that, life ran prodigally on every inch of the surface . . . Here the long-necked Brontosaurus waded and the Diplodocus thrashed his thirty foot tail among the muggei's. Here the giant Moa screamed as the Hesperornis, those Wingless birds, pursued the fishes through the Mesozoic waters. Here the Protohippus pranced on his three toes and the Tyrannosaurus, buoyed up by fertile mud, preyed on the happy herbivores. . And all for what ? . .

“ For something it will be hard to answer but harder to deny, ” she communed intensely, “ for some transfiguration, some sort of world cleansed of its crippling jealousies its spites, its blunderings. . . After all, there is a long time ahead.

Man has existed for little more than five or six million years. We are still so new... The future is so enormous, so staggering, so superb. Life is forever young. . . forever eager . . Men will, in some distant maturity, unify their scattered dreams and energies. Even death will be a part of the great integration. - And, whether we die or live, mankind is in the making . . . Old world are being exchanged for new. Utopias, anticipations, unguessed brotherhoods, the conquest of earth and the stars . . . All so slowly but so confidently, in the making . . .

§6.

The picture faded out, dissolving imperceptibly, until the ball paled to a mere glassy transparency . . . The figure in the machine suddenly became energetic. He wheeled about, took his hands from the controlling levers and touched a series of buttons on delicate, jointed rods which terminated in a set of metal hieroglyphs. First one was struck, then another, then a swift succession of notes. The fingers flew faster, as though they sought to wrest some harmony

from the heart of the machine. .. For some time, nothing else was heard but tap, click — tap, tap, tap — click — tap — ' ping! — as the typewriter was driven on through space.
(To be continued)

FISH

by

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

It is the whales that drive
the small fish into the fiords.
I have seen forty Or fifty
of them in the water at one time.
I have been in a little boat.
when the water was boiling
on_ all sides of us
from them swimming underneath.
The noise of the herring
can be heard nearly a mile.
So thick in the water, they are,
_ you can't dip the oars in.
All silver !
Men call from the cliffs
or blow horns
that the fishermen
shall go down to the shore
to their boats and nets I
to make the catch.
And all those millions of fish
must be taken, each one, by hand.
The women and children
pull out a little piece
under the throat with their fingers
so that the brine gets inside.
I have seen thousands of barrels
packed with the fish on the shore.

In winter they set the gill-nets
for the cod. Hundreds of them
are caught each night.
In the morning the men
pull in the nets and fish
altogether into the boats.
Cod so big— I have seen ——
that when a man held one up
above his head
the tail swept the ground.
Sardines, mackerel, anchovies

all of these. And in the rivers
trout and salmon. I have seen
a net set at the foot of a falls
and in the morning sixty trout in it.
But I guess there are not
such fish in Norway nowadays.
On the Lofoten Islands ——
till I was twelve.
Not a tree or a shrub on them.
But in summer
with the sun never gone
the grass is higher than here.
The sun circles the horizon.
Between twelve and one at night
it is very low, near the sea,
to the north. Then
it rises a little, slowly,
till midday, then down again
and so for three months, getting
higher at first, then low/er, '
until it disappears —
In winter the snow is often
as deep as to the ceiling of this room.

If you go there you will see
many Englishmen
near the falls and on the bridges
fishing, fishing.
They will stand there for hours
to catch the fish.
Near the shore
where the water is twenty feet or so
you can see the kingflounders
on the sand. They have
red spots on the side. Men come
in boats and stick them
with long pointed poles.
Have you seen how the SWedes drink tea P
So, in the saucer. They blow it
and turn it this way and that: so.
Tall, gaunt
great drooping nose, eyes dark circled,
the voice slow and smiling:
I have seen boys stand
where the stream is narrow
a bot each side on two rocks
and grip the trout as they pass through.
They have a special way to hold them,
in the gills, so. The long

fingers arched like grapplehooks.
. Then the impatient silence
while a little man said:
The English are great sportsmen.
At the winter resorts
where I stayed
they were always the first up
in the morning, the first
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on with the skiis.
I once saw a young Englishman
worth seventy million pounds -
You do not know the north.
— and you will see perhaps the huldra
' with long tails
and all blue, from the night,
and the nekke, half man and half fish.
\\hen they see one of them
they know some boat will be lost.

TWO UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS

*Doce dias son pasados
despues que el Cid acaba'ra ,'
aderézanse [as gentes
para salir a batalla
can Bacar ese my mom
y contra la su canalla.
Cuamio fuera, media noche
el cuerpo asi como estaba
le ponen sobre Babicca.
y al caballo lo ataban.*

And when the army sallied out of Valencia, the Moors of king Bucar fled before the dead body of the Cid and ten thousand of them were drowned trying to scramble into their ships, among them twenty kings, and the Christians got so much booty of gold and silver among the tents that the poorest of them became a rich man. Then the army continued. The dead Cid, riding each day's journey on his horse, across the dry mountains to Sant Pedro de Cardenia in Castile where the king Don Alfonso had come from Toledo, and he seeing the Cid's face still so beautiful and his beard so long and his eyes so flaming, ordered that instead of closing the body in a coffin with gold nails, they should set it upright in a chair beside the altar, with the sword Tizona in its hand. And there he stayed more than ten years.

Mando que no se enterrase

*sino que el cuerpo arreado
so ponga junta al altar
y a Tizona en la su mano
asi estuoo macho tiempo
que fueron mas de diez afios.*

were orange skins. A Victoria had just driven by in which sat a bored inflated couple much swathed in furs. — Where on earth are they going ? — To the Puerta de Navecerrada, my friend answered. — But they look as if they'd be happier having tea at Molinero's than paddling about up there in the snow. — They would be, but it's the style . . . winter sport. . . and all because a lithe little brown man who died two years ago liked the mountains. Before him no Madrilenos ever knew the Sierra existed. — Who was that? — Don Francisco Giner.

That afternoon when it was already getting dark we were scrambling chilled, our faces lashed by the snow, down through drifts from a shoulder of Siete Picos with the mist all about us and nothing but the track of a flock of sheep for a guide. The light from a hut pushed a long gleaming orange finger up the mountain—side. Once inside, we pulled off our shoes and stockings, and toasted our feet at a great fireplace round which were flushed faces, glint of teeth in laughter, schoolboys and people from the university shouting and declaiming, a smell of tea and wet woollens. Everybody was noisy with the rather hysterical excitement that warmth brings after exertion in cold mountain air. Cheeks were purple and tingling. A young man with fuzzy yellow hair told me a story in French about the Emperor of Morocco, and produced a tin of potted black—birds which it came out were from the said personage's private stores. Unending fountains of tea seethed in two smoke-blackened pots on the hearth. In the back of the hut among leaping shadows were piles of skis and the door occasionally opened to let in a wet snowy figure and shut again on skimming snow gusts. Everyone was rocked with enormous jollity. Then train-time came suddenly and we ran the miles to the station crashing down the rocky path. In the third class carriage people sang songs as the train jounced its way towards the plain and Madrid. The man who sat next to me asked me if I knew it was Don Francisco who had had that but built for the children of the Institución Libre de Enseñanza. Little by little he told me the history of the Krausistas and Francisco Giner de los Rios and the revolution of 1873, a story like enough to many others in the annals of the nineteenth century movement for education but in its overtones so intimately Spanish and individual, that it came as the explanation of many things I had been wondering about and gave me an inkling of some of the origins of a rather special mentality I had noticed in people I knew about Madrid.

Somewhere in the 'forties a professor of the Universidad Central, Sanz de Rio, was sent to Germany to study philosophy on a government scholarship. Spain was still in the intellectual coma that had followed the failure of the Cortes of Cadiz and the restoration of Fernando Septimo. A decade or more be—

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fore, Larra, the last flame of romantic revolt, had shot himself for love in Madrid. In Germany at Heidelberg, Sanz del Rio found dying Krause, the first

arch-priest who stood interpreting between Kant and the world. When he returned to Spain he refused to take up his chair at the university, saying he must have time to think out his problems, and retired to a tiny room with one window in the town of Illescas, where was another student, Greco's San Ildefonso. There he lived several years in seclusion. When he did return to his post in the university, it was to refuse to make the profession of political and religious faith required by a certain prime minister named Orovio. He was dismissed and several of his disciples. At the same time Francisco Giner de los Rios, then a young man who had just gained an appointment with great difficulty because of his liberal ideas, resigned out of solidarity with the rest. In 1868, came the liberal revolution which was the political expression of this whole movement and all these professors were reinstated. Until the restoration of the Bourbons in '75 Spain was a hive of modernization, Europeanization. Returned to power, Orovio lost no time in republishing his decree of a profession of faith. Giner, Ascarate, Salmeron and several others were arrested and exiled to distant fortresses when they protested; their friends declared themselves in sympathy and lost their jobs, and so many others resigned that the university was at one blow denuded of its best men. From this came the idea of founding a free university which should be supported entirely by private subscription. From that moment the life of Giner de los Rios was completely entwined with the growth of the Institucio'n Libre de Enseñanza, which developed in the course of a few years into a coeducational primary school. And directly or indirectly there is not a single outstanding figure in Spanish life today whose development was not largely influenced by this dark slender baldheaded old man with a white beard, whose picture one finds on men's writing desks.

*. . . _Oh, si, llevad, amigos,
su cuerpo a la montaña
a los azules montes
del ancho Guadarrama.*

Wrote his pupil, Antonio Machado — and I rather think Machado is the pupil whose name will live the longest — after Don Francisco's death in 1915.

*. . . Yes, carry, friends
his body to the hills,
to the blue peaks
of the wide Guadarrama.
6r
There are deep gulches
of green pines where the wind sings.
There is rest for his spirit
under a cold live oak
in loam full of thyme, where play
golden butterflies. . .
There the master one day
dreamed new flowerings for Spain.*

These are fragments from an elegy by Juan Ramon Jimenez, another poet

pupil of Don Francisco:

“ Don Francisco . . . It seemed that he incarnated all that is tender and keen in life; flowers, flames, birds, peaks, children. . . Now, stretched on his bed, like a frozen river that perhaps still flows under the ice, he is the clear path for endless recurrence . . . He was like a living statue of himself, a statue of earth of wind, of water, of fire. He has so freed himself from the task of every day that talking to him we might have thought we were talking to his image. Yes. One would have said he wasn't going to die : that he had already passed, without anybody's knowing it, beyond death, that he was with us forever, like a spirit.

“ In the little door of the bedroom one already feels well-being. A trail of the smell of thyme and violets that comes and goes with the breeze from the open window leads like a delicate hand towards where he lies. . . Peace. All death has done has been to infuse the color of his skin with a deep violet veiling of ashes.

“ What a suave smell, and how excellent death is here! No rasping essences, none of the exterior of blackness and crepe. All this is white and uncluttered, like a hut in the fields in Andalucia, like the whitewashed portal of some garden in the south. All just as it was. Only he who was there has gone.

“ The day is fading, with a little wind that has a premonition of spring. In the window-panes is a confused mirroring of rosy clouds. The blackbird, that he must have heard for thirty years, that he'd have liked to have gone on hearing dead, has come to see if he's listening. Peace. The bedroom and the garden strive quietly, light against light: the brightness of the bedroom is stronger and glows out into the afternoon. A sparrow flutters up into the sudden stain with which the sun splashes the top of a tree and sits there

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twittering. In the shadow below the blackbird whistles once more. Now and then one seems to hear the voice that is silenced for ever.

” How pleasant to be here ! It's like sitting beside a spring, reading under a tree, like letting the stream of a lyric river carry one away. . . And one feels like never moving: like plucking to infinity, as one might tear roses to pieces, these white full hours , ' like clinging forever to this clear teacher in the eternal twilight of this last lesson of austerity and beauty.

“ Municipal Cemetery ” it says on the gate so that one may know of that other sign, Catholic Cemetery opposite.

“ He didn't want to be buried in that cemetery, so opposed to the smiling savorous poetry'of his spirit. But it had to be. He'll still hear the black birds of the familiar garden. — After all, says Cossio, I don't think he'll be sorry to spend a little while with Don Julian . . .

“ Careful hands have taken the dampness out of the earth with thyme: on the coffin they have thrown roses, narcissus, violets. There comes, lost, an aroma of last evening, a bit of the bedroom from which they took so much away . . .

“ Silence. Faint sunlight. Great piles of cloud full of wind drag frozen shadows across us, and through them flying low, black grackles. In the distance, Guardarrama chaste beyond belief lifts crystals of cubed white light. Some tiny bird trills for a second in the sown fields nearby that are already vaguely greenish, then lights on the creamy top of a tomb, then flies away . . .

“ Neither impatience nor carping slowness and forgetfulness . . . Silence.

In the silence, the voice of a child walking through the fields, the sound of a sob hidden among the tombstones, the Wind, the broad wind of these days. . .

“ I’ve seen occasionally a fire put out with earth. Innumerable little tongues spurted from every side. A pupil of his who was a mason made for this extinguished fire its palace of mud in a piece of earth two friends kept free. He has at the head a euonimus, young and strong, and at the foot, already full of sprouts with coming spring, an acacia. . . ”

Round El Pardo the ever-green oaks, encinas, are scattered sparsely, tight round heads of blue green, over hills that in summer are yellow like the haunches of lions. From Madrid to El Pardo was one of Don Francisco's favorite walks, out past the jail where over the gate is an echo of his teaching: << Abhor the crime but pity the criminal ; ” past the palace of Moncloa with its stately abandoned gardens, and out along the Manzanares by a road through the royal domain, where are gamekeepers with shot guns and signs of “ Beware the man

traps ; ” then up a low hill from which one sees the Sierra Guadarrama piled up against the sky to the north, greenish snowpeaks above long blue foothills, and all the foreground rolling land full of clumps of encinas ; and at last into the little village with its barracks and its delapidated convent and its plane trees in front of the mansion Charles V built. It was I under an encina near El Pardo that I sat all one long morning reading up in reviews and textbooks on the theory of law the life and opinions of Don Francisco. In the moments when the sun shone, the heat made the sticky cistus bushes with their glistening white flowers all about me reek with pungence. Then a cool wisp of wind would bring a chill of snow slopes from the mountains and a passionless indefinable fragrance of distances. At intervals, a church bell would toll in a peevish importunate manner from the boxlike convent on the hill opposite. I was reading an account of the philosophical concept of monism, cudgelling my brain with phrases :

“ And his fervent love of nature made the master evoke occasionally in class this beautiful image of the great poet and philosopher Schelling: Man is the eye with which the spirit of nature contemplates itself, and then having qualified with a phrase Schelling’s expression, he would turn on those who see in nature a manifestation of the rough, the gross, the instinctive, and offer for meditation this saying of Michelet I Cloth woven by a weaver is just as natural as that a spider weaves. ‘ All is in one Being, all is in the Idea and for the Idea, the latter being understood in the way platonic substantialism has been interpreted . . . »

In the grass under my book were bright fronds of moss, among which very small red ants performed prodigies of mountaineering, while through tramped tunnels long black ants scuttled darkly, glinting when the light struck them. The smell of cistus was intense, hot, full of spices as the narrow streets of an oriental town at night. In the distance the mountains piled up in zones, olive green, Prussian blue, ultramarine, ice-white. A cold windgust turned the pages of the book: “ Thought and passion, reflection and instinct, affections, emotions, impulses collaborate in the rule of custom which is revealed not in words declared and promulgated in view of future conduct, but in the act itself, tacit, taken for granted, or, according to the energetic expression of the Digest: *rebus at factis*. ”

Over *factis* sat a little green and purple fly with the body curved under at the tail. I wondered vaguely if it was a May-fly. And then all of a sudden

it was clear to me that these books, these dusty philosophical phrases, these mortuary articles by official personages were dimming the legend in my mind, taking the brilliance out of the indirect but extraordinarily personal impact, of the man himself. They embalmed the Cid and set him up in the church with his sword in his hand, for all men to see. What sort of legend would a

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technical disquisition by the archbishop on the Cid's theory of the angle of machinations have generated in men's minds? And what can a saint or a soldier or a founder of institutions leave behind him durable, but a legend? Certainly it is not for the Franciscans that one remembers Francis of Assisi.

And the curious thing about the legend of a personality is that it may reach the highest fervor without being formulated. It is something by itself that stands behind anecdotes, death notices, elegies.

In Madrid at the funeral of another of the great figures of nineteenth century Spain, Pérez Galdés, I stood on the curb beside a large-mouthed youth with a flattened toad-like face who was balancing a great white metal jar of milk on his shoulder. The plumed hearse and the carriages full of flowers had just passed. The street in front of us was a slow stream of people very silent, their feet shuffling, shuffling, feet in patent leather shoes and spats, feet in square-toed shoes, pointed-toed shoes, alpargatas, canvas sandals; people along the sidewalks seemed unable to resist the suction of it, joined in unostentatiously to follow if only a few moments the procession of the legend of Don Benito. The boy with the milk turned to me and said how lucky it was they were burying Saldos, he'd have an excuse for being late for the milk. Then suddenly he pulled his cap off, became enormously excited and began offering cigarettes to everyone round about. He scratched his head, and said in the voice of a Saul stricken on the road to Damascus . . . How many books he must have written that gentleman! Carrajo! . . . It makes a fellow sorry when a gentleman like that dies, and shouldering his pail, his blue tunic fluttering in the wind, he joined the procession.

Like the milk boy, I found myself joining the procession of the legend of Giner de los Rios. That morning under the encina I closed up the volumes on the theory of law and the bulletins with their death-notices and got to my feet and looked over the tawny hills of El Pardo, and thought of the little lithe bald-headed man with a white beard like the beard in El Greco's portrait of Covarrubias, who had taught a generation to love the tremendous contours of their country, to climb mountains and bathe in cold torrents, who was the first, it almost seems, to feel the tragic beauty of Toledo, who in a lifetime of courageous unobtrusive work managed to stamp all the men and women whose lives remotely touched his with the seal of his personality. Born in Ronda in the wildest part of Andalusia of a family that came from Velez-Malaga, a white town near the sea in the rich fringes of the Sierra Nevada, he had the mental agility, the sceptical tolerance and the uproarious good nature of the people of that region, combined with the sobriety and sinewiness of a mountaineer. His puritanism became a definite part of the creed of the hopeful discontented generations that are gradually, for better or for worse,

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remoulding Spain. His nostalgia of the north of fjords where fir trees hang over black tidal waters, of blonde people cheerful, orderly, in rectangular

blue-tiled towns became the gospel of Europeanization, of wholesale destruction of all that was individual, savage, African in the Spanish tradition. Rebus et fact-is. And yet none of these “things and acts do much to explain the peculiar radiance of his memory, the jovial tenderness with which people tell one about him. The immanence of the man is such that even an outsider, one who, like the milk boy at the funeral of Galdos, meets the procession accidentally with another errand in his head, is drawn in almost without knowing it. It is impossible to think of him in a box in unconsecrated ground in the Cementerio Civil. In Madrid, in the little garden of the Instit-ucio'n where he used to teach the children, in front of a certain open fire in a certain house at El Pardo where they say he loved to sit and talk, I used to half expect to meet him, that some friend would take me to see him as they took people to see the Cid in Sant Pedro de Cardefia.

*Cara tiene de hermosura
muy herntosa y colorada;
los ojos igual abiertos
muy apuesta la su barba.
Non parece que esta muerto
antes viva semej'aba.*

II

Although Miguel de Unamuno was recently condemned to fifteen years imprisonment for lése majesté for some remark made in an article published in a Valencia paper, no attempt has been made either to make him serve the term or to remove him from the chair of Greek at the University of Salamanca. Which proves something about the efficacy of the stand Giner de los Rios and his friends made fifty years before. Furthermore, at the time of the revolutionary attempt of August 1917 the removal of Bestiero from his chair caused so many of the faculty to resign and such universal protest that it was restored to him, although he was an actual member of the revolutionary committee and at that time under sentence for life. In 1875, after the fall of the republic it had been in the face of universal popular reaction that the Krausistas founded their free university. The lump is leavened.

But Unamuno. A Basque from the country of Loyola, living in Salamanca in the highest coldest part of the plateau of Old Castile, in many senses the 0p 66

posite of Giner de los Rios who was austere as a man on a long pleasant walk who doesn't overeat or overdrink so that the walk may be longer and pleasanter, while Unamuno is austere religiously, mystically. Giner de los Rios was the champion of life, Unamuno is the champion of death. Here is his creed, one of his creeds from the preface of the Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho :
 ,“ There is no future : there is never a future. This thing they call the future is one of the greatest lies. Today is the real future. What shall we be tomorrow? There is no tomorrow. What about us today, now; that is the only question.

“ And as for today, all these nincompoops are thoroughly satisfied because they exist today, mere existence is enough for them. Existence, or dinary naked existence fills their whole soul. They feel nothing beyond existence.

“ But do they exist ?. Really exist? I think not, because if they did exist, if they really existed, existence would be suffering for them and they wouldn't content themselves with it. If they really and truly existed in time and space, they would suffer not being of eternity and infinity. And this suffering, this passion, what is it but the passion of God in us ? God who suffers in us from our temporariness and finitude; that divine suffering will burst all the puny bonds of logic with which they try to tie down their puny memories and their puny hopes, the illusion of their past and the illusion of their future.

“ Your Quixotic madness has made you more than once speak to me of Quixotism as the new religion. And I tell you this new religion you propose to me, if it hatched, would have two singular merits. One that its founder, its prophet, Don Quixote — not Cervantes — probably wasn't a real man of flesh and blood at all, indeed we suspect that he was pure fiction. And the other merit would be that this prophet was a ridiculous prophet, people's butt and laughing-stock.

“ What we need most is the valor to face ridicule. Ridicule is the arm of all the miserable barbers, bachelors, parish priests, canons, and dukes who keep hidden the sepulchre of the Knight of Madness. Knight who made all the world laugh but never cracked a joke. He had too great a soul to bring forth jokes. They laughed at his seriousness.

“ Begin then, friend, to do the Peter the Hermit and call people to join you, to join us, and let us all go win back the sepulchre even if we don't know where it is. The crusade itself will reveal to us the sacred place.

! What shall we do on the road while we march? What? Fight! Fight, and how?

“ How ? If you find a man lying ? Shout in his face : lie! and forward ! If you find a man stealing, shout: thief ! and forward ! If you find a man babbling asinities, to whom the crowd listens open-mouthed, shout at them all: idiots ! and forward, always forward !

“ To the march then ! And throw out of the sacred squadron all those who begin to study the step and its length and its rhythm. Above everything throw out all those who fuss about this business of rhythm. They'll turn the squadron into a quadrille and the march into a dance. Away with them ! Let them go off somewhere else to sing the flesh.

“ Those who try to turn the squadron on the march into a dancing, quadrille call themselves and each other poets. But they're not. They're something else. They only go to the sepulchre out of curiosity, to see what it's like, looln'g for a new sensation, and to amuse themselves along the road. Away with them !

“ It's these that with their indulgence of Bohemians contribute to maintain cowardice and lies and all the weaknesses that flood us. When they preach liberty they only think of one : that of disposing of their neighbor's wife. All is sensuality with them. They even fall in love sensually with ideas, with great ideas. They are incapable of marrying a great and pure idea and breeding a family with it ; they only flirt with ideas. They want them as mistresses, some times just for the night. Away with them!

“ If one wants to pluck some flower or other along the path, that smiles from the fringe of grass, let him pluck it, but without breaking ranks, without dropping out of the squadron of which the leader must always keep his eyes on

the flaming sonorous star. But if he puts the little flower in the strap above his cuirass, not to look at it himself, but for others to look at, away with him I Let him go with his flower in his buttonhole and dance somewhere else.

“ Look friend, if you want to accomplish your mission and serve your country, you must make yourself unpleasant to the sensitive boys who only see the world through the eyes of their sweethearts. Or through something worse. Let your words be strident and rasping in their ears.

“ The squadron must only stop at night, near a wood or under the lee of a mountain. There they will pitch their tents and the crusaders will wash their feet, and sup off" what their women have prepared ; then they will beget a son on then and kiss them and go to sleep to begin the march again the follow
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ing day. And when someone dies, they will leave him on the edge of the road with his armor on him, at the mercy of the crows. Let the dead bury the dead. ”

Instead of the rationalists and humanists of the North, Unamuno's idols are the mystics and saints and sensualists of Castile, hard stalwart men who walked with God, Loyola, Torquemada, 'Pizarro, Narvaez, who governed with whips and thumbscrews and drank death down greedily like heady wine. He is excited by the amorous madness of the mysticism of Santa Teresa and San Juan de la Cruz. His religion is paradoxical, unreasonable, of faith alone, full of furious yearning, otherworldliness. His style it follows is headlong, gruff, redundant, full of tremendous pounding phrases. There is a vigorous almost angry insistence about his dogmas that makes his essays unforgettable, even if one objects as violently as I do to his asceticism and death-worship. There is an anarchic fury about his crying in the wilderness that will win many a man from the fleshpots and chain gangs. In the apse of the old cathedral of Salamanca is a fresco of the Last Judgment, perhaps by the Castilian painter Gallego. Over the retablo on a black ground is a tremendous figure of the evening angel brandishing a sword while behind him unrolls the scroll of the Dies Iwe and huddled clusters of plump little naked people fall away into space from under his feet. There are moments in a *Del Sentimiento Tragico de la Vida*» and in the << *Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho* » when in the rolling earthy Castilian phrases one can feel the brandishing of the sword of that very angel. Not for nothing does Unamuno live in the rust and saffron-colored town of Salamanca in the midst of bare redhills that bulge against an enormous flat sky in which the clouds look like piles of granite, like floating cathedrals they are so solid, heavy, ominous. A country where bareness and the sweep of cold wind and the lash of strong wine have made people's minds ingrow into the hereafter, where the clouds have been tramped by the angry feet of the destroying angel. He is constantly attacking sturdily those who clamor for the modernization, Europeanization of Spanish life and Spanish thought. He is in many ways the counterprose to the humanitarian northern-looking movement of the disciples of Giner de los Rios.

In an essay in one of the volumes published by the Residencia de Estudiantes he wrote:

“ As can be seen, I proceed by what they call arbitrary affirmations, without documentation, without proof, outside of modern European logic, disdainful of its methods.

“ Perhaps. I want no other method than that of passion, and when my breast swells with disgust, repugnance, sympathy or disdain, I let the mouth, speak the bitterness of the heart, and let the words come as they come.

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“ We Spaniards are, they say, arbitrary charlatans, who fill up with rhetoric the gaps in logic, who subtilize with more or less ingenuity, but uselessly, who lack the sense of coherence, with scholastic souls, casuists and all that. I’ve heard similar things said of Augustine, the great African, soul of fire that spilt itself in leaping waves of rhetoric, twistings of the phrase, antithesis, paradoxes and ingenuities. Saint Augustine was a Gongorine and a conceptualist at the same time. Which makes me think that Gongorism and conceptualism are the most natural forms of passion and vehemence.

“ The great African, the great ancient African ! Here is an expression - ancient African — that one can oppose to modern European, and that’s worth as much at least. African and ancient were Saint Augustine and Tertullian. And why shouldn’t we say : We must make ourselves ancient Africanstyle or else we must make ourselves African ancientstyle. ”

The typical tree of Castile is the encina, a kind of live oak that grows low with dense bluish foliage and a ribbed knotted and contorted trunk ; it always grows sineg and on dry hills. On the roads one meets lean men with knotted hands and brown sun-wizened faces that seem brothers to the encinas of their country. The thought of Unamuno, emphatic, lonely, contorted is hammered into homely violent phrases brother to the men on the roads and to the encinas on the hills of Castile.

This from the end of a *Del Sentimiento Tragico de la Vida*»:

“ And in this critical century, Don Quixote has also contaminated himself with criticism, and he must charge against himself, victim of intellectualism and sentimentalism, who when he is most sincere, appears most affected. The poor man wants to rationalize the irrational, and irrationalize the rational. And he falls victim of the inevitable despair of a rational century, of which the greatest victims were Tolstoy and Nietzsche. Out of despair, he enters into the heroic fury of that Quixote of thought who broke out of the cloister, Giordano Bruno, and makes awakener of sleeping souls, dormitantium animorum excubitor, as the ex-Dominican when of himself, when he wrote: . . . — The heroic love is proper to superior natures called insane — insane — not because they do not know -- non sanno — but because they know too much — soprasanno —.

“ But Bruno believed in the triumph of his doctrines, or at least at the foot of his statue on the Campo dei Fiori, opposite the Vatican, they have put that it is offered by the century he had divined — il secolo da lui divinato. But our Don Quixote, the resurrected, internality, Don Quixote, does not believe that his doctrines will triumph in the world, because they are not his. And is it better that they should not triumph. If they wanted to make Don Quixote king, he would retire alone to the hill-top, fleeing the crowds of king-makers and king-killers, as did Christ when, after the miracle of the loaves and fishes, they wanted to proclaim him king. He left the title of king to be put above the cross.

“ What is, then, the new mission of Don Quixote in this world? To cry, to cry in the wilderness. For the wilderness hears although men do not hear, and one day will turn into a sonorous wood, and that solitary voice that spreads

in the desert like seed, will sprout into a gigantic cedar that will sing with a hundred thousand tongues an eternal hosanna to the lord of life and. Death. “

III

And hereby hangs a moral highly applicable to our own trustee-ridden universities, if to nothing else. If we really wanted liberty of speech and thought, we could probably get it —— Spain fifty years ago certainly had a longer tradition of despotism than has the United States — but do we want it? In these years we shall see.

JOHN Dos PASSOS

COMMENT

Is it possible for a man, potentially great, to live and die, sterile and unnoticed? The facile optimist replies n0, “Worth will out, you can’t hide a barn in a haystack.” The pessimist on the other hand, answers in the affirmative, claims it happens every day and usually insinuates he is a. case in point. And the argument lasts till tempers are sullied, without victory consoling either party, for every example rules itself out by the very fact of its being brought in. A useless discussion unless it aids digestion.

But if one leaves the problem of men and examines the destiny of books, the subject proves itself better adopted for debate, as data on which to base one’s opinion, is available. If such a query jumps through the smoke rings of the Saturday night peaceful knockers, general talk ceases. Each individual commences a monologue on “good books I have known, ’ and the innocent chair-backs resign themselves to listen to pathetic recitations on the dear departed. Countless volumes are dusted in memory and know for a moment the fame they failed to realize.

We have always, at such a gathering, orated over the Dance of Siva. But we can no longer. This volume of fourteen Indian essays, was written by Ananda Coomaraswamy and published by the Sunwise Turn. We were forced by circumstances to make its acquaintance immediately after its launch into the free for all of an autumn book season. We were stunned by it. New worlds entered our field of interest, old concepts were seen to be questionable. An internal transformation took place, similar to that of the high school boy on discovering H. G. Wells, or H. G. Wells on discovering God. We followed the career of the book. Discerning critics in widely scattered localities, pointed out various laudable aspects of its variegated contents. Several hundred readers actually purchased the volume. The British Empire ordered one hundred and fifty copies, one third of which were consigned to its ancient colony India about which the book was written. The second year the same story was repeated on a much smaller scale, and the Dance of Siva “ent Permanently out of print before Christmas 1920.

From that date on, we found it proper food for obituary sermons, and used the material contained in its pages to make ourselves appear wise and informed on matters pertaining to India's caste system, nuptial customs, art, music, love ideals, etc.

But our little game is spoiled. M. Léon Bazalgette has selected the Dance of Siva for his series of "Les Prosateurs Modernes." Mademoiselle Madeleine Rolland has made the translation. M. Romain Rolland has acclaimed the volume in the excellent preface, the translation of which we are privileged to reprint in this number of "Broom." Dr. Coomaraswamy is now a member of a goodly company. Before him, in this series of foreign writers' march Cyril Buysse, Thomas Hardy, Knut Hamsun, Gottfried Keller, Scipio Slataper, John M. Synge, Frederick Van Eeden and Henry D. Thoreau: by his side — the printer will release April 1922 — walks Anton Tchekhov, and Theodore Dreiser, Felix Jimmermans, Rene Schickelé, Boris Zaitsef and others follow after.

No more can we exemplify the world's lack of discernment by calling attention to the neglect of the Dance of Siva, for not only is it being thus introduced to France, but M. Ivan Goll is preparing to bring it out in German. Perhaps, after the fourteen Indian Essays have completed their foreign tour, the country of their birth may become sufficiently interested to make another edition possible. It will not have been the first time an American book has had to await foreign recognition before native readers would deign to cut its leaves.'

H. A. L.

FOUR STEICHEN PRINTS

CARL SANDBURG

The earth, the rock and the oil of the earth, the slippery frozen places of the earth, these are for homes of rainbow bubbles, curves of the circles of a bubble, curves of the arcs of the rainbow prisms—between sun and rock they lift to the sun their foam feather and go.

Throw your neck back, throw it back till the neck muscles shine at the sun, till the falling hair at the scalp is a black cry, till limbs and knee bones form an altar and a girl's torso over the fire rock torso shouts hi yi, hi yee, h allelu j ah.

' Goat girl caught in the brambles, deerfoot Or foxhead, ankles and hair of feeders of the wind, let all the covering burn, let all stopping a naked plunger from plunging naked, let it all burn in this wind fire, let the fire have it in a fast

crunch and a flash.

They threw you in a pot of thorns with a wreath in your hair and the bunches of grapes over your head—your hard little buttocks in the thorns—then the black eyes, the white teeth, the nameless muscular flair of you, rippled and twisted in sliding rising scales of laughter; the earth never had a gladder friend; pigs, goats, deer, tawny tough-haired jaguars might understand you.

MONKEY ISLAND

(Translated from the German of)
ROBERT MUSIL

In the Villa Borghese in Rome stands a very high tree, without twigs or bark. The trunk is as smooth as a skull, peeled by the sun and water, and as yellow as a skeleton. It stands bolt upright, without roots, dead, planted in cement like a mast in the middle of an oval island about the size of a river steamer, and is separated from the Kingdom of Italy by a smooth concrete trench. This trench is just so wide, and at the outer edge so deep, that a monkey from the island could neither climb nor spring over it. From the outside it might be done, but not from the inside. The trunk gives a good foothold, and as the mountain tourists say “ makes easy pleasant climbing. ” At the top of it are strong branches running out horizontally in several directions. If one could take off shoes and socks, with heels in, soles pressing well about the rounding of the trunk, and the hands gripping tensely above, how splendidly one could get out and along to the end of that sun-warmed branch, stretching away over the green ostrich feather tips of the pines.

This wonderful island is inhabited by three different families. About fifteen quick moving sinewy fellows, with their girls — each one the size of a child of four — live on the tree. At the foot, in the only house on the island — a palace the form and size of a dog kennel — live a married couple of a much mightier breed, with their tiny little son. This is the King of the island, the Queen, and the Crown Prince. It never happens that the old ones wander far from him on the ground. They sit, one on each side of the little Prince, immovably alert, gazing wide out past their noses. They never leave him, except once in every hour, when the King mounts the tree to inspect his domain. He then strides gravely along the trunk, and it seems as if he will not notice how humbly and mistmstfully the others retreat before him. To avoid the look of unseemly haste or fear they slide sideways along the branches, till the end gives them no more quarter, and they must take the dangerous steep leap on to the hard cement below. So the

King strides on, from one branch to the other, till every branch is empty when he returns again. And the keenest observer cannot tell from his expression if it is a necessary Royal duty, or a mere healthful exercise. Meanwhile, the little Prince sits alone on the roof of the palace, for curiously enough, the Queen disappears each time the King mounts the tree, and through his thin upstanding ears the sun shines coral red. One can scarcely imagine anything more stupid or helpless, and yet so incomprehensibly mantled around with dignity as this little monkey. The hunted-down-tree-folk, one after the other, slip past him; each one, if he wished, could wring with ease that thin little neck — and they are manifestly ill humoured — but they all make a wide curve around him, and exhibit other signs of the respect and shyness due from them to one of his breed. It takes some time before one discovers that still another monkey folk find shelter on the island. Driven from the air and the surface of the earth, a horde of still smaller monkeys takes refuge in the trench. If one of them unbetimes, dares to show a face on the island, the tree folk hunt him relentlessly back again with insult and bloody disciplines. When food comes, they must wait till every one else is satisfied, and back again in their places, before they dare creep out to capture the scraps. Sometimes a malicious fellow or jocose maiden from the tree, so satisfied apparently that digestive difficulties have begun, waits slyly till the little folk begin to approach the food, then slips down again, whereupon the first comers rush screaming back to the others in the trench, and they all whimper together, and press against each other, till a surface of air, flesh, and crazy dark eyes is formed, welling up the outer wall of the trench like water in a leaning vessel. The persecutor paces along the edge of the trench, driving the wave of terror before him. The little folk uplift their black faces, and fling their arms heavenward, their hands turned palms out, in defence against the evil eye which looks down from the edge. But gradually one of their number is singled out; he pushes this way and that restlessly some five others with him, not yet sure which is the real target of the evil stare.

The soft mass, lame from terror, still holds together. Finally that indifferent stare nails its victim, there is no escape. He is absolutely unable to control his little face, to show neither too much nor too little of the terror that is convulsing him. From second to second it descends deeper, this indifferent gaze from one soul into the soul of another, boring down past all reserve, till hate is bare, and a creature without restraint, or form, or shame, whimpers under its punishment.

With cries of relief the others dash away along the trench. Flickering along, without one gleam of light, as possessed souls in Purgatory, they huddle together at the furthest edge, chattering gaily.

When all is past, the persecutor climbs with elastic grip the topmost branch of the tree. He sits there erect, motionless and austere, and so remains ages long. Although he is still concealed in the green shimmering clouds of the tree tops, the line of his stare sweeps the summits of the Pincio and the Villa Borghese and beyond them to where the great yellow city lies extended, and back again, indifferently.

TANGLEFOOT

Fly paper "Tanglefoot" is almost twelve inches long by seven broad, and found in every household. It is spread about with a yellow poisonous substance, and comes to us from Canada. When a fly alights on it, not from greed so much as from a certain conventionality — many flies are there already — it sticks with the extremities of its little legs. First a strange soft feeling arises, just as if we, in the dark, should tread suddenly on a substance, at first nothing but a warm soft unrecognizable resistance, but assuming gradually the horribly familiar characteristics of a human hand, that lies there for some unknown purpose, and grips at us with its five ever clearer shaping fingers.

It first pulls itself up like a paralytic who would mirror immobility, or like a shaky old officer — a little bow-legged truly — as if it stood on a sharp edge. Then it recovers itself, and gathers together every faculty of strength and wisdom it possesses. After a few seconds, the decision is made, and it does all it can by whirring its wings to lift itself. It continues these mad efforts till exhausted, a breathing pause follows, then a new trial. But the intervals, between the struggles grow longer. It now stands quite still, and I feel how helpless it is. Intoxicating vapours rise. Its tongue beats in and out like a tiny hammer. Its head, as if cut out of cocoanut, is brown and hairy, like the nigger idol heads that look like men's. It sways backward and forward, and bends in the joints at the knees, as men do who endeavour to lift an impossible weight, though more tragically than the effort of a labourer, more like the heroic spirit of uttermost resistance in the limbs of the Laocoon. The time comes finally — it is ever the same — when the need of a moment overcomes the mightiest vitality of that mighty instinct in us all, the will to live. It is the moment when the climber opens his hand involuntarily from the pain in his fingers, and lets go : when the body lost in the snow lies down to sleep like a tired child; like the moment when the quarry with burning flanks stops short. No longer erect in the old straining terror, it relaxes perceptibly, and, quite human, is caught at once in another place, higher up the legs, or behind on the body, or at the tip of a wing.

When the spiritual exhaustion is overcome, and it is ready again for the life struggle, it is situated so unfavourably that its movements become eccentric and unnatural. It tries to pull itself up, supported by the elbows, the hind legs stretched out ; or it sits down completely,

arms extended like a woman vainly endeavouring to free her hands from the closed fists of a man ; or it lies flat on its stomach, head and arms in front, as if it had fallen in running while holding up its head. The enemy remains passive, but it gains with every confused and despairing movement. A nothing which is everything. So slowly, that one can scarcely follow its gain until the end, when the victory is completed with unexpected swiftness. The last inner despair floods through the little victim, it lets itself collapse head over heels, or on one side, legs out as if rowing. There it lies like a broken aeroplane, one wing in the air, or like the dead body of a horse, or like a sleeper.

Even on the next day, one fly, here and there, will wake again, to agitate a limb in the air or flutter a wing. Sometimes such a movement shudders right through the field after which they all sink again deeper into their death. On the one side of the body, there, where the legs join, is a little flimmering organ which still lives, opening and closing; one cannot see it without a magnifying glass. It looks like a tiny human eye, that ceaselessly opens and shuts.

THE MOUSE IN THE FODARA VEDLA

Fodara Vedla, Ladian Alps, three thousand feet and more above the peopled country and then still further away ; who has placed a bench here ?

He who sits on this bench, sits tight, mouth closed. Breathing seems strange, a process of nature, not quite natural when one is conscious of it, for then it becomes a happening -- like pregnancy in a woman.

The grass, from the year before, is as pallid as if a stone had just rolled off it. All around are hunches and troughs, senseless and numberless ; stunted pines and Alps. From this surging quiet one's vision is thrown again and again to the round yellow cliffs where it is shivered into hundreds of fragments. It is not excessively high, but above is only blue nothingness. The world is once more as deserted and inhuman as during the creation.

The little mouse has laid in the earth a system of trenches. Mouse deep, with holes in which to disappear, and others to come up from. It darts in circles, stands still, then darts off again in wider rings. The human hand sinks down from the back of the bench. An eye as large and black as the head of a pin looks at it. Is it the tiny, restless, alive eye, or the immovability of the mountains?

Is it God's will, or the will of a little field mouse that makes you stand shaken and unprepared?

One puts aside the thought of God, and asks oneself more exactly:

— is it the mobility of the eye, or the immovability of the enormous mountains? And helpless, one perceives that they are one and the same thing . . .

THE SNOW MAN

The Square was at afternoon ; snow fell: straight, monotonous, unflurried; it made little cones on the tops of posts, it made hawsers out of wires, it amplified every twig on every tree, it made the roofs look thatched, it filled foot-prints and wheel-tracks. A man paused in one of the curving pathways, and having paused stayed there. There was nowhere for him to go, he was not cold nor hungry nor thirsty nor sleepy any more, nor had he any elation about anything. As he stood there motionless looking across the square, his hands deep in the pockets of his long overcoat, the snow made a high-peaked fool's cap out of his derby hat, put epaulets on his shoulders, changed the color of his coat from black to white. Until presently the man was obliterated except for the end of his pipe, which smoked, notwithstanding the snow that fell into it, though the stem, too, had its little crest—ing of snow like the tops of the iron fences.

Some urchins of the street came by, shuffling lanes in the snow with their feet. “ Let’s make a snow man, ” one of them yelled.

“ Here’s one started, ” the others said, and they heaped the snow about the man’s feet, and built it up about his legs, his body, his arms, his shoulders.

“ Aw, leave the pipe, ’ screamed one.

They covered his head about ‘with snow. He was not very tall. And in the top of his snow-cap they stuck a- dead twig from a tree. The pipe kept on smoking. Then, as it was dusk, the boys, after making eyes, nose and mouth for their snow man and buttons down the front of his coat, with bits of blackened sticks from the trees, went home. And the snow stopped, and no more smoke came out of the snow man’s pipe, and as the watch went on their rounds they each whacked at the snow man in a friendly way with their night-sticks, to keep warm, and because they must whack somebody. But the snow man had quite frozen.

As the extinguisher of lamps hurried that way over the ice, putting out the street lights at six the next morning, he thought he heard a voice asking him for a light. But looln'ng around and seeing no one but the snow man, and being intent upon putting out the lights and getting to the corner for a cup of coffee, he paid little attention. When

all the lights in the square were out and the sun came up, more boys passed that way.

“ See the snow guy wid de pipe, ” they said, and forthwith, following the instinct of their race, set to work to knock the pipe out of the snow man’s mouth.

This accomplished, they decided to bombard him. After many lumps of ice had struck the snow man on his chest, on his head, on his arms, on his ears, he fell down, and the boys walked on him.

“ He’s a stiff, ” they commented, and went their way hooting.

In the full splendour of forenoon, when the twigs of all the trees, encased in ice, were gossamer arabesques against the sky, and men with spades were scraping all the sidewalks, making hoarse sounds, one of the watch, striding past, paused, and surveyed the prostrate snow man. _

“ Get on out of this, ” he ordered, and smote the soles of the snow man’s feet with his stave, first one and then the other, with the accomplished tattoo of the sole-beater.

But the snow man lay quite still.

DONALD CORLEY

FOUR ETUDES

I.

The forenoon sleeps peacefully in the heat
of the vast stupefying sun. The fruit trees
and green plants in the orchard bleach and suffer
unthinkingly and still there blows no breeze,
but carries to us gnats and stinging flies.
The parched air permits no murmured thought,
and light beats down, while the earth mutely fries. . .
In the intense silence time flows unseen
from the glistening ether over the hot pale green
of the motionless fields.

2.

Speckled cows graze in humble pastures,
blotted against the richness of a long hill,
while a chance cloud above keeps them in shadow.
Heads bent in the invisible vassalage,
they are the sweet wet—nurses of the world,
heavy with the good milk that streams from them. . .
There was the young Jersey that went rioting madly over the pasture,

her long yoked passions buffeting her against the wooden enclosures,
and died with a rail piercing her udders, so that the blood mingled
with the milk.

3.

— “ Having turned this trying hill, we may rest here and regard
the valleys below, the confronting mountain, and the many purple
dips of the earth-crust in the clouded distance, but above all this
singularly charming valley at its tranquil level, whose suavity softens even the flow of sunlight into it. .

“ Let us hold this height, viewing the valley at our feet and many
others, including the occasionally glimpsed stream which gutted
them, not to speak of the numberless hills and mountains so entwined
in their uncertain directions and distances, that it all but gives one
the vertigo to eye them. ”

— “ But come, I grow faint here, as if my identity were escaping
from me. No, let us rather go down into this valley with its yellow
fields, than stay here. . . Now see, how, with the hills running sheer
against the sky, locking us in so there is apparently no egress, we
are within our microcosm again ! ”

4.

In the whole valley there was but one light,
a lamp in a farm-house shooting through four windows;
and the dark hummed with the irresolute voices of the fields.
But the uneasy darkness could not bend or silence
the small still light,
which from the four windows
past fronting trees stabbed long yellow lines
toward the four corners of the valley, where they lay
demolished at the feet of the hills.
How more lavish a sky the hills suspend,
with what largesse, what helter-skelter of motive and tenor
do the busy and voluble stars complain,
the distant suns and their broods of planets drench the fields,
and the Milky Way filter through tree-tops?

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

GEORGE MOORE, AESTHETE

George Moore's experience of life has been exceptional, and there are phases
of life with which he is not familiar but it is his idiosyncrasy not to qualify.
He is an aesthete, a man of supreme accomplishment in presenting sensation.
To any but one who has made a specialty of sensation, he seems superficial,
but a nerve is a nerve and his expertness as an observer makes one feel as if
sensation might at any time wander all the way to the heart as indeed it does

in Esther Waters. His introducing in his work' so many imagined instances of suffering illustrates this aesthetic sensitiveness and is a marvel of contrast to the unconcern of such a writer as Defoe, who tells in Robinson Crusoe of the hungry wildcat :

“ I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though by the way I was not very free of it, for my store was not great : however, I spared her abit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked (as pleased) for more, but I thanked her, and could spare no more ; so she marched off ”
and of the sleeping lion :

“ I took the best aim I could with the first piece to have shot him in the head, but he lay so with his leg raised a little above his nose, that the slugs hit his leg about the knee, and broke the bone. . . . I took a second piece immediately, and though he began to move off fired again, and shot him into the head, and had the pleasure to see him drop, and make but little noise, but lay struggling for life. . . . This was indeed game to us, but this was no food, and I was very sorry to lose three charges of powder and shot upon a creature that was good for nothing to us. . . . I bethought myself, however; . . . at last we got off the hide of him, and spreading it on top of our cabin, the sun effectually dried it in two days' time and it afterward served me to lie upon. ”

Defoe is austere; George Moore, the obverse ; the sense of sense is so poignant that there is no room for pity. In Hail and Farewell, he speaks of his and Yeats's altering of Edward Martyn's play The Tale of a Town, with Edward Martyn in an adjoining room and says, “ We were like two boys threading a bluebottle. ” Héloi'se said, " I cannot sit reading with the skin of the animal about my knees that howled to me for help ” and Héloi'se and Abélard “ continued talking through a cloudy morning of May, puzzled to discover in their imagination how a wolf and her cub had come by their deaths. " There is a tinge of misery in this pathological humanitarianism.

Aesthetic feeling sometimes plays Mr. Moore false, for narrator though he is, apparently impeccable in conversation and in his conception of dramatic interval, there are in Héloi'se and Abélard, passages in which crudeness, mawkishness, indecision and lame unnatural cadence spring out at one: “ A good baby, the best of babies Héloi'se said; I believe that there was never so good a child. . . . Dear wife, dear wife! he said overcoming the suffocation of the moment. " The spectator remarks that Mr. Moore has chosen to write “ in a kind of diluted Wardour Street, ” that “ his characters do not say Tush! or Zooks! ” and that “ he has avoided the worst blunders of the ‘ hath done ’ style, but. . . there is too much talk of ‘ ousels ’ and ‘ willow beds ; ’ ” a not unfair criticism. One is merely aware of these flaws upon perfection as of the minor blemish of cover and print. One expects the taste of an aesthete to be impeccable; then why the pale print and clamorous bourgeois binding of the American edition?

In common with other aesthetes, Mr. Moore sacrifices the austere beauty of the athlete; this would perhaps be his defence for so repeatedly making a

study of themes which involve the disintegrating factor of sensuality. Perhaps he would have one charitably transfer to him Héloïse's defence of Abélard when she says, " If we are to have genius we must put up with the consequences of genius, a thing the world will never do ; it wants geniuses but it would like them to be just like other people. " The average person has seen genius walking erect too many times to accept the implication that genius progresses best when it crawls ; innate sensuality is a mildew and in defense of an author who is aesthete pure and simple, one recalls Abélard's observation respecting Madelon: " We owe her a good deal. . . and we are paying with our patience all that we owe her. "

As in The Brook Kerith Mr. Moore is not a theologian, so in Héloïse and Abélard, he is not a philosopher. His knowledge is a knowledge of living, not a concept of life ; his philosophical discussions no more attain the illusion of realness than he seems in them, like Socrates. To those deeply interested in philosophy, it is irritating that philosophy should be made a back drop to " a rampage of the passions, " but Mr. Moore's imperviousness to disapproval is part of his virtue and in Héloïse and Abélard, it is not twelfth century scholastic philosophy but George Moore that we read. In Abélard, Madelon, Héloïse and Fulbert, we have four aspects of him. '

In Abélard, we have the Arabian nights concept of masculine favour in which the grand-vizier indicates with his sceptre, which maiden shall advance — a contrast indeed, to the " charity in armour " of mediaevalism — to Rudel of whom Abélard says that he walked " with a stoop, deep in his dream, seeing his princess far more clearly than the women about him " and to the romantic self abasement of the seventeenth century:

*" Mon Dieu, aide-moi!
That I with the primroses of my fresh wit,
'll lay tumble her tyranny under my feet.
Done 7e serai 1m jeune roi. "*

Instead of being " animated by a durable ecstasy. . . which rendered him capable of haughty thoughts and valiant deeds, " Abélard was demoralized, finding in Héloïse, man's natural enemy ; this fact Mr. Moore elaborates, quoting Proverbs, " I have found woman bitterer than death; . . . her hands are chains; " citing Adam and how " the first woman brought about the banishment of man from paradise ; " Samson, " brought to such despair that he buried himself. . . under the ruins of the temple ; " Solomon who " lost his reason through a woman; " Socrates, whose sufferings should " cause the most thoughtless to ponder; " and Job, " for it was against his wife that job, that holy man, fought the last and hardest fight of all. " Mr. Moore shares the oriental conception that to be inescapably associated with woman, is degradation. Although, as he says, " in every life there is an adventure that sums up lesser adventures, " and in Abélard's case, " Heloise was this summary, " he causes Abélard to reflect that " if he had not met her his life would have continued to be an ever swirling adventure. " " He hated to think of himself as an animal at tether, moving circlewise, always equidistant from the centre, never able to project himself even a few feet farther into the unknown. " In reading George Moore, one cannot but feel the retentiveness of his mind and in his attributing to Abé

lard a remarkable memory, one is aware of his own highly specialized faculty. When Abélard says to Héloïse : “ if the Georgics were lost, we could recover them all from our memories, for where mine failed thou wouldst come to my aid, and together we could give back to the world the book it had lost, ” we are reminded of Avowals in which Mr. Moore says, “ Your memory is better than mine. . . in this instance, certainly ” and Mr. Gosse replies, “ Thank you for this tribute, which it is an honour to receive from one of prodigious memory, though of slight reading. ”

In Madelon, we have the foil to reflection — corresponding to that which we have in the Gosse of Avowals.

In Héloïse, we have Mr. Moore’s concept of woman as man’s satellite and handmaid. Héloïse is like the Lady Malberge of the Hermit’s ballad: “ She has no real being except in me ; she is here, and nowhere else, and the Hermit pointed to his heart.” Life at Argenteuil was to her after leaving Abélard, “ shadowy as the world she saw about her when she left the library and walked into the open air ” and “ there was nothing true in her except her love for Abélard, whom she would follow into the gulfs of hell rather than live in paradise without. ” “ And in one intense moment of vision, ” says Mr. Moore, “ she saw into life as it is offered to women, the obliteration of themselves in marriage or the obliteration of themselves in convent rules ; . . . convent or marriage, it’s always that for a woman. ” Another phase of Mr. Moore’s notion of woman’s subordinate role, we have in the young Astrolabe’s ennui at being obliged to stay in the convent with the nuns and with his mother; he said, “ I don’t want to live here shut up with a lot of women ” and upon being asked, “ And what will you do, little sir, when you are older P I do not know so much what I shall do, Astro labe answered. I shall escape away from women of whom I have seen enough. ” Although Mr. Moore apparently supports the illusion of Héloïse’s erudition, her Ovid and Virgil do not as presented make her seem learned. She is like Tappé’s Miss Pellicoe, “ circumspect and tidy, polite and tractable, working away behind closed doors at deportment, penmanship, Latin, Greek and botany. ” “ Moreover, ” says Tappé, “ Miss Pellicoe is not six forever; she eventually achieves the academic age of sixteen and with it the dignity of profound hours in a college library. ” It is dignity of this sort that Heloise seems to us to have attained. In insisting upon her indifference to religion, Mr. Moore departs possibly a little from the original. Roman Catholicism is a formal religion and she was negatively its disciple although she had also, it is true, definite interests of the intellect and of the emotions.

But if, according to Mr. Moore, she was indifferent to religion, she was not more so than Fulbert in whom we have a fourth phase of Mr. Moore’s aesthetics of materialism. “ He had gone for a handful of nuts and a tankard of wine, ” says Mr. Moore. “ He sat cracking and skinning the nuts and drinking large draughts in silence. ” Despite the fact that Mr. Harris lauds Mr. Moore’s moderation, anything more unequivocally sottish, it would be impossible to imagine. Fulbert remarks that “ when the belly suffers, the heart is hard, ” and other like allusions are made, as that of the robber. The Canon speculates upon “ the shortsightedness of servants governed always

by the seeming need of the moment ” and upon the advisability of “ throwing himself upon the charity of a new servant who, though she might not have the faults that Madelon had, would have other faults. . . and the thought of Madelon’s dismissal was dropped almost as quickly as it had come. ” His appreciation of creature comfort has no less conspicuous a counterpart in Abélard and Héloïse than in Madelon, who is made to say of the pigeon that he “ is better if he be laid out between slices of good beef, for the neighborhood of the beef favours him ” and “ when the king of fishes, the shad, was laid before them : of more delicate flavour than the bass, better than the turbot, a fish that makes the sole seem common, said Abélard. ” Abélard is made to speak “ of a vexing puffing wind, that carries us a little way and then leaves us ” and many times in this book as in others of his books, one notes Mr. Moore’s appraisal of the pain of being thwarted. When Héloïse inquired about Abélard, “ As the student gave ear to him, thinking he was about to speak of Abélard. But it was of the fine weather they spoke. ” In the matter of architectural setting which is essentially a matter of feeling, in the crafty, leisurely advance, one is conscious of no flaws. The fact that Mr. Moore tells a story different from the one on which his narrative is based, does not matter. The proportioned, unhurried spaciousness of design — so much the reverse of what is usual — excites admiration. Buildings of great size are often complained of as not being set in sufficient greensward; similarly, one must give architectural advantage to an experience of colossal size and this Mr. Moore does. There is an orchestral quality, a premonitory note in his deliberate advance upon his theme, whereby he carries one “ like a fish in net drawn along. ” In the beginning, one notes this atmosphere of veiled suspense, in the uncertainty which surrounds Héloïse’s future. The possibility of her becoming an abbess is mentioned and of her being forced into a marriage abhorrent to her. Madelon is made to say, “ I have my doubts if thou’lt ever get back to Argenteuil. ” She is made to “ ask herself for the first time. . . if she had a destiny, glad or sad. .. and waited for an answer that did not come. ”

Mr. Moore’s conception of narrative is supported, moreover, by his predilection for reverie — by the romantic warpedness of his imagination. He speaks of “ the sense of sadness inseparable from a river, ” of how “ the dead have a hold upon us that the living haven’t. ” He says of Héloïse, that “ her thoughts seemed to fall into nothing ” and speaks of “ innumerable peacocks, ghostly birds in the mild moonlight, whose long white tails set Madelon crying : “ ghosts or angels; let us away. ” “ Is it not strange, ” Abélard said to himself, “ that what I love best in the world should bring me back to the country most antagonistic to me and my ideas, and reining in his horse he pondered in front of the city on hatred and love, asking himself which was the deeper feeling. ” Observe, moreover, how in Héloïse’s meditation on the soul and the body, he gives a facsimile of the mental process in which the mind picks us and drops an idea and picks it up again :

“ She returned to the window overlooking the Seine; unable to take up the book again, she fell to thinking instead of the Poet whom Christianity unites with paganism in honouring : and her eyes returning to the page, she reread that Iris. . . descended to liberate the soul from the body. But why liberate the soul from the body? she asked, since the two are inseparable as we know them. ”

Mr. Moore has said in *Avowals*, "Whosoever keeps humour under lock and key is read in the next generation, if he writes well, for to write well without humour is the supreme test ; " nevertheless, sleights of mind should not count for nothing. " In difficult and thorny questions an adjournment of the debate is always welcome ; " " the false always being accepted, rather than the true, . . . small satisfaction it is to us that the truth shall prevail in the end, Abélard said ; " - " why, indeed, said Romauld, " should one come between friends who have chosen to quarrel, " since swordsmanship proceeds out of friendship, like the egg from the hen ; we can't have one without the other. " These things amuse us but we agree that they are subsidiary to the structure. Mr. Moore's flawless transcript of the surface of things makes him powerful; in his reverence for himself as an artist — his willingness to " pick a thing to threads and reweave, " he is essentially the writer, interested in elegance and lucidity. The tendency to experiment with punctuation — to take away unnecessary detail that one may exhibit the meaning — is characteristic only of those who are interested in the mechanics of language and his abandoning of quotation marks perhaps necessary to an understanding of the meaning as one feels by their absence, is none the less a phase of the spirit which enables him to say, " The exception to the rule must return to the rule for fortification against eccentricity " and " she awoke suddenly though she had not been asleep. " His artificial simplicity — " corrupt simplicity " so-called — is the artificial simplicity of every fashion expert and it is not to our discredit that we like it. When in *Hail and Farewell*, he says, " We never grieve for anybody, parent or friend as we should like to grieve and are always shocked by our absentmindedness, " when he says, " The *trouvere* getting the better of the philosopher he forgot faith and reason and said : the beauty of the larches is enough, " the demure, assured quality, the ripeness as of meat well hung yet not decayed — so recognizable as to be signed without a name — is none the less expert for the consciousness of its effort to be sensational. It is the writer rather than the experiencer who says, " Life is more elaborate in its processes than we think for ; " who says of Abélard that " he never said anything twice in the same way, " who causes Abélard to say that " all similes are defective if pressed too far, " who quotes from the two gleemen: " At first our differences were slight, and it amused us to wrangle over an art that was dear to both of us ; but in the second year we wearied of our differences. " " Buried shade is a strange expression » said Héloïse and reminding one of *Avowals*, she speculates further on the refinements of language when she says, " But why, uncle, do we not write as the pagans wrote ? " Mr. Moore exhibits in his sentence structure with its echo of *The House that Jack Built*, a seventeenth century fastidiousness:

" It may seem to thee that I am talking only as the mad talk. . . But I am not talking, Abélard, I am thinking ; I am not thinking, Abélard, I am dreaming ; I am not dreaming, Abélard, I am feeling ; and in this moment I am consonant with the tree above me and the stars above the tree ; I am amid the roots of the hills. " It is only one who has analyzed the secret of emphasis who could say, " protracted farewells may be borne only by those whose hearts are cold ; " " it is always coming and going from the convent to the world, and from the world to the convent ; " and " the longer the immortality, the more perfect it becomes, time putting a patina on the bronze and the marble and. . . I think upon texts. "

Note the outcome of sober observation, the accurate, crafty transcript of human behaviour and of nature — of the veracious, intentionally conspicuous lack of sentimentality in the following characterization:

“ Of a sudden the voices ceased, and, turning her head, Héloi'se saw a short man, of square build, who, although well advanced in the thirties, still conveyed an impression of youthfulness ; for though squarely built his figure was well knit, his eyes bright, and his skin fresh and not of an unpleasing hue, brown and ruddy. The day being warm, he walked carrying his hat in his hand, looking round him pleased at the attendance, and it was this look of self-satisfaction that stirred a feeling of disrepute in Héloi'se. He seemed to her complacent and vain ; and she did not like his round head, his black hair, his slightly prominent eyes: . . . the only feature that forced an acknowledgement from her was his forehead, which was large and finely turned. . . She could not imagine Aristotle or Plato. . . or Seneca, or Virgil, or Ovid, or Tibullus. . . converging to the type that Abélard represented so prominently. . . Half an hour must have been spent in the donning of the laces at his cuffs and another in choosing the buckles of his shoes. But her criticism of his apparel was quickly swept away again by the sound of the rich, smooth, baritone voice, and this time she perceived that the voice was accompanied by an exquisite courtesy, and that the manner in which he walked addressing those who gathered about him to admire and to listen was kindly, although it was plain that though familiarity from him would be an honour he would resent it quickly in another. ” _

The account of Héloi'se's behaviour upon her second visit to the Canon more over — the intense, introspective captiousness of youth — is psychologically accurate and is one of the most close-textured, distinctive episodes in the book :
“ The Canon stopped speaking so that Héloi'se might ask him some questions that would lead to a further unwinding of a story which had begun to seem to him more inveigling than he knew it to be before he began it. But Héloise said nothing, and after waiting for a question from her, he said : where are thy thoughts? My thoughts, uncle, were — I do not know where they were. I suppose I must have been thinking. Can anyone think without words ? Ah, now I remember ; I was asking myself if Abélard's story would have revealed to me the man whom I saw and heard in the cloister. . . If thou hadst heard his story from me before seeing him ? Yes, uncle ; and her face still deep in a cloud of meditation, she confessed that it was not until she heard him in the cloister that she began to see that what she saw and heard were not two different things but one thing for he would not be himself without — Without what, niece? the Canon asked, for he was amused by Héloise's embarrassment, and to continue it he added : his beauty ? The sneer threw Héloise off her guard, and she answered that nobody could call Abélard an ugly man. A stocky little fellow, the Canon persisted. And he would have said more of the same kind if Héloise's face had not warned him not to proceed further with his teasing. He spoke instead of Abélard's forehead, which he admitted to be of the Socratic type in its amplitude ; but he averred that the likeness between the two men ceased at the forehead, for where- as Socrates was of the ascetic temperament, Abélard was by his face notably a free liver, a disparagement that seemed to Héloise like a challenge. She asked the Canon to mention a feature that would testify to the truth of this, and

the spirit of battle being upon him he could not keep back the words : his singing of French songs. You never spoke to me before of Abélard as one divided between free living and philosophy. Nor is it many minutes since you were speaking of him as the intellectual descendant of Aristotle and Plato ; your present sneers of him cannot be else than an attempt to anger me, and we would do better, mayhap, to talk of matters on which we are agreed. "

Later in the narrative, the characterization of Astrolabe — spoiled and egotistical but a child of parts — is true to the child mind and entertains us throughout. While the snare for the ducks was being woven, " he practised quacking, becoming quickly so skilful that his quacking deceived the nuns. " He wished to have a lute or a ribeck and was affronted for a day or two by being offered a pair of regals when he recovered his humour enough to ask for a gittern. " One has to learn these instruments early when one is young just as I am, else it is difficult to learn them later. But I heard thee say thou wert going to be a Crusader. Can't I be both, mother, gleeman and Crusader? " His mind was like a genie in a box demanding freedom. " And Héloïse was jealous of Abélard and asked why he should have possessed himself so completely of his offspring. "

Of equal distinction with these characterizations are Mr. Moore's descriptions of nature. The Comte de Rodeboeuf says of a parrot, " I bought a grey bird, whose wrinkled eyelid fell over an eye that seemed to know all things ; " the sense of Argenteuil's remoteness from Paris is felt and its lack of austerity, in " the nuns . . . walking in their convent garden finding ymmg spiders weaving glittering threads from spray to spray. " We have an epitome of bird life in the " tall boles rising fifty or sixty feet from the roadway, the nests in the high branches, and a great clamour about them. The wayfarers stopped to admire the parent rook crawling gingerly into the nest with some snail or grub for the squeakers within it, " in the swallows at dusk " flying more madly than ever, as if to lose a minute were a loss. " In the description of the snowstorm, we have a unified, perfectly fused fragment of atmosphere — in " the sky copper and sulphur. . . along the horizon, betokening more snow, " in " the thin wintry day, a small passage of daylight between the long nights " and " people walking in the middle of the street to avoid the drip. " Abélard's reference to his life in the monastery of Saint-Gildas remains in the mind as vividly as the longer description does of the forest — " S'aint-Gildas among the rocks where the tides are moaning always if they are not crashing. " To Madelon, discoursing of the practical properties of the oak, " Thou'rt forgetting, Madelon, the power of the oak over the mind, said Abélard ; the oak grove was the cathedral of our ancestors. Not a whit does that surprise me, said Madelon, for who can walk in these shades without awe? " Abélard remarks that " the silence of the forest is different from any other " for " the forest is never silent " and we are told how they " rode beneath the boughs not yet in full leaf, following the path as it wound through hollows, losing it and finding it amid rocks, pushing their way through thickets that seemed impenetrable at a distance but did not prove so hard to force through as they had appeared, " — of how " stooping low in their saddles, they broke through somehow, " of how Abélard " pointed to a dark ragged line of pines flowing down the northern sky " and of " the fringe of birch trees that encircled with their pallor the great district of pines that showed in

black masses over against Etampes. . . the pines rising up naked and bare some fifty or sixty feet, some straight, some leaning, in endless aisles. ” “ Like the spears, Héloi'se said, of Crusaders going into battle. ” What one does not like in Mr. Moore is not what one thinks of as one reverts to these verisimilitudes ; one honours genius which is able to spin out of itself, the fabric of its illusions. As Fulbert says : “ We must not ask more of paganism than it can give ; its gift is beauty. ”

MARIANNE MOORE

MOUNTAIN FARM

I watched the agony of a mountain farm,
a gangrenous decay;
the farm died with the pines that sheltered it;
the farm died when the woodshed rotted away.
It died to the beat of a loose board on the barn
that flapped in the wind all night;
nobody thought to drive a nail in it.
The farm died in a broken window light,
a broken pane upstairs in the double bedroom
through which the autumn rain
beat down all night on the mouldy turkey carpet;
nobody thought to putty another pane.
Nobody thought to nail a slat on the cornerib,
nobody mowed the hay; '
nobody came to mend the rotting fences.
The farm died when the two boys went away,
or lived, perhaps, till the lone old man was buried,
but after it was dead I loved it more,
though poison sumac grew in the empty pastures,
though ridgepoles fell, and though the fall winds whistled
all the night through an open and empty door.

MALCOLM COWLEY

THE RAKEOFF AND THE GETAWAY

“ Shall we come back? ” the gamblers asked.
“ If you want to, if you feel that way, ” was the answer.
And they must have wanted to,
they must have felt that way ;
for they came back,

hats pulled down over their eyes
as though the rain or the policemen
or the shadows of a sneaking scar-face Nemesis
followed their tracks and hunted them down.
“ What was the clean-up? Let’s see the rakeoff, ”
somebody asked them, looln'ng into their eyes
far under the pulled-down hat rims;
and their eyes had only the laugh of the rain in them,
lights of escape from a sneaking scare-face Nemesis
hunting their tracks, hunting them down.
Anvils, pincers, mosquitoes, anguish, raspberries,
steaks and gravy, remorse, ragtime, slang,
a woman’s looking glass to be held in the hand
for looking at the face and the face make-up,
blackwing birds fitted onto slits
of the sunsets they were flying into,
bitter green waters, clear running waters,
standing pools ringing the changes
of all the triangles of the equinoxes of the sky.
and a woman's slipper
with a tarnished buckle,
a tarnished Chinese silver buckle.
The gamblers snatched their hats off babbling,
“ Some layout—take your pick, kid. ”
And their eyes had yet in them
the laugh of the rain
and the lights of their getaway
from a sneaking scar-face Nemesis.

CARL SANDBURG

THREE UNITED STATES SONNETS

I.
when you rang at Dick Mid’s place
the madam was a bulb stuck in the door.
a fang of wincing gas showed how
hair, in two fists of shrill colour
clutched the dull volume of her tumbling face
scribbled with a big grin. her sow
eyes clicking mischief from thick lids.
the chunklike nose on which always the four
tablets of perspiration erectly sitting.
—— if they knew you at Dick Mid’s
the three trickling chins began to traipse
into the cheeks “ eet smeestare steevensun
kum een, dare ease Bet, an Leelee, an dee beeg wun’

her handless wrists did gooey severe shapes.

II.

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls
are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds
(also, with the church's protestant blessings
daughters, unscented shapeless spirited)
they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead,
are invariably interested in so many things ——
at the present writing one still finds
delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?
perhaps. \While permanent faces coyly bandy
scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D
. . . the Cambridge ladies do not care, above
Cambridge if sometimes in its box of
sky lavender and comerless, the
moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

III.

by god i want above fourteenth
fifth's deep purring biceps, the mystic screech
of Broadway, the trivial stink of rich '
frail firm asinine life
(i pant
for what's below. the singer. Wall. i want
the perpendicular lips the insane teeth
the vertical grin
give me the Square in spring.
the little barbarous Greenwich perfumed fake
And most, the futile fooling labyrinth
where noisy Colours stroll. . . and the Baboon
sniggering insipidities while. i sit, sipping
singular anisettes as. One opaque
big girl jiggles thickly hips to the canoun
but Hassan chuckles seeing the Greeks breathe).

E. E. CUMMINGS

HYMN FROM A WATERMELON PAVILION

You dweller in the dark cabin,
To whom the watermelndn is always purple,
Whose garden is wind and moon, _
Of the two dreams, night and day,
What lover, what dreamer, would choose
The one obscured by sleep?
Here is the plantain by your door

And the best cock of red feather
That crew before the clocks.
A feme may come, leaf-green,
Whose coming may give revel
Beyond revelries of sleep,
Yes, and the blackbird spread its tail,
So that the sun may speckle,
While it creaks hail.
You dweller in the dark cabin,
Rise, since rising will not waken,
And hail, cry hail, cry hail.

WALLACE STEVENS

A LAST WORD

You are lying under coffin glass today.
So soon !
It seems we must have run
through all the days,
breathlessly,
to be here — so soon.
And the winds that sped with us
down the slanting roads ——
they huddle back.
The motion, the tending,
the flight —
still like stars in deep water.
To—night you keep your tryst
with earth.
Will you remember —
in the vast ecstasies of silence —'
will you remember that other night
in April ?
And remembering, will the cool dark
thrill for you
as quiet waters thrill
at gold finch flight above them?
Oh, you must remember!
Can you hear me whisper it again —
can you —
against your coffin glass?

HEDGES

Hedges have good manners.
imposing order . . .

Things grow straight
and keep in place
and breeds don't mix.
White buds stay white
and red stay red
with no indecent streaking
. in the flower.
Cedars have room
to shape themselves rotundly . . .
There are shears for vines
that rise by easy handholds.
But even a garden remembers. . .
remembers the thick choking,
the strangling climbers
blossoming scarlet above tense quivers.
Oh, the long straight rise to the sun!
Oh, the rough winds from the snows! . . .
the trampling,
the crowding,
the wild sap,
the unhampered seeding!
Hedges have good manners. . .
things grow straight in rows.
Weak things bloom free —~
certain slow and strong things
wait the gardener's passing.

HENRY BELLAMAN



Jean Cocteau, by Jacques Lipchitz

JACQUES LIPCHITZ AND MY PORTRAIT BUST

The critics have never been able to remove a hair from my head, but Lipchitz has decapitated me . This is how the thing was done. I passed one hour every day on a platform, held rigid by the mortal cold which radiates from stone blocks and falls from the slanting window panes like a meat chopper. I buried my feet in sabots, my body in shawls and an old army coat; my head pale, as a convicted prisoner's, emerging from the disorder.

The cold hypnotized me and gave me the strange feeling of surgical operations. Thus I found myself rigid and without strength, ready to submit to the experiment. The problem was to combine light and shade in my likeness, not by copying my face and then simplifying it, nor by deforming it afterwards on the pretext of style.

I have seen the unbelievable patience necessary for taming light and bringing it within arm's reach. The task is simple enough ; it only consists in building a trap. Then the sculptor or hunter has no further worry. He lies in wait for the light, cajoles it, frightens it ; bullies it, using all the means by which one tames the most nervous animals.

But though Lipchitz, after having completely renounced the sphere — which is the dormant force and epitome of the Greek ideal — rediscovered the skeleton of architecture and recreated about it a new flesh that has, shall we say, nothing of the human figure, he yet considers the portrait bust as an ex

ceptional problem.

He avoids the monstrous. His figures, like certain painted effigies of Picasso, no longer repel as being caricatured humanity. They give us an image of the truer than the true, the real aim of the contemporary artist when he does not limit himself to simple decorative experiments.

Sculpture is an austere art. Painting is still a simulacrum. It hides its nakedness under rich colours.

The public likes to have a role reserved for it. Cubism already displeased it on account of the small opportunity it left for the collaboration of the spectator amused by the drawings.

Think of the courage of the sculptor. What are his artifices? In the case of Lipchitz, I shall point out two. The first is to distribute his masses in such a way that the statue unfolds like a facade. Mere curiosity will move the beholder to look behind. The second artifice is that the statue has a spiral development, and obliges the onlooker to go all round it. Thus the necessarily stable work — since Lipchitz renounces the trick of L'homme qm' marche — will benefit by the dynamism which this manoeuvre awakens in the beholder.

A trifling artifice compared with those which painters, musicians and poets use without the slightest dishonesty. ' '

Many artists of our group, born to be audacious, cherish certain routines. And it is in trying them and coming to grief with them that they obtain their charm. Chance perfumes these seductive works. Lipchitz, on the contrary, is consciousness itself. He goes where he wants to go. The beauty of what he is working at crowns his calculations. How many times have I seen him made ill when an indiscreet lady visitor has been looking for the likeness in one of his guitarists — regular buildings inhabited from top to bottom by a soul. Therefore a fresh problem presents itself to Lipchitz the portraitist, since he never does things by halves. Neither the cast, the stylization nor the monstrousness. What remains ? A hunt for light more difficult than writing different sentences with the right and left hand. A terrible hunt with all kinds of small arms, silences, unheard of halts.

The two quarries draw near ; light first. It lies down and allows itself to be caressed. After comes likeness.

The capture of likeness was a very long affair. Brusquely, like the effect of a drug on the organism, it came from all sides. It was captured. And the day in which the two savage beasts understood each other to perfection and became domestic animals, Lipchitz decapitated me.

JEAN COCTEAU

IMPROVISATIONS I LIGHTS AND SNOW

I.

The girl in the room beneath
aBefore going to 'bed
-Strums softly on a 'mandolin
'The three simple tunes she knows.
:How inadequate they are to tell what her heart feels!
»When --she ~has :finished 5 them several times
'She-thrumSvthe-strings softly with her fingernails
TAnd :smilew, and thinks happily of many things.

II.

I .stood for a long while before the shop window
Looking at the blue butterflies embroidered on tawnysilk.
The building .was a tower before me, '
Time was 'loud behind me,
.Sun went over the housetops and dusty trees.
And there they were, glistening, brilliant, motionless,
Stitched in a golden sky
By yellow patient fingers long since turned to dust.

III.

On the day when my uncle and I drove to the cemetery
Rain rattled on the roof of the carriage;
And talking constrainedly of this and that
We refrained from looking at the child's coffin
the seat before us.

When we reached the cemetery,
We found that the thin snow on the grass
Was already half transparent with rain,
And boards had been laid upon it
So that we might walk without wetting our feet.

IV.

When I was a boy, and saw bright rows of icicles
In many lengths along a wall,
I was disappointed to find
That I could not play music upon them:
I ran my fingers lightly across them
And they fell, tinkling.
I tell you this, young man, so that your expectations
Of life will not be too great.

V.

It is now two hours since I left you,
And the perfume of your hands is still on my hands.
And though, since then,

I have looked at the stars, walked in the cold blue streets,
And heard the dead leaves blowing over the ground
Under the trees,
I still remember the sound of your laughter. . .
How will it be, lady, when there is none to remember you
Even as long as this?
Will the dust "braid your hair?"

VI.

The day opens with the brown light of snowfall
And past the window snowflakes fall and fall.
I sit in my chair all day and work and work
Measuring words against each other.
I open the piano and play a tune
But find it does not say what I feel,
I grow tired of, measuring delicate words against each other,
I grow tired of these four walls,
And I think of you, who write me that you have just had a daughter,
And named her after your first sweetheart;
And you, who break your heart, far away,
In the dullness and savagery of a long war;
And you, who, worn by the bitterness of winter,
Will soon go South. . .
The snowflakes fall almost straight in the brown light
Past my window,
And a sparrow finds refuge on my window-ledge.
This alone comes to me out of the world outside
As I measure word with word.

VII.

Many things perplex me and leave me troubled,
Many things are locked away in the white book of stars
Never to be opened by me.
The starred leaves are silently turned,
And the mooned leaves ;
And as they are turned fall the shadows of life and death. . .
Perplexed and troubled, '
I light a small light in a small room,
The lighted walls come closer to me,
The familiar pictures are clear.
I sit in my favourite chair and turn in my mind
The tiny pages of my own life, whereon so little is written,
And hear at the eastern window the pressure of a long wind, coming
From I know not where.
How many times have I sat here.
How many times will I sit here again,
Thinking these same things over and over in solitude
As a child says over and over
The first word he has learned to say!

VIII.

This girl gave her heart to me,
And this, and this;
This one looked at me as if she loved me,
And silently walked away.
This one I saw once, and loved, and saw her never again.
Shall I count them for you upon my fingers?
Or like a priest solemnly sliding beads?
Or-pretend they are roses, pale pink, yellow, and white,
And arrange them for you in a wide bowl
To be set in sunlight? ',
See how nicely it sounds as I count them for you ——
' This girl gave her heart to me,
And this, and this! . . '

And nevertheless my heart breaks when I think of them,
When I think their names,
And how, like leaves, they have changed and blown
And will lie at last, pitifully forgotten,
Under the snow. '

IX.

It is night-time, and cold, and snow is falling,
And no wind grieves the walls.
In the small circle of light around the arc-lamp
A swarm of snow-flakes falls and falls.
The street grows silent. The last stranger passes,
And the sound of his feet in the snow is indistinct.
What old sadness is it, on a night like this,
Takes possession of my heart?
Why do I think of a camellia tree in a southern garden
With pink blossoms among dark leaves,
Standing surprised in the snow?
And why do I think of spring?
The snowflakes, delicately veering,
Fall silently past my window ;
They come from darkness and enter darkness.
What is it in my heart is surprised and bewildered
Like that camellia tree,
Beautiful still in its glittering anguish? . . .
And spring so far away!

X.

As I walked through the lamplit gardens
On the thin white crust of snow
So intensely was I thinking of my. misfortune,
So clearly were my eyes fixed
On the face of this grief which has come to me;
That I did not notice the beautiful pale coloring

Of lamplight on the snow;
Nor the interlaced long blue shadows of trees;
And yet these things were there,
And the White lamps, and orange lamps, and lamps of lilac were there,
As I have seen them so often before;
As they will be so often again
Long after my grief is forgotten.
And still, though I know this, and say this, it cannot console me.

XI.

How many times have we been interrupted
Just as I was about to make up a story for you! . . .
One time it was because We suddenly saw a firefly
Lighting his green lantern among the boughs of a fir-tree. .
Marvellous ! marvellous! He is making for himself
A little tent of light in the darkness! . .
And one time it was because we saw a lilac lightning~flash
Run wrinkling into the blue top of a mountain, —
We heard boulders of sound rolling down upon us,
And the plat-plat of drops on the window,
And we ran to watch the rain
Charging in wavering white clouds across the long grass of the field. . .
Or at other times it was because we saw a star
Slipping easily out of the sky, and falling, far off,
Among pine-dark hills ;
Or because we found a crimson evet
Darting in the cold grass !—
These things interrupted us, and left us wondering;
And the stories, whatever they might have been,
Were never told. . .
A fairy binding a daisy down and laughing?
A golden-haired princess caught in a cobweb P
A love-story of long ago .7 . .
Some day, just as we are beginning again,
Just as we blow the first sweet note,
Death itself will interrupt us.

XII.

Like an old tree uprooted by the wind
And flung down cruelly
With roots bared to the sun and stars,
And fading leaves brought to earth ——
Torn from its house ——
So do I seem to myself
When you have left me.

CONRAD AIKEN

THE TECHNIQUE OF JACQUES LIPCHITZ

At the beginning of his career Jacques Lipchitz executed works which were distinguished by their artistic maturity. With rapid strides he advanced to wards that complete grasp of form which is the final aim of all artists haunted by the ideal of perfection. Enamoured of harmony, he eliminated anatomic details, simplified his technique and circumscribed his figures within the limits of the oval or the sphere. He seemed thus to conform to the principles which govern modern sculpture in France, and cultivated with rare skill those artisan virtues which have sufficed to place among the masters a large number of second rate artists. But as soon as he foresaw the danger to his art from the breaking up of the plastic equilibrium, Jacques Lipchitz attempted a rehabilitation. To the spherical form, which was the essential basis of his work, he added the cubic formula. Light, hitherto distributed gradually Over the volumes, modulated like painted surfaces, now exaggerates the differentiation of the planes in space. In eliminating from his works the spherical forms which might lessen the specifically spatial character of his sculpture, Lipchitz expresses depth, not by movement but by contrast of direction. His art is objective and self-sufficient. It excludes all sentimental relation between the statue and the spectator. It is characterized by the preponderance of the cubic element. The hermetic character of Lipchitz has been much discussed. Are the statues dehumanized a priori and stripped of all emotional content? We do not think so. But the artist, having decided to construct architectural unities, found it necessary to convert into uniform plastic elements the constituent parts of the heterogeneous bodies which he represented. Thus the hair, the flesh, and the draperies of a stone woman, instead of being differentiated realistically, form an homogenous organism, determined by the laws of the medium out of which they are created. Each fragment of such a work though incorporated in the whole, has assigned to it a special role independent of its representative value. On the other hand, this principle of economy imposes on the artist certain constructive processes such as the interpenetration of adjoining planes, whose object is to reduce to the minimum repetitions in the body. In binding contiguous masses Jacques Lipchitz achieves organic unity. The need for full expression has always been one of his gravest preoccupations. Lipchitz's statues mean nothing but themselves. They are accessible only to those who show themselves capable of disassociating the plastic from the representative element, those who appreciate a work of art exclusively for artistic reasons.

(no author; pages missing)

STARS AT TALLAPOOSA

The lines are straight and swift between the stars.
The night is not the cradle that they cry,
The criers, undulating the deep-oceaned phrase.
The lines are much too dark and much too sharp.
The mind herein attains simplicity. -
There is no moon, no single, silvered leaf.
The body is no body to be seen
But is an eye that studies its black lid.
Let these be your delight, secretive hunter,
Wading the sea-lines, moist and ever—mingling,
Mounting the earth-lines, long and lax, lethargic.
These lines are swift and fall without diverging.
The melon-flower nor dew nor web of either
Is like to these. But in yourself is like:
A sheaf of brilliant arrows flying straight,
Flying and falling straightway for their pleasure,
Their pleasure that is all bright-edged and cold ;
Or, if not arrows, then the nimblest motions,
Making recoveries of young nakedness
And the lost vehemence the midnights hold.

WALLACE STEVENS

WASTE

Dawn is like a broken honeycomb
Spilling over the waxen edges of the clouds
That drip with light.
Spires, swarming up the mauve mist,
Reach their rosy tips
Like little pointed tongues
First about a shining platter,
And every window is a brazier
That cups the living gold.
Even the squat chimneys
Rooting heaven
Catch the sun upon their snouts
And keep it balancing. . .
Only my heart,
Likela splintered vase,
Is envious of the light
It cannot hold.

LOLA RIDGE

SUNSET

stinging
gold swarms
upon the spires
silver
chants the litanies the
great bells are ringing with rose
the lewd fat bells
and a tall
wind
is dragging
the
sea
with
dream
-s

E. E. CUMMINGS

FABLE

A knight lay dead in Senlac:
One white raven stood
Where his breast-bone showed a crack:
She dipped her beak in blood.
The old man's lean and carven head
Was severed under the chin:
The raven's beak was varnished red
Where the veins ran small and thin.
Empty sockets sucked the light
Where the great gold eyes had shone:
O, but the raven's eyes were bright
With fire she supped upon!
The old man's beard was ravelled up
In stiff and webby skeins:
From his broad skull's broken cup
The raven sipped his brains.
Insensate with that burning draught
Her feathers turned to flame:
Like a cruel silver shaft
Across the sun she came.
She flew straight into God's house;
She drank the virtuous air.
A knight lay dead: his gutted brows
Gaped hollow under his hair.

ELINOR WYLLIE

NIKE

(On reading H. D.)

You, on a sea-rock, swift through the dawn

In the emptiness of morning:

Harsher, ‘

More beautiful than the light which blinded your stone eyes,

Your face, upraised.

Was it joy that killed you,

Or was the small cold ivory flower,

You held against your breast,

Too white ?

EVELYN SCOTT

FOURTH OF JULY FIRE CRACKERS

The heat wave has been slowly swelling — for many many days.

It is a monstrous wicked heat — assaulting the body, stupefying the mind.

Instead of air a thick foul substance chokes the lungs.

— It is night. Millions and millions of people keep swarming and crawling about — listlessly — dazed with heat. There are dark rings under the eyes of children and adults alike ; and their cheeks are turned sallow. In the steam heat of summer (after the steam heat of winter in tiny cooped up rooms and offices) all freshness and all color have oozed out of them — all bloom has vanished. . . '

Now they inhale the dust, the filth, the smoke, the suffocating fumes of gasoline. Everywhere their sweating bodies are being crushed together — their elbows touch — their breaths mingle. In the streets; in the cars that shake and jolt and throw them hither and thither, banging and clanging, dashing and crashing along — underfoot, overhead, on the surface - with their snarling heat crazed nervous motormen ; in the long long lines where they stand waiting, on tired SWollen feet, for their turn on the busses ; on the benches in the city squares where they sit close together in straight rows like herrings or beads on a string — forming a human fringe instead of flowers for the mangy yellowing plots of grass ; in the soda fountain places where, in the intolerable dead white glare, they sit dangling their legs on high stools and swallow iced things in a hurry — to make room for others pushing from behind. This strong white glare, this screaming light of signs and arc-lamps, of stores and movie halls intensifies the heat. . .

And everywhere — everywhere — the bodies packed — the human numbers.

On the harbor ferries, on the river steamers, on the outing coaches, on the strips of beaches soiled with rubbish, papers, food; in “ amusement ” parks. Ev

everywhere America's creation: the Crowd — the crowd life — the crowd unit. Everywhere the crowd sensations and crowd tendencies. Crowds that have learned to model both their toil and their "amusement", their toil and relaxation, on the brutal extremes of the climate — taking refuge from its strain in "strenuous" stimulants of insane noise, fierce glares and lights, incessant motion.

Along the river the heat is smothering as in the streets downtown. Without a pause the busses and the motor cars spin, whirr and rumble past — without a pause the strong flash of their headlights strikes the eyes that long for peace and darkness. Without a pause the millions shove and saunter up and down. To fumes and dust and odors there is added the irritating pungent powder smell of fireworks on the other bank.

— The brain is drugged. But now and then it acts — with little sudden spurts, with nervous jerks of thought that seem to make a bit of crackling noise of pungent smoke — like rockets.

And all around, from thousands of lips, bastard sounds reach the ear. Hybrid mixtures of a score of tongues. — And these dishonored crippled tongues, this verbal patchwork, this absence of pure speech, offends the ear. It longs for a clean language as the soul and body long for a clean breeze.

Melting-pot sounds and melting-pot crowds, melting-pot conditions and melting-pot minds. . . The heterogeneous, the fluctuating, the promiscuous.

— It will not last forever, of course.

In they go — under the huge American steam roller — driven by the High Almighty Twins called Dollar and Democracy. In they go — to be flattened into useful gray concrete: the Average. In they go —

This being the Fourth of July, allowance must be made for "loyalty".

But even on other nights at the open air concert, we rise, obedient, compelled to have a national hymn forced down our throats as an appetizer to the Eroica or Pathetique. . .

How this race has faith in advertising!

Shriek it into their ears — flash it before their eyes — rub it into them — make 'em take it, no matter what — laxatives or "patriotism." Advertise it — advertise! Tell 'em over and over again: this is the "greatest -that-ever-was-undertaking in the national line" — get your goods here — all guaranteed — none better. —

I scan the program. All music on it that is music comes, of course, from that benighted European world. Ye "over there" — except in times of war hysteria — they do not advertise a national "concern". They do not start a program of great music by dinning into you some fact that has nothing to do with music. They do not see the link, the logical connection, between a patriotic statement and an art event.

Perhaps it is because they do not fear to be forgotten or ignored or held in disrespect — being present on their programs in the form of musical creation. . .

Perhaps — when America in her turn brings forth Eroicas, she will be able to dispense with forcing "love and loyalty" down alien throats. . .

Of course, it works — this advertising.

Being loud and crude it takes effect on what is loud and crude: the Crowd

and Crowd Mind — unformed and wavering. The Crowd is like a little child stretching out its hand toward all that glares and dangles and makes noises. Children and crowds are easily imposed !

— The sweating, crushed and sweltering millions — not even on this night shall they be let alone. The new “ Science, ” the great “ Art ” of Advertising claim attention — and never mind the temperature!

In the Name of the Dollar, the Ever Rolling, Ever Restless; in the Name of Democracy, knowing the value (in cash) of the Man in the Street — advertise! Advertise your foods and fads and follies, your trouser belts and cigarettes and pills and pins and peaches, your morals, movies and machines — and advertise, above all advertise your substitutes! — Your “ just-as-goods ” —.

Just—as-goods for wine and sugar, coffee, butter — just-as-goods for eatables and drinkables — for peace and for passion, for beauty and for laughter. — Advertise your just-as-goods for Life: the Dollar and Democracy...

The Crowd will take them. The Crowd takes anything.

“ Whottayewant ? ”

The sales “ lady ” throws it at me from a distance. Then, as I stand silent, waiting, approaches with reluctant steps.

She has been under the steam roller. Has come from under it — as chockful of the little liberties as an almond bar is of almonds. She, too, is “ just as good ” as anybody.

No — she is not. She is better than I am. For she has, or thinks she has, more cash. She has started to “ size me up ” at once.

According to our modern female custom she looks, first, at my feet.

Once upon a time the soul was believed to be lodged in the diaphragm; since then it has descended to the pedic extremities — at least as far as women are concerned.

Then her glance travels slowly up the skirt — then higher; missing no item of my wearing apparel. But it stops at the face. With mouth or eyes (except in regard to make-up) it has nothing to do. . .

The result of her investigation is not satisfactory. I wear no French or Chinese instruments of torture; and my clothes do not evidence an earning capacity of any interest. So she treats me accordingly. .

For to her has been given the new American crowd mind — to her have been accorded the many little liberties. The little liberties — ‘ which are mistaken for the one great freedom. The concrete liberties contained in laws, in “ rights ”, in jobs, in opportunity for practical experiments with a view to bread and butter. What have such things to do with freedom — which is a state of mind, which is an attitude, an atmosphere?

Where the atmosphere is one of narrow orthodox autocracy, of strict conformity to certain rules of conduct, certain modes of thinking, certain ways of acting — no laws or rights or jobs will give you “ freedom. ” Freedom, the essential part of it, is too ethen'al, too subtly pervading and evading a thing to be caught in written concrete regulations.

The pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. . .

Yes. Provided that “ life, that liberty, that happiness, ” are of a certain preconceived type I The type allowing, not for the presence, but for the absence of Thought — of Art —.

Absence of Art is the proof of Absence of Freedom. For where there is Freedom — for the mind, the soul, for self manifestation, for spiritual beside the practical experiments, and for creative emotion — there Art must grow. — Europe had freedom — but no liberties. America had liberties — no freedom. It is best to have both —
But if you must choose —
The Crowd Mind chooses liberties, of course. “ Whottayewant ? ”
Meanwhile the Lady on her little island lifts her torch.
Liberties — ye Nations of the Earth!
Liberties — “ as advertised ”. . .
The heat is paralyzing. The millions move and move —
Sky rockets — thought flashes —
I, too, dangle legs on a stool, swallow iced things in a hurry, in the fierce white glare. Everywhere electric fans are whirring, humming, turning, blowing. They, too, are substitutes. They stir the foul thick air — always the same foul air — to create the illusion of a clean fresh breeze full of ozone. Just as perpetual motion in the same dull spot creates the illusion of change. Just as the adulterated food of sensationalism creates the illusion of psychic nourishment.

But, of course, the fans are a blessing — for those that cannot get the real air —
It is all a matter of living unanymistically”, of being a crowd thing, a thing of averages — compromises —
And that again is a matter of “ central plants ”.
You love fire, the living golden flame? We shall give you radiators.
We shall regulate your heat supply in dead gray pipes of iron. Useful, labor saving and convenient.
You love air? Deep cooling draughts of it into the lungs? We shall give you wire screens and ventilators, we shall speak of cubic inches and statistics, we secure to every democrat a certain average of comfort — neither less — nor more —
You love the feel of soil under your feet? We shall give you asphalt in our parks, boardwalks on our sea shores.
You want knowledge, food for mind and soul ? See our dinner tables !
See the many little plates and dishes — one for bread and one for butter, one for salad, one for meat, one for rice, one for beets, one for squashes, one for every one of many things (for we live well!). And now you pick a little here, you take a taste of this, a lick of that, a spoonful of each or a sip. An average small portion of a score of kinds of food — an average little bit of information on a score of subjects. We teach as we eat: democratically —
And now then — you want “ life and liberty and happiness? ” We shall give you regulation quantities and regulation qualities from central plants. . .
We shall give you averages of “ virtue ”. Useful and convenient! — And you want direct contacts — with flame and soil and air — with human life? We shall lead “ life ” to you — in iron pipes. . .

It is not the broad lines that count, but the details.
It is the small, often imponderable things, the tiny strokes and dots and dashes that decide of wrong and right ; that have wrecking or redeeming power.

It is the little acts, shades of behavior, aspect, attitude. It is the thousand little traits together, the daily incidents, the " atmosphere " that tell one what an individual is — a nation is —

The American world — which is the crowd world — has no sense of detail, no interest in detail, no love for it. Detail is the artist's affair ; not the crowd's. The American spectacle; to keep its glamor, must be seen from afar. Its effect is calculated on distance. An effect of things " en masse ".

But the American spectacle is no longer bounded geographically. Nor politically — as an aspiration of certain " rights ". It has become — indeed, T. R! — alas, T. R! — a state of mind. And as such it is everywhere — in Europe — in Japan — and soon among the South Pole penguins.

Call it America, Democracy, the Crowd Mind, Rule and Worship of the Average, the Lower Middle Class Condition — names do not matter. It is the Spirit of Numbers as over against the Spirit. It is the spirit that believes in advertising and in advertising values; in anything that you can din into the ears of " numbers

Build your advertising around " anything. " Then build your civilization around advertising.

In Hoe Signe — avantil

Thus says the Crowd, the million-headed metropolitan and continental monster — from whom Nature is taken away — to whom Culture is not given.

But instead of Nature and of Culture the three substitutes:

Liberties, Conveniences and Information.

Just as good —

EMMY VERONICA SANDERS

THREE PORTRAITS

I. PIANIST

ta

ppin

toe

hip

popot

amus Back

gen

teel-ly

lugu

bri ous

eyes

LOOPTHELOOP

as

fathandsbangrag

II. CARITAS

the skinny voice

of the leatherfaced
woman with the crimson
nose and coquettishly
cocked bonnet
having ceased the
captain
announces that as three
dimes seven nickels and ten
pennies have been deposited upon
the drum there is need
of just twenty five cents
dear friends
to make it an even
dollar whereupon
the Divine Average who was
attracted by the inspired
sister's howling moves
off'
will anyone tell him why he should
blow two bits for the coming of Christ Jesus
?
? ?
? ? ?
!
nix, kid

III. ARTHUR WILSON

as usual i did not find him in cafes, the more dissolute atmosphere
of a street superimposing a numbing imperfectness upon such peri
grinations as twilight spontaneously by inevitable tiredness of flang
ing shop-girls impersonally affords furnished a soft first clue to
his innumerable whereabouts violet logic of annihilation demon
strating from woolworthian pinnacle a capable millenium of faces
meshing with my curiously instant appreciation exposed his hiber
native contours, '
aimable immensity impeccably extending the courtesy of five o'clock
became the omen of his prescience it was spring by the way in
the soiled canary-cage of largest existence. ,
(when he would extemporise the innovation of muscularity upon the
most crimson assistance of my comforter a click of deciding glory
inflicted t0 the negative silence that primeval exposure whose elec
tric solidity remembers some accurately profuse scratchings in a
recently discovered cave, the carouse of geometrical putrescence
whereto my invariably commendable room had been forever subject
his Earliest word wheeled out on the sunny dump of oblivion)
a tiny dust finely arising at the integration of my soul i coughed
, naturally.

E. E. CUMMINGS

AFTER AND BEYOND DADA

Art continues to be a losing proposition, financially, in Paris as well as in Chicago or New York. Let us have done with the old-fashioned slogan that American papas have always chanted I "A young man has got to be self-supporting". The significant books of the spring season in France have been published, largely at their authors' expense ; while the Pierre Benois, the Binet-Valmers, the Léon Daudets, continue to draw fat salaries.

France, possessing splendid youthful material, is undergoing a dangerous period of bigotry, chauvinism, intolerance. Her younger artists and writers are driven to the wall for a moment. But the battle is always more exhilarating here ; there is more surplus youthful truculence to enlist, and the intransigent minority gives least quarter . . .

The appearance of three or four new books by the younger and less tradition-bound of the French writers is an indication of a renewed lease of life after the demise of Dada. There is no doubt that the more forceful and spirited young men were intrigued for several years by the Dada affair. After much argument over the feeble pulse and the attenuated heart beats of the expiring " movement ", Messrs. Philippe Soupault, Louis Aragon, and Paul Eluard, once staunch adherents, publish new books which they would have written Dada or no Dada. " Dada has run its course, has served its purpose, " they say in effect. " It was very exciting while it lasted, but it is about time to have done with it. "

Through bombast, dynamite, blague, vilification, impertinence much headway had been made against the unwholesome tendency of present-day France to develop within its own past, to produce within the limits set by the gods of the 19th century, to grow, in short, like an ingrown toe-nail. The hunt is now on for " purity " of form and content, while expressing the distinctive modern attitude developed in post-war Europe. Among the drastic young writers this attitude is negation (you believe in neither God nor country) and thanks to negation, a ridiculous credulousness in ever so many trivial and touching things is vaunted, an inclination toward the idiotic mirth provided by the rushing crowded cacaphony of modern existence. The writer arms himself with new material. There is no logical direction or growth. It is rather that many unexpected zones of experience have been discovered to him within the monstrous expansion of human activity, and he is concerned for the moment with reaching for and gathering these impressions, being cognitive rather than selective.

An instance of this search for fresh booty is the strong leaning for purely American elements in the new literature. The contemporary American flora and fauna are collected, in an arbitrary fashion, out of the inimitable films, the newspaper accounts, the jazz band, on the hunch that the world is on its way

to being Americanized in the next two decades. Although the quality of the new poetry is so formidably different from its predecessors, as to be distracting, the play of the intellect is dominant — intellect, of course, freed from the syllogism as well as from empiricism, therefore naked plundering intellect, in astonishing encounters and adventures.

Westwego Philippe Soupault's new book, is a single poem of some four hundred lines. The new "cultural elements", as an archaeologist would term them, are introduced with the soft pedal. Their novelty does not divert the attention from the extraordinary freshness and simplicity of his manner. Employing the medium of free verse as he does, there is no shock of the bizarre as in Paul Morand or Cocteau, where the exotic is painfully hunted for. The quick insolent mind of Soupault springs into laughter that is neither of sophistication nor of naivete. But best of all he retains with his new media the gift of song :

*sur les bords de la Tamise
un beau matin de février
trots anglais en bras de chemise
s'égaillaient à chanter
tron la la tron la la tron la Zaire*

This lyric which occurs in the course of the long poem is reminiscent of the most delicious and most nonsensical of his Chansons, still unpublished. One thinks of Blake because Soupault's French verses almost suggest the tonic English accent. The spoken word here achieves its utmost vigor and purity with an ease that is happy and unlaboured.

*Mary Daisy Poppy
petites flammes
dans ce bar sans regard. ..
marchons pour être sots
courrons pour être gais
rions pour être froids*

Soupault's images are the products of sophisticated senses, but they produce no jarring reverberations and their cerebral character is scarcely perceptible:

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*Je me promenais à Londres un été
les pieds brillants et le cœur dans les yeux
près des murs noirs près des murs rouges
près des grands docks
Où les policemen geignent
sont piqués comme des points d'interrogations*

Westwego should be read at one sitting in fifteen minutes. It is too simple and limpid to be translated, too sustained to be quoted from. Its only apparent weakness is its closeness to the Apollinaire of Alcools and Caligrammes, the "voyageur, voyageur !" and the ever changing panorama of the globe-trotter.

At that Guillaume Apollinaire was far more uneven. \With the same impulsive equipment he fell more frequently into mediocre writing which the more scrupulous Soupault fails to disclose. Philippe Soupault is significant in that he formulates tendencies in poetry toward which Apollinaire groped spontaneously. Philippe Soupault may never reach America despite his great urge to visit the United States. However, we may never have quite the same expatriated American note that tinkles in certain of the younger French poets. The work of Paul Eluard in *Repetitions* undergoes evolutions toward one of its later stages — perfection; at least for those who are familiar with his earlier work. His curiously crystalized poems are a strange outgrowth among the common garden flowers. From the exaggerated air of detachment, all the way to the faultless typographical arrangement of each poem on the printed page it is a provoking, an arresting book. Eluard has worked exquisitely deep into his own corner, into his personal idiom. Here, poetry is no more representative or descriptive than a Lipschitz sculpture. The formal aspects of the poems are as thought-provoking as the imagist recordings of Amy Lowell are boring. The poet ceases to be Nature's stenographer. The Eluard method is fascinating: to take banal phrases, words that occur a thousand times in daily speech and juxtapose them into patterns of contrast, harmony, obliqueness, etc. The manner is deliberate enough, and is carried off with great deftness.

LA MORT DANS LA CONVERSATION

Qui a votre visage

La bonne et la mauvaise

La belle imaginable

Gymnastique d l'infini

De'fbassant en mouvements

Les couleurs et les baisers

Les grands gestes la unit.

Poetry for poetry's sake, you will say. Poetry becomes a sort of mad ' mathematic with Eluard At intense moments he attains a brilliance and volume that is not of science. But more often the line of thought is mechanical, tortured and tragic. A characteristic passage is : “ The sacrificed make a gesture which means nothing amid the lace-work of all the other gestures, imaginary, of five or six, toward the place of repose where there is no one. Agreed that they have taken refuge in the naked branches of a desperate politeness, tree-tops, clipped by gusts of wind. Take, cords of life. Could you take more liberties ? ” Or this :

SOLEIL TREMBLANT

Signal vide et signal d l'éventail d'horloge'

Aux caresses unies d'une main sur le ciel

Aux oiseaux entrouvrant le livre des aveugles

Et d'une aile après l'autre entre cette heure et l'autre

Dessinant l'horizon faisant tourner les ombres

Qui limitent le monde quand l'ai les yeux baissés

Paul Eluard attains full growth in this, his fourth volume of poems. The daring method of his earlier work attracted comment, amazement, mockery. Despite the perfection of *Repetitions*, it, like Soupault's book is received silently in Paris, where Paul Morand's *Ouvert la Nuit* has just gone through twenty (20) editions in three weeks. '

"It only remains for Eluard to fire a revolver at his poetic talent," said Tzara. The domain of pure poetry contracts, indeed, with every fresh raid, into narrower and narrower confines.

If poetry is approaching its incommensurable limits, prose is merely beginning to open its eagle wings and "mew its mighty youth". It is becoming clear that a novel need not absolutely have a social message nor a short story have a plot in order to be artistic. It is just as possible to dispense with these elements as to use them admirably.

Of two new books published by the *Nouvelle Revue Françoise* the one, Paul Morand's *Ouvert la Nuit*, proves my thesis negatively, the other, *Télémaque* by Louis Aragon, positively. Morand seeking this time to outdo Conrad in romantic adventure, in shifting panorama, bizarre cafes in Constantinople or Berlin, and throbbing modernity in the dining cars of the *Compagnie des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens*, appeals to a large audience, his book being disseminated in thoroughly American fashion with a pink jacket reproducing the laudatory press comments. The "modern" note is attempted by means of harsh metallic phrases which reverse habitual thought associations. The disagreeable aspect of Morand is his pretension of style by virtue of the impurities of language which he resorts to. The press critics have spoken eloquently enough of his "modernity". His is, at any rate, a much more vicious tendency than that of Pierre Benoit. Blah! Give us more Zane Grey.

Louis Aragon in *Télémaque*, a type of "roman poétique", has made a considerable advance upon his first precocious novel, *Anicet*. *Télémaque* has swift movement, is rich in incident, and its characters are accomplished personages who speak in an exalted and floridly-figured diction; but these elements are vehicles for the poet. In the negation of all beliefs the mind voyages through many troubling moods and planes of complete bereftness of the tangible universe. The conceptions of time and extension vanish before the impassioned questioning of the poet, and memories of distinct trivial wounding moments return. There are lovely recitatives of this type discovered in a succession of bottles found at sea which interrupt the progression of the "novel". For Aragon, the language yields too easily, falls too felicitously into broad and luxurious chords. In Joyce's *Ulysses* there are flights of language and innovations in the technique of prose which stimulate reflection upon the ultimate destiny of the prose novel. *Ulysses* is an eloquent and disorganized masterpiece. *Télémaque* a far smaller book is written with an equal fertility of styles, in turn insolent, cerebral, florid and euphuistic. The book observes an intrinsic organization, from which it breaks at the end upon a note of complete abandon — the agonized escape of the mind.

The spectacle of French letters in the City of Light rolls on. The Prix Goncourt and the other Prix Balzac-Bazaharofl, Catulle Mendes, etc. come and go. If we are to have literary subsidies in America, Heaven preserve us from such scenes as attended the donation of the all important Prix Goncourt where the vote was so evenly divided that three or four novels appeared with jackets that brazenly announced how closely the author had come to clutching the coveted prize. The award was finally tendered a negro. Rene Maran, for his Batouala which subsequently swam into the enormous publicity and circulation which attends the award of this soiled prize. The book is a polemic on the eternally stupefying race question, with suitable tracts of horror and debauchery. Mr. Ezra Pound finds occasion to chuckle over the fact that the Prix Goncourt novel of 1922 will never get through the American mails. It is, nevertheless, much sadder than that. Americans may Well be spared this crowned book which is as doctrinaire as a Woodrow Wilson note, and of less artistic merit. The significant writing of this generation in France is more likely to be welcomed in New York than in official Paris in its present frame of mind.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

COMMENT

THE manner or DOCTOR CALIGARI

I don't like this film. Why?

Because it is a film of misapprehension.

Because it is a film that casts discredit on all modern Art.

Because it is hybrid, hysterical, unwholesome.

Because it is not cinema.

Film of misapprehension because it is faked and dishonest. _

Casts discredit on modern Art because the discipline of modern painters (cubist) is not the hypersensibility of madmen but equilibrium, intensity, and mental geometry.

Hybrid, hysterical, unwholesome because it is hybrid, hysterical, unwhole some (vive the cow boys!)

Is not cinema because:

1.-The pictorial deformations are only tricks (new modern conventions) ;

2. real characters in unreal sets;

3. the deformations are not optical and do not depend on the angle of taking, nor on the objective, nor on the lens, nor on the focus;

4. there is never any unity;

5. theatrical ;

6. movement but no rhythm;

7. no purification of the technique, all the effects obtained by the aid of means belonging to painting, music, literature, etc. ONE IS NEVER AWARE OF THE CAMERA. ,

8. sentimental and not visual;

9. good photography, good lighting, superexcellent acting.

IO. Good business.

BLAISE CENDRARS

The short review of Dr. Caligari's Cabinet given above provides a curious contrast to the reaction of most American modern artists and critics to the same film. It is not an isolated French opinion, but is typical of the attitude of contemporary modern French artists. We heard half-a-dozen times : " A third grade American movie is better than this. "

The explanation is partly due to the sharp demarcation between scientific French post-impressionism and intuitional German expressionism and partly is owing to the American presbyopia when the art products of his own country are in question. Cendrars only differs from many in that his dislike is explicit, due to 'his having directed films himself. -

Nevertheless, the French public thronged the house nightly, even though Philippe Soupault, representing the erst-while Dadaists, alone of critics saw fit to praise it.

The Book of American Negro Poetry. Edited by JAMES WELDON JOHNSON (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York).

Harlem Shadows by CLAUDE MACKAY (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York).

Though Mr. Johnson claims too much for his coloured kinsmen, and in his preface comes near to attributing to them the best in American poetry, he has nevertheless . compiled an anthology which has every right to exist. The poets represented run from Paul Lawrence Dunbar to moderns like Fenton Johnson and Claude McKay. The principal characteristics of this poetry, much of which is written in the negro dialect, are a very simple directness, a Salvation Army kind of Christianity which sometimes become maudlin, and a certain childishness. Mr. Johnson rebuts this charge of childishness levelled against the negro, but it exhales from this anthology, and is often indeed one of its charms. The first and best characteristic, that of simple directness, is to be found in only a few of the poems. Mr. Johnson in his preface goes so far as to say that the negro has been " the creator of the only things artistic that have sprung from American soil and have been universally acknowledged as distinctive American products. " Such overstatements weaken the effect of his interesting preface. Mr. Claude McKay in his volume Harlem Shadows shows to much better advantage than he does in the selections made the anthology of Negro poetry. There the editor has stressed the verses dedicated to race antagonism. McKay's purely lyrical talent is seen at its best in such simple touching pictures as the Easter Flowers On Broadway, The City's Love. _

RHYTHMUS

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SOLITAIRE

Louis Grudin

She hung from his arm like a slain snake, while he stared
through the waves of evening for her wake; like an
oracle over a fowl, he studied her circlings.
He kissed her like one reverently inhaling a rose; and his
mind awoke in a drawing room, slipping over the waxed
floor reflecting his careful legs.

Her eyes climbed his breast as through a thicket, and their
arms at last lit an incense, till the odor of their love
made a square room against the night that had followed
them ; the odor of their love lifted, betrayed them ; night
regarded their mouths and stepped over them gingerly.

His face had craned in the morning like a plucked cock who
crowed for his absent victor; his eyes had flattened
against his eyes as against a brute in the arena; he had
lifted the rag of his face as one cooling his wounds in
an alien dawn; a circle of little shaking thieves had
flattered his face into a suave clown; and their laughter
made a twilight about him wherein they pilfered,
slightly ill at ease.

He had wiped his face, to find the heavily clever smile of
a subtle beggar; he shrugged his shoulders like one who
had born a stupid child.

He thought that by waving his arms he could wake the sky
that hung across him; he tried various incantations; he
rolled up his sleeves and strode about challenging the
air from which his ghosts and demons had vanished too
nimble; he tampered with the eyes of women, but at
his touch they fluttered aged questions.

And one day as he scurried from a street-car whose frenzied
argument spilt down the rails like the junk of thought
pursuing an idiot, his wary ears caught the inflection
that had evaded him.

Now he bows courteously to the world; he has learnt the
game of solitaire with his emotions, neatly drawn upon

a pack of cards ; at night he slips them into a drawer and enters the dance-hall of sleep.



Amy Lowell in 1916

DISSONANCE

Amy Lowell

From my window I can see the moonlight stroking the
smooth surface of the river.
The trees are silent, there is no wind.
Admirable pre-Raphaelite landscape,
Lightly touched with ebony and silver.
I alone am out of keeping :
An angry red gash
Proclaiming the restlessness
Of an incongruous century.

PAUPER DEATH

John Gould Fletcher

I shall have no easy death,
No easy death ;
No bed shall receive me
But the brown soil,
No women shall wait about

Moaning and snivelling,
No doctor shall be at my bedside,
Consulting my purse and my hand.
No one shall ever listen
To my last freezing whisper,
No one shall ever know
If it was a curse or a blessing :
No one shall ever seek
For the grave where I was hidden,
All trace of my being
Shall vanish from earth.
Ere I fall not to rise
The rats shall have told me,
Burrowing the soil
Of men buried there :
The grass shall have told me
The secret of its greenness ;
Life shall have told me
The cold whiteness of bone.
I shall have no easy death,
No easy death . . .

THE PURITAN'S BALLAD

Elinor Wylie

My love came up from Barnegat,
The sea was in his eyes;
He trod as softly as a cat
And told me terrible lies.
His hair was yellow as new-cut pine
In shavings curled and feathered;
I thought how silver it would shine
By cruel winters weathered.
But he was in his twentieth year,
This time I'm speaking of;
We were head over heels in love with fear
And half a-feared of love.
My hair was piled in a copper crown—
A devilish living thing,
And the tortoise-shell pins fell down, fell down,
When that snake uncoiled to spring.
His feet were used to treading a gale
And balancing thereon ;
His face was brown as a foreign sail
Threadbare against the sun.
Ere I fall not to rise
The rats shall have told me,

Burrowing the soil
Of men buried there :
The grass shall have told me
The secret of its greenness ;
Life shall have told me
The cold whiteness of bone.
I shall have no easy death,
No easy death . . .

His arms were thick as hickory logs
Whittled to little wrists ;
Strong as the teeth of terrier dogs
Were the fingers of his fists.
Within his arms I feared to sink
Where lions shook their manes,
And dragons drawn in azure ink
Leapt quickened by his veins.
Dreadful his strength and length of limb
As the sea to foundering ships;
I dipped my hands in love for him
No deeper than their tips.
But our palms were welded by a flame
The moment we came to part,
And on his knuckles I read my name
Enscrolled within a heart.
And something made our wills to bend
As wild as trees blown over;
We were no longer friend and friend,
But only lover and lover.

"In seven weeks or seventy years—
God grant it may be sooner!—
I'll make a handkerchief for your tears
From the sails of my captain's schooner.
We'll wear our loves like wedding rings
Long polished to our touch ;
We shall be busy with other things
And they cannot bother us much.
When you are skimming the wrinkled cream
And your ring clinks on the pan,
You'll say to yourself in a pensive dream,
"How wonderful a man!"
When I am slitting a fish's head
And my ring clanks on the knife,
I'll say with thanks, as a prayer is said,
"How beautiful a wife!"
And I shall fold my decorous paws
In velvet smooth and deep,
Like a kitten that covers up its claws

To sleep and sleep and sleep.
Like a little blue pigeon you shall bow
Your bright alarming crest;
In the crook of my arm you'll lay your brow
To rest and rest and rest."
Will he never come back from Barnegat
With thunder in his eyes,
Treading as soft as a tiger cat,
To tell me terrible lies?

ORIENTALE

Isidor Schneider

Is a cloud more swift than your lover?
Hear how he pants so that men say it is wind ;
It is a lion charging, it is wind,
It is a river flooding, it is wind.
Who brings such gifts as your lover?
Jewels burn in his hands so that men say, it is fire;
It is embers from God's braziers, it is fire,
It is eyes from a god's head, it is fire.
Where will you wear the gift of your lover?
In your hair, in your gay hair, that men say it is light;
It is a sheaf of new wheat, it is light,
It is a temple with terraces, it is light;
Between your two nostrils that breathe on your lover?
That are tender and tremble, that men say, they are leaves;
They are gazelles fawning, they are leaves;
They are sand hills stirring, they are leaves.

The Double Dealer
March 1924

The Invasion of Holland

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

The woods are carrying banners
For the coming of the army,
With its four hundred courtesans
On horseback, dressed like princesses,
And its eight hundred courtesans,
On foot, in fine attire.
The hills curve their necks
To see the shining army
And its four hundred courtesans
On their prancing, dancing horses,
And its eight hundred courtesans
On their pretty slippered feet.
The church joins its fingertips
In a prayer for the army
With its four hundred courtesans
Singing hallelujahs,
And its eight hundred courtesans
Kneeling to the Lord . . .
Now all men know the end
Of that glorious Spanish army
But its four hundred courtesans
High in Spanish saddles
And its eight hundred courtesans
On high Spanish heels *.
May be marching forward
To their conquests and their glory,
May be marching onward
For all I've ever heard!

Sonnet to Minna

By Maxwell Bodenheim

Sometimes your heart grows hoydenish and new,
And rescues words inconsequent and flushed
That run like fallacies, whose laughs have crushed
The scandals of a cold word known as true.
Your thoughts would alter to a dungeoned crew
If they retained the hard and smoothly brushed
Rebukes of logic, and were never rushed
To fantasies of scampering line and hue.
Philosophers will stone you, magic scamp,
And realists will cleave you with their sneer,
But censure them with questions made of foam
And color to relieve their heavy camp.
Beneath the strain of every scowl and leer
A poisoned, muttering lightness longs to roam.

Spent Rockets

By Basil Thompson

His fame which late, shot like a rocket high,
Now like a rocket done, falls to the bed of earth:
What yesterday was a burst of stars in the sky,
Today lies a singed stick bedded in earth.
Fame is a rocket's flare and a black dearth.
Dearth is upon us all, children sending up rockets
That hiss and blaze and break and drop with a thud;
Pennies to buy them—dreams! dreams in our
pockets
Spent for a sputter of stars and a charred stick's
thud.
Fame is a shot bolt and a shaft sunk in mud.

JOHN DONNE

By Royall Snow

*(Part of this article did not scan properly;
I did get the first two pages of four. Ed)*

THE kings of English poetry are those who can tame the lightning of pure inspiration, control it and force it to a sustained incandescence. They are few—perhaps only Shakespeare perhaps Shelley also at his infrequent very best, or Marlowe in a single scene. Lear upon the heath, or Faustus as the clock ticks away his final hour, speak in poetry that is wrought neither of passion nor of intellect; its content, reduced to bare prose, is nothing, nor is it a matter of mere verbal magic. Rather, throughout these scenes, the poet's intuition searches deeper into human verities than words can go, and phrases them in evocatory syllables which give his audience a burning sense—not a logical comprehension—of that same unphraseable truth. But next to the kings there stand the princes, equally of the blood royal, for the single distinction is that, while the one controls inspiration, upon the other it bursts and escapes. And among these John Donne is by no means the least eminent.

His poetry is of that exciting type that cannot be gauged a page in advance: it may be impossibly bad or impossibly good; sensual or religious—fantastic or sincere. Ultimately the paradoxes vanish, but in a first impression they compete with a sense of the splendour of his lines of pure inspiration. For Donne has the quality, reserved to poets of the first rank, of throwing off a line that plunges into the dark of human consciousness like a rocket into the night, showering stars. His tomb wherein, opened, one will spy A bracelet of bright hair about the bone, has that touch of anguish which be

longs to ultimate truth;—oddly enough, pain is the basis of our greatest poetry; and there is a tinge of spiritual suffer behind his:

*This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet
Were
Prisons of the flesh.*

But such lines are of the type which defies analysis—they are the great in Donne but by no means the whole of him. His average is of the sort which leaves the critical judgement somewhat abashed. Interpretation and judgement are its business, but how interpret the whirlwind, and what judgement may be given of a pile of debris sprinkled with diamonds?—the effect of the mass of his work is indeed superficially that of debris. An academician could fairly swoon over “forgetful” being made a rhyme for “debt” by the horrid process of chopping it in half and carrying the mangled last syllable over to start a new line. His rhythms tend to stagger through a wilderness of cacophony before they break onto the sweep of his best; and such a tumble, jumble, and snarl of thought and ugly words had never been seen before and was not seen again among great poets before the two hundred years had elapsed to Browning. Faced with such a mingling of the inferior and the supreme, the critic can only throw up his hands and remember what the first printer said of Donne's book: “Whoso takes not as he finds it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, sith a scattered limb of this author hath more amiableness in it, in the eyes of a discernor, than the whole body of some other.”

It was Donne's use of the perilous conceit which prejudiced the practical succeeding century against him. Dr.

Johnson, one of the brilliant fools of criticism, could not endure them, and Donne never has completely come out from under the cloud of that prejudice. But it must not be forgotten that, while the unsuccessful conceit is an absurdity, the one that succeeds is no longer a conceit but the finest emotional poetry. Shakespeare's:

*Shall I compare thee to a summer day;
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.*

can mock at Dr. Johnson—and is a conceit. And in essence Donne is doing precisely the same thing save that where Shakespeare's genius, which was really an apotheosis of normality, turned to the common life of nature for symbols, Donne's fantastic intellect went roving into the remoter worlds of erudite lore. Like a jack-daw he was fascinated by the shining oddities to be found here or there, and like a jack-daw he brought them back to his nest: in his illness he compares himself to a map that the cosmographers—his physicians—study; parted lovers are like the legs of a pair of compasses; and eyes take on some of the qualities of Venetian beads in two such lines as these:

*Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string.*

The effect is startling—but not quite so startling when embedded among all the other spectacular elements his poetry presents. There his conceits have at least the easy self confidence of being at home.

Donne is after all of the great, and if the rags and tatters of his form can not dim his beauty, neither can the worst of his conceits spoil him, for he was a playmate of fire. There is in him a brilliant capriciousness which is his

peculiar savour, and which comes not from his virtues but his faults. His instinct knew the wisdom of being unwise, and, with the mocking line—
For all our joys are but fantastical
he abandoned himself to a world of golden caprice and paradox,—intense passions struggle in him with religious fervor, spectacular bursts of fancy play across a pose of utter worldliness, the cynic turns transcendentalist with the turn of a page. And yet this effervescence is only the surface of the man, the heart of him held something else—the strangest of all qualities to find there—a ruthless and passionate sincerity. For Donne was something more than a fantastic who had stolen the secret of the finest magic with which to conjure up his great lines. He was something too of a saint, and though he might draw the odd garment of his caprice, embroidered and spangled with sequins, close about him, he never for an instant, in all his waywardness, wavered from that passionate sincerity. Behind every line of even the most inconsequential poem there is the voice of complete honesty. It means what it says, though perhaps only for the moment. But that is enough, for Truth Absolute is an illusion of the philosophers and has no commerce with poetry. And Donne is one of the few who can be sincere even in their insincerities. He may glorify unfaithfulness, saying:

*I can love her, and her, and you, and
you;
I can love any so she be not true*

but it is only a mocking application of his

*Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, eternity.*

And from this comparatively trivial tone he can turn to the magnificent sweep of the destiny stanza from the Progress of the Soul, a stanza which begins, incidentally, with a conceit:

*Great Destiny, the commissary of God
Our ways and ends seest at one instant.
Thou
And show my story, in thy eternal book.
That—if my prayer be fit—I may under
stand*

That same sincerity goes with Donne always and into strange places. It leads him to discharge upon the head of the hapless Julia such lines as

*Hark, news, O envy; thou shalt hear des
cried
My Julia; who as yet was ne'er envied.
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
With calumny, that hell itself disdains
Is her continual practice;*

it follows him into bed with his mistress in a poem which might well set Mrs. Grundy into a flutter of alarm for the morals of the young; it goes with him, too, into his religion.

Thanks to that honesty in all situations, both the love poetry and the divine poems, two of the chief divisions of Donne's work, catch equally the flavour of his alert and restless intellect. Mankind in love tends to a certain uniformity of emotion, the individual is lost in the general; but Donne contrives to protect the frontiers of his personality from invasion. He remains always John Donne in love—never merely the lover. The blending of the physical and the spiritual in his erotic poetry is a critical commonplace. Having the Elizabethan lustiness he avows with a devastating frankness and a word of scorn for those who pretend otherwise, that a man's interest in

woman has only one purpose. The cynicism of a Restoration worldling gleams through his fear lest some day a woman will be faithful to him—a fear which amounts almost to absurdity. Yet, playing over the animalism is an intensity which etherealizes. In the end “joys are but fantastical” and sensualism is wedded to phantasy and spirit. It is Pan at large in the world of shades.

Equally intense, equally John Donne are the religious poems, save that whereas in the love poetry his

*Soul, whose child love is
Takes limbs of flesh,*

in the divine poetry we have the effort of the limbs of flesh to resolve themselves into pure soul again. The note of anguish, never far distant, and yet in most of his work hidden by the gilded decoration of his capricious imagination, comes out clear. He is uncertain, suffering, repentant of that flesh which made him the great poet he is in his erotic work, repentant and yet not sure that he is either sufficiently or permanently so. “Batter my heart,” he cries:

*Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for
you
As yet but knock;
Take me to you imprison me, for I*

(passage missing – Ed)

And, characteristically, his spiritual anguish speaks in a paradox. How is one to sum up this metaphysical sensualist, this poet who makes play things of the stars and stumbles for a rhyme, this saint who is a worldling. To resolve inconsistencies one must, I believe, go behind the lines of the poet and find the man—a man perplexed by a world rapidly growing more incompre

hensible. Donne, it must not be forgot-
ten, was the first English poet to feel
the dislocating effect of the intrusion
of science, and the first to rebel against
it. For two hundred years after him
the poets avoided difficulty by simply
ignoring it, and for them the problem
did not become acute until the middle
of the last century. But Donne's mind
was at once too curious and too funda-
mentally sincere to preserve the old
illusory world by the simple device of
shutting his eyes. At the same time he
was too acute not to see the menace
science brought with it. There is at
once bitterness and alarm in his ring-
ing-line.

*They have impaled within a zodiac
The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs
awake
To watch his steps.
and the same bitterness is in his
And new philosophy calls all in*

RECOMMENDED

By Banbury Cross

I. To the Fastidious

The discernment of a gentleman is no less nice
than the easy diffidence of drawing-room mice
or the taste displayed by well-bred lice.
Consider the modesty of a mouse
and the fine discrimination of a louse
and repent, O man, your hermetical house.

II. To An Honest Cutthroat

A general massacre of maidenlady poets
is subject to debate
but the tidy murder of a certain estimable spinster
we advocate
as not only highly beneficial to the human
kind but an act of kindness to the unhappy woman.
The doingaway of all female minnesingers
is a question moot
but a neat assassination in isolated cases
We toot
as a singular demonstration of patriotic zeal
and a distinct contribution to the common weal.
So to you, honest cutthroat, is justified
this little business of sororicide.

III. For the Tomb of a Noted Wit

This will serve for his epitaph:
sedulously he managed to laugh
half a buffoon and a snob half.

Water Wheel to Mend

By MARK VAN DOREN

There have been times I thought these paddles
moved
To music when the water ceased to play
The axle would not answer with its groan;
The great spokes that swung in solemn circle
Would ponderously wait upon new tunes.
But water still is tumbling from the sluice,
And the splashed wheel is motionless. The stream
Foams out below with even a louder voice—
Calling upon the mighty arms to go.
They cannot go; the axle, old and deaf,

Is unaware this Spring of water sounding.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(*New Hampshire*, by Robert Frost. Henry Holt & Co., 1923)

R. FROST has done a number of small lyrics and occasional lines and passages in longer pieces which prove him to be a good poet. But in his more ambitious work (owing to his espousal of the romantic theory that poetry is a matter of viewpoint, vision, subject or personality, rather than a fine art) Mr. Frost fails for the same reason that so interesting a person as Arnold Boecklin failed in painting. Boecklin, whose pictures have an uncanny charm of their own, a charm of subject matter, is not a good painter because he either couldn't or wouldn't paint well. Mr. Frost, who frequently advances surprising and beautiful conceptions, generally refuses to write verse well. It is a pity, because he could.

Mr. Frost's verse is too often thin. He is most famous for a certain drawling conversational inflection. This he works overtime, until, never beautiful, it becomes wearisome. (This drawl was used before him and is still used with better aesthetic effect by Edwin Arlington Robinson). As used by Mr. Frost, this movement owes its charm, when it is charming, not to intrinsic beauty, but to mimicry. It charms because it seems an echo of speech, not because it strikes us as a beautiful creation. Bemused by the sound of his own voice talking, Mr. Frost has written hundreds of lines of verse almost devoid of beauty.

This is extremely unfortunate be

cause he is a poet with ideas. Many of his conceptions deserve to be encased in more beautiful form than he has troubled to give them. Few of his poems have a genuinely distinctive musical vitality. His studied subtlety is aesthetically vague, as much so-called free verse intended to be "subtle" in cadence is simply vague. The fine precision of excellent verse is generally lacking in Mr. Frost's work. Only now and then has he arrived at it.

If we view poetry as merely the expression of personality or of ideas, as we view bald prose, there is more to be said for the author of "New Hampshire." Mr. Frost probably would be a capital person to sit on a fence with, or smoke with, and listen to. He would (like so many people we meet unexpectedly in this world, in corner stores or hotels, saloons or salons) be charming. His perspective on life would interest us. His comments on things seen would often be delightful. We would enjoy the conversation and feel a personal satisfaction in having made his acquaintance. But most of us go to poetry for something more than this. (We expect a concert singer to sing well, however interesting his program; a painter to paint well, however unusual his subject matter.) We go to poetry for beauty of form as we go to the other arts. Mr. Frost does not often give us much of this.

There are a number of critics who rate Mr. Frost as a great poet. These critics generally talk of his personality and of his chosen subject-matter, his ideas. Thus one speaks of "The Witch of Coos" as one of the best ghost-stories in English poetry, which it is, and of "A Star In a Stone-Boat" as a lovely chain of tercets, when—though the conception is beautiful—the tercets, with the exception of two or three, actually lack distinction. Another quotes Mr.

Frost's opinions about the puking villagers. And so it goes.

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY.

*Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.*

FIRE AND ICE.

*Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great*

The poet's whimsical vision is shown in "Gathering Leaves":

*Spades take up leaves
No better than spoons,
And bags full of leaves
Are light as balloons.
I make a great noise
Of rustling all day
Like rabbit and deer
Running away.
But the mountains I raise
Elude my embrace,
Flowing over my arms
And into my face.
I may load and unload
Again and again
Till I fill the whole shed,
And what have I then?
Next to nothing for weight;
And since they grew duller
From contact with earth,
Next to nothing for color.
Next to nothing for use.
But a crop is a crop,
And who's to say where*

The harvest shall stop?

There are a number of poems of charming conception in "New Hampshire." There are several of charming execution. The personality that is revealed in this book as in Mr. Frost's earlier books is whimsical and pleasing and shrewd. The volume will be a delight to those who read poetry for its personal content. Those who read poetry because it is a fine art will find more than they ordinarily expect to find in a volume of American verse—but, after all that has been promised them by a flock of critics, they will be disappointed.

JOHN MCCLURE.

STEPHEN CRANE FINDS HIS BIOGRAPHER

(Stephen Crane, A Study in American Letters, by Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf, 1923)

APART from its biographical significance, which is by no means slight, this is an excellent readable book; more readable, more fascinating to my temper than any fiction come upon during the past year. And this is not fiction, nor can it be classed arbitrarily as biography, it is more properly, just as Mr. Beer indicates, a study. But such a study as one rarely encounters at this date. Mr. Beer seems to have caught the spirit of the Crane complex remarkably well. He is comrade, he is friend, he is interpreter to his man. And quite sanely, unsentimentally—en rapport. There is a healthy pleasant vigor to his narrative—a nicety that discards the purely morbid and legendary, and at the same time preserves the color of TOIT lance.

Crane's short whirl on earth was intensely dramatic. The fourteenth and

last child of a Methodist minister and a descendant of one Stephen Crane who signed the Declaration of Independence, after whom he was named, he evinced early an ineptitude to conform to the traditions not only of his family circle but also of the wider and, in a sense, narrower circle represented by the pompous gentlemen of the American nineties. Though slender and sparely built, not exactly the small boy type of his time, he yet entered into the games of the village youngsters with more than common zest. He appears, incredibly, to have been a horseman almost from the cradle and a town-lot ball player of some repute. At Lafayette College, where he remained a year, he played on the college nine; at Syracuse University he was captain of the team, and seriously considered an offer to join the professional ranks of baseball. But Crane began to have other plans. He wanted to write. Through the influence of his elder brother he managed while at Syracuse to form a connection with a New York paper. From this time on he was at it, taking up a residence in New York City with the determination to live by his pen. An act reminiscent of many besiegers and conquerors of the citadel by way of the Grub Streets of the world. Crane, though, was never a good reporter and could not hold a job for any length of time and the storming was made so much the harder. The period from his leaving college until he was twenty-five, was one of struggles and failures. But Crane had a purpose and fastened to it with a sort of instinct that we would come through finally. His first sustained effort "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets" belongs to these days. Seeking in vain to find a publisher for the story, he decided to print it on his own account and paid a religious publishing house "eight hundred and sixty-nine dollars" for the

privilege of getting it out in paper-back form without their imprint. Of course the book did not sell and was not actually published, in the sense of popular distribution, until after he had achieved recognition by his Civil War novel, "The Red Badge of Courage." This, his first, and properly speaking only, definite success (though not entirely definite at that) preluded four years of free lance, swashbuckling, adventurous journalism with sporadic intervals of repose in rural England. At the end of this period he was dead, as the flesh goes, at twenty-nine.

When a man dies at twenty-nine or thereabouts and has produced something survivable and has lived recklessly or spectacularly or contrary to "the notions of his neighbors", he at once becomes first rate subject matter for literary hawks and buzzards, politely called biographers and critics. Shelley is an instance. I have not investigated, but I dare say that the private life of the "ineffectual angel" has had as many self-appointed traducers and apologists as the number of months he spent on this planet. But unlike Shelley with his multi-memorists, Crane is very fortunate in his lone biographer. Thomas Beer has done more than justice to his subject and, as far as I can see, no injustice.

In his appendix to the book Mr. Beer, with sly gravity, states: "I have, with regret, rejected the tales of Crane's love affair with the lamented Sarah Bernhardt, of his duel in New Orleans, of his attempt to burn James Gordon Bennett's yacht, of his marriage to Australian, English, Spanish and African dancers, of the ninety thousand dollar cablegram to the New York Journal, of his death of delirium tremens in Paris and of his murder by an actress still living who happened at the time of his death to be in Chicago." Before this Mr. Beer, in acknowledging his indebt

edness to Mr. Willis Clarke for various data furnished, remarks: "The mythology encountered by Mr. Clarke may interest readers who have been struck by a note of apology in this most imperfect study. Mr. Clarke was informed by people who had met Crane and admired him that he was the illegitimate son of Grover Cleveland, the outcast child of an eminent family in New York, an Australian sailor, a German actor and an ex-convict."

What preposterous ghouls a man's acquaintances may become after his interment is clearly demonstrated here. One cannot but admire Mr. Beer for his wholesome sanity in the face of such absurd legends. What would have been a difficult task in the hands of a professional exposé of dead men's lives becomes with him a pleasant, sparkling, clear-visioned picture of the last decade of the last century and of a young man out of time and running ahead of his sickly contemporaries.

One has almost forgotten on closing this book that he has dutifully plowed through a "lengthy introduction" as advertised on the jacket, by the solemn Pole who is England's master stylist. Mr. Conrad, in his involved studied manner gives us a tea-party picture of "Stevie" that belongs to the class of reminiscences made popular by Mrs. Margot Asquith. Summed up "Stephen Crane, A Study in American Letters" is a terse racy narrative shot through with sapient observations on the American scene in the pink nineties. I hazard the prediction that Mr. Beer will exert an influence on the rising generation of young biographers very like that which Crane's writings exerted over the "expressionistic" school that followed him. BASIL THOMPSON.

THE HIGH PLACE

(*The High Place*, by James Branch Cabell, Robert

McBride & Co., 1923)

On writing of any new book by Mr. Cabell it is necessary to say we speak of an author who demands comparison with the best of all times. We must remember, too, or rather we cannot forget that he is the author of "Jurgen", a book which dazzled us into ecstasies on first reading and still leaves us bewildered and admiring. In this blinding light "The High Place" shows up a rather mediocre repetition of "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth" with highly amusing passages done in good Cabellian sarcasm. There is evidence, however, that prosperity has somewhat marred the fine edge of the author's self-criticism. In this book he cracks a number of smutty puns much in the manner of any pubescent wit. Also he kills off his characters like bees in a slaughter house to no purpose. And, to my taste at least, his larmoyant snufflings over spent lives and loves is tiresome, where it is not downright ridiculous. Mechanics such as the following are commencing to fatigue: "'I here set up,'" said Janicot, "a nothing post'...He waited for a moment. He was entirely brown; about him lilies bloomed with a surprising splendor of white and gold; and the flowering at his feet was more red than blood...

"He moved the stake so that the horse's head now faced the east and Janicot said: "I send a witlessness upon them from this nothing post...I who am what I am have turned the post... A thing done has an end." With all respect—hokum, unadulterated.

There is, however, good fun in "The High Place" at the expense of conventional religion and current theology.

For one who has read none of his previous books "The High Place" should be a treat. Yet it lacks the sweep and grandeur of "Jurgen" and on the whole of "Figures of Earth" not to name the incomparable beauty of parts in "The Cream of the Jest."

Mr. James Branch Cabell is in danger of taking his heroes too seriously. The geneology of the Puyssanges is a thing which he cannot expect his readers to be as impressed by as he himself undoubtedly is. Moreover the stock seems to be depreciating. For whereas Jurgen was a pawnbroker who married for money and was afraid of being alone in a cave, and Manuel, a swine herd, who blundered into prominence, Florian de Puyssange is as dauntless a hero as ever came out of the Mabinogion or the Morte d'Arthur. The question remains, has Mr. Cabell

anything more to say? At least it seems safe to state that he has done his Poictesme to a turn; and he should give his furiously sexual males a well-earned rest.

JULIUS W. FRIEND.

Tadpoles

By Laura Benet

Tadpoles, like the elect
Do flower late.
Tails, long dividing
Greatly fascinate;
Parcel and part with horns
Of devils, whence they're taken;
Frogs consummated
But the mystery shaken!

OPPORTUNITY

January, 1925

(Highlights)

We Begin New Year

AS OPPORTUNITY begins its third year. During the two years of its existence its friends have grown. It has tried to assemble in its columns the best minds this country will yield in its dispassionate assault upon the traditional errors of our tangled relations, in its equally dispassionate quest for truth, and in its revelation of the neglected aspects of Negro life. Its policy has been one of intelligent discussion rather than fireworks; of calm analysis rather than tears. The race has been spared the morbid spectacle of eternal crucifixion on a billboard; it has capitulated to no wrong, or vanity, or arrogance. Its shibboleth has been facts,—facts useful, incisive, stimulating. These carry their own light. A professor in one of the universities of the South writes:

"I am a South Carolinian — a state in which your race outnumbers mine. . . I may reasonably claim to be well acquainted with the "race problem," even if sometimes somewhat prejudiced. . . . I cannot miss the opportunity of congratulating Opportunity upon the dignity of the leadership it exercises. Evil can only be overcome with, good! I read your publication thoughtfully; it sometimes crosses my ideas violently, as you might expect. But rarely do you offend my skin, though white and South Carolinian, still more rarely my heart, which I trust is fair. Such is the effect of your uniform courtesy and charity, qualities of your mind and heart much needed everywhere. . . ."

And a Northern Negro generally classified as a "radical" writes:

"It doesn't harp on one string. It has no prejudices in favor of a cure-all for the ills of black humanity. The knowledge of its writers and the scope of its interests are equally wide. It doesn't brag, bluff or bluster. . . it is an education in itself."

These two, we are accustomed to think, are the extreme poles of opinion on the race question. OPPORTUNITY believes that it is possible to make the problems of Negro life intelligible by making them clear; to make Negro life interesting even for those who lack that a priori sympathy for the underdog, thru the charm and vitality of the emerging group of Negro writers. If there is a resolution to be made for the year 1925 it would be this: to create more light with no more heat than is necessary for warmth.

The Art Of Winold Reiss

CURIOUS of quality African Art is the inescapable vigor of its patterns and symbolisms. American and European artists, steeped in the conventional forms long ago brought to perfection by the old masters, have found a charm and stimulation in its bold exoticism which can be compared to nothing more aptly than to the popular force of jazz music of which the Negroes are likewise the creators. But few of these artists have had both the understanding and the courage to translate this feeling for exotic form into conventionalizations which retain the seductiveness and force of the underlying motif.

Our cover and the other designs carried this month are the work and contribution of Winold Reiss who ranks first among American artists in his comprehension of these forms and in skill in executing them. The son of a distinguished German landscape painter, and a student under the renowned Franz Von Stuck of Munich, he came to America to study and paint the Indians. This interest eventually carried him to Mexico and resulted in a group of paintings which revealed with a matchless vigor the neglected artistic wealth at our door. This same restlessness led him to the African art which immediately captured him and shot its fierce beauty thru the whole scheme of his work. It led him to design the famous Congo Room of one of New York's most exclusive hotels. It has led him into passionate interest in contemporary Negro life

from which has come the inspiration to record this life with faithfulness to reality and grasp of the elusive beauty of rhythmic and color harmony which are singularly his. Here again is a neglected field of artistic materials which even our Negro artists have been slow to appreciate.

In art as in literature and music we are beginning to realize that Negroes have a distinct and inimitable contribution to make to the culture of America, and we may salute with gestures of appreciation those trail blazers who both sense and assist the coming of this more complete recognition.

The Titled Hosts

For grandiose hocus of dark mystery, what names and titles among the "primitives" can match these:

"The Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo"
"Sons of Jonadab"
"The Hidden Host"
"Knights of the Flaming Sword"
"Hooded Ladies of the Mystic Den"
"Ancient Egyptian Order of Sciots"
"Prudent Patricians of Pompeii"
"Mystic Workers of the World."
"Red Rovers of the World"
"Knights of the Ku Klux Klan"
"Lodge of Junior Conquerors"
"Tall Cedars of Lebanon"

Beside the compensatory mechanism of homo Nordicus the efforts of the Negroes are puny,— they with their "Wide-Awake Benevolents," "Sons and Daughters of Gideon," "Lone Star of Race Pride," "Knights of Canaan," "Grand United Order of Sons and Daughters of Peace," "Living Stream Brotherhood," and "Sons and Daughters of Jacob of America."

Two Poems

By Esther Popel

Kinship

I HAVE no quarrel with those who claim
There is no God; who idly boast
That man has come from things akin
To apes; who point with pride
And proof to family trees whereon
Sit chattering all their simian ancestry!
I need but lift mine eyes and see
The Night slide down in velvet blackness
O'er a sky that late was crimson dyed
With Sun's own life-blood! Or to hearken to
The young Day's whispered murmur as she stirs
And, in her naked glory rising up, wipes the stardust
From her drowsy eyes, the while her pearl-grey
couch
Takes fire and melts before the glow
Of her new suitor's smile!
These be sufficient proofs for me to know
There is a God! And as for ancestry—
What ape could see the wonder of the Night
As I have seen it? And what monkey-soul
Could catch the murmur of a waking world
And in it hear the voice of God proclaim
His glories?

Credo

I think
That God must be
A Music-Master
Who directs the play,
And we the players in His Orchestra,
Make harmonies or discords
As He wills—
He crooks His little finger
And the chords
Come swelling from the instruments we hold
Within our eager hands.
He nods His head
And majesty sublime comes crashing forth,
Or, with a simple drop of His baton,
Makes silent all the quivering, dancing strings
We play upon

Mere puppets?
Yes, but who would not be proud
To be a player in a Symphony
So mighty?
And to be directed by
The Hand of such an Artist I

Some Universals In The Race Problem

By Herbert Adolphus Miller

IN discussing the race problem it will help greatly to clear the deck and find out how much of it is racial and how much merely cultural and social. So long as our thinking is cluttered with the confusion which comes from attributing to race as a cause what in other situations where the same conditions prevail, is attributed adequately to group domination, or housing conditions, or other forms of maladjustment, we merely run around in circles, and furnish unlimited material for justifying prejudices and pyramiding the difficulties. In the case of the relations between Caucasians and Negroes, neither race has any perspective. In America we think we have the preeminent race problem, and that in our generation all the evils are concentrated. But the race problem in America is a mere incident in the whole race problem, and what is called race discrimination is the most common of phenomena in both the historical and contemporary conflict of peoples.

The white race constitutes considerably less than one third of the population of the world, there being approximately 500,000,000. The yellow and brown people have each nearly the same number, and there are between 125 and 175 million black people. Any method thus of dealing with the specific problem of 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States must probably, if it is to be successful, partake of the method which must ultimately be used in solving the problem of the relation of all the races. If it were true that the difference between races created some insurmountable physical, psychological and moral barriers to cooperation among human races,

we should have one kind of a problem, but if no such barriers exist, and all the observations made by anthropologists, psychologists, sociologists and practical experience indicate that there are no such barriers, then the problem at once becomes one of getting rid of certain delusions about race which have become widely accepted. It is really to help dissolve these delusions that I am now particularly addressing myself.

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of race relations everywhere is the assumption by one race of superiority over another. Most of the people of America take it for granted that among all the races here the, white race is .inherently and eternally superior. That the conclusion itself carries no validity is demonstrated by the fact that among all races the one that is dominating socially and economically assumes its superiority. The Negro in Africa looks down on the whites. The Chinese of position never for a moment have a notion that they are not superior to the white people who have come among them. But this position of inferiority, which is assumed to be inherent, is regularly the result of present or traditional status. If one reads what Aristotle said about the barbarians, who were everybody not Greeks, one at once thinks he is reading some contemporary description by a superior white man describing the Negroes in the South, or the Chinese in California, or any particular national group in Cleveland for whom he may have a dislike because, its representatives in some way fall short of what he considers a proper Cleveland standard. If we study the history of the conflict for position by women, we find that nothing is now said about the inferiority of races that has not been said about the inferiority of women. Calhoun said that when a Negro could learn Greek, he would admit him to the brotherhood of man, or words to that effect. Wellesley College was founded as the result of a facetious article in the Atlantic Monthly entitled, "Can Woman Learn the Alphabet," which dealt with certain widely accepted illusions about the capacity of women. Oberlin College, which was the first institution of the world to admit women on a technical- equality with men, still for fifty years had a Classical Course, a Scientific Course, and

a "Ladies' " Course, which was tempered to their "recognized" inferior capacity.

The main business of life is to learn to live together. Practically all the activities of men, unconscious for the most part, of course, are directed towards this end, and yet groups of all sorts within races have found it just as difficult as between races. For nearly 700 years England tried to dominate the Irish and at the end had to give it up. The English idea in America found expression in signs that used to be put up two generations ago in Boston: "Help Wanted,—No Irish Need Apply." When I was a boy in Massachusetts, I accepted the prevailing attitude, and both feared and despised the hill on which the Irish were segregated; just as I am sure many people in Cleveland react to Central Avenue. Years ago I heard Felix Adler addressing a group of Negro students. He had come to the school where they were because they had been unable to come to his lecture the preceding evening on account of their color, and he said that he had come to them because he also belonged to a despised race. The horrors of lynching of Negroes are paralleled many times over by the programs which have murdered Jews by the tens of thousands, and yet the total number of Jews in the world is almost exactly the same as the number of Negroes in the United States. There is this difference between the Jews and the Negroes that the former have developed a highly efficient technique in the many centuries which they have suffered, so that in spite of difficulties against securing an education, or because of them, they have become most highly educated. And in spite of, or because of economic barriers, they have become economically successful. It is often difficult for Negroes to secure places to live; it has generally been as difficult for Jews.

If we take the peasants of Europe and observe their relations to the land-holding aristocratic classes, we see that they have been very destitute of privileges. The serfs of Russia, who were emancipated about the same time that the Negroes were in America, have never succeeded of course in getting recognition as equals from those who dominated them. The American In

dians, though their numbers are comparatively few, were nevertheless so treated that Helen Hunt Jackson described the American policy toward them as "A Century of Dishonor." In Asia the Japanese who have conquered the Koreans,—people of their own race, have attitudes toward them which are in all respects as brutal and irrational as that which exists anywhere between races. On the Pacific coast where Japanese, Chinese and East Indians are found, the prevailing attitudes are such that superior efficiency and intellectual keenness may be just as much despised as inefficiency and dullness. When I was in Vienna in 1912, I asked a German guide about the 200,000 Bohemians who lived there. He knew nothing about them but assumed that their status was that of servants and spoke exactly as I have frequently heard whites speak of Negroes, and yet within ten years the Bohemians or Czechoslovaks have been instrumental in the very survival of Austria, and with the conditions reversed on the Germans in Austria, the same assumptions of inherent superiority prevail among the now dominant group. Examples could be multiplied indefinitely to show that all the world is psychologically akin, and though the racial explanation may not be valid, that fact does not rid us of the problem, but I do think it simplifies it. The race problem then becomes only a social and cultural problem in which the marks of race merely accentuate groupings. The real problem of course is what we should do about it. If we consider a race as a group comparable to a national group, I think we find two tendencies and corresponding possibilities. The first is to look within, which means the development of self-respecting racial solidarity. While it seems rational for individuals to be mentioned as individuals, as a matter of fact no one escapes identification in origin with his group nor from responsibility for it. We may regret it, but that's the way we're made. In Europe the subject peoples struggled for national recognition, and they did this among other things by developing their own positive contributions,—it might be the music and the literature of the Poles and the Czechs, or the devotion to the Law, or individual eminence, by the Jews. There are signs that the Negroes are on the verge of making a permanent contribution.

Their music has long been developing as a contribution to the world of music. Their dramatic art and folk lore and poetry also show great promise, and there are of course at present unsuspected areas of great value. But in addition to looking within and developing solidarity, the world is not going to be saved without cooperation. Now cooperation does not mean homogeneity but rather variety and richness in harmony. Self-sufficient as the white race thinks itself, it is living perhaps in a fool's paradise. An eminent scholar, who has been studying the Japanese on the Pacific Coast, told me the other day that by comparison he could not help looking at his own white race as a mongrel, disorganized, demoralized part of the human race.

The specific daily problems of our racial cooperation may be intensely difficult. It is often even difficult for man and wife to live harmoniously together, but it helps us if we can only see that we are not in a blind alley or working alone in the solution of the problem. In this matter of race conflict the difficulty is tremendously aggravated by the fact that our race contacts were not made more gradually. Travel, intercommunication, and economic development have concentrated the world into a small area within almost a generation, and we have as yet nothing but attitudes and fears which grew out of an old condition to meet this new one.

The point I have been trying to make is that we should look at the world through a telescope instead of through a microscope. In our daily life we live with a microscope, but we need perspective. We are part and parcel of all life. We live here and now with temporal and spacial limitations, but eternity, infinity and perfection are always hovering about to condition conduct. Religion and science are the two windows to perspective. Religion throws us at once out of the particular into the universal and is of incalculable value in controlling our motives and emotions. Science, especially social science, may convince our minds and show us that the immediate and concrete are but parts of a process; and if our religion gives us new faith in the outcome of the process, our science may give us help as to the next steps. This

problem cannot be solved immediately. There are habits and attitudes that are very deep seated, and there are facts and principles of which we do not yet have more than an inkling which must be developed before we can get out into clear water, but as James Harvey Robinson once said: "When you remember that the human race has had only about 250,000 years, it has not done so badly. Give it another 250,000 years and then see."

**Address delivered by Eugene Kinckle Jones,
Executive Secretary of the National Urban League,
at Urban League Annual Conference, Cleve
land, Ohio, December 1924.**

IN presenting the National Urban League it will be well to give a brief history of the movement with a statement of its main purposes and ideals. This organization is the result of the intense patriotism of a group of unusual men and women of both races, who in New York City in 1906 met at the call of William H. Baldwin Jr., then President of the Long Island Railroad and President of the General Education Board. These persons were primarily interested in the industrial welfare of Negroes in New York and realized then as we do now that there can be no sure solution of the problems of race relations as long as our industrial problems are intensified by the racial aspects. Negroes then as now, but with probably more disastrous results, were with difficulty able to find work for which they were fitted or had a bent. Labor unions discriminated against them; employers consulted the attitudes of their white employees before taking on Negro workers, and sometimes justified their personal disinclination based on prejudice to give Negroes work by ascribing imaginary unwillingness on the part of their white employees to work with Negro fellow-workers. This group of valiant believers in the rights of men and in the responsibilities which rested on those of more vision and more intelligence began immediately to study the industrial needs of Negroes, and to seek new openings for those most fit. Almost simultaneously, in

the same year with the meeting of this group, Miss Frances Keller, a worker with immigrant white women, called together a group of men and women of both races to whom she told the story of the difficulties which she experienced in trying to get work and lodgings for colored women and girls who were coming into New York and Philadelphia mainly by coastwise steamers from the south. The only difference between the problems of these girls and the problems of the white girls was that there was at least a sympathetic community waiting to give the white girls a chance in the new country while with the colored girls, neither the white community nor the colored community was sympathetic in a definite way with their hopes and aspirations. They were met very often at the steamers and trains by unscrupulous representatives of employment agencies, both white and colored, who exploited them in a most inhuman way. They were frequently placed at work in houses of ill-fame. They received jobs paying wages far less than they were led to expect when they left the south. Sometimes there was no work at all for them, with no one meeting them to give them a welcome of any kind in the new land. They were picked up from the streets by men about town and by women who were in search of new persons for their illicit business.

Withal, it was a very discouraging and disgusting situation. A Committee was formed called the League for the Protection of Colored Women*—a name which was criticized by many colored leaders who felt that Negro women did not need protection, but at that time the name was in no way a mis-nomer. Protection was just what they needed. Encouragement and a new hope followed as the next step in the process of adjustment. These two organizations,—the Committee for Improving the Industrial Conditions of Negroes in New York and the National League for the Protection of Colored Women—worked along parallel lines and in cooperation with each other for four years. In 1910, Mrs. William H. Baldwin, Jr., then the widow of Mr. Baldwin, mentioned before called together a conference of the various organizations working in interest of Negroes in the city of New York, to develop cooperation between these agencies. This conference resolved itself in

to the Committee on Urban Conditions among Negroes, organized; (1) to develop cooperation and coordination among these agencies; (2) to make investigations of social conditions among Negroes in cities; (3) to secure training for Negro social workers; (4) to establish new agencies for social service among Negroes when the investigation disclosed there was a need; of course, provided that there was no agency existing that could assume the responsibilities for the social needs discovered.

The following year, 1911, the three organizations mentioned, decided for purposes of economy and efficiency to merge into one organization; and therefore in 1911, we have the National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes; organized for the combined purposes of all of the organizations forming the 'coalition. For the first year or two with a combined budget of something like \$8,500, the activities included a movement in New York, one in Philadelphia, Travelers' Aid Work in Baltimore and Norfolk and a branch in Nashville, Tenn., where a specialty was made of training students from Fisk University for social service through field activities. Along with this, the League offered two fellowships at the New York School of Social Work whereby carefully selected persons were given an extra year of training in the theory and practice of social work after they had completed their college careers. Today, we find after thirteen years of many and varied experiences, the organization with headquarters in New York City and branches in forty-one cities, including three branches in the Metropolitan District of New York—one in Manhattan, one in Brooklyn and one in Newark, N. J. The combined budget of this national movement now totals close to \$300,000. Twenty-seven of these organizations, including the National, have 'executive secretaries with staffs. Of this number, eighteen are in community chest cities such as Cleveland and in all of these communities the League is a member of the chest group and receives the endorsement and public approval which such mem-

•/» is interesting to note that the Armstrong Association of Philadelphia, now an affiliated organization of the National Urban League doing the Urban League work in Philadelphia was organized in 1906.

bership bestows.

There are 175 employees in the movement. In each of these League cities white and colored members constitute the Boards of control which guarantees at all times one organization within the community where the best thought of the white mind can meet with the best judgment of the colored intellect. Problems that involve racial contact can receive thoughtful consideration and representatives of the two races can together workout reasonably programs of improvement. This is the only permanent method of groups adjustment in any country which is made up of the diversified races which make up our American population and is therefore, the most logical step to take in considering the intricate social and sociological problems that develop from such racial contacts. The Urban League launched the experiment, and now one receives the information that 800 counties in America mostly in the South have inter-racial committees, State inter-racial committees are organizing, and our church organizations of all denominations have developed inter-racial committees, as though America has always dealt with this problem in this way. Of course this is the way it should be. It is the same acceptance of the discovered truth that we see exhibited in the universal use of the automobile, the radio, the telephone and telegraph; and it seems to me that it is just as important that we have a record of those far-seeing persons who conceived of this great idea as it is that we have a record of the inventor of these great institutions that man now accepts as a natural part of his existence. It would not be amiss in concluding this brief statement of the development of the Urban League idea to tell just a few of the types of work that this movement does and of some of the outstanding achievements. The city of Detroit with 6,000 Negro population in a total population of 250,000, suddenly begins to realize that its Negro population is increasing to unheard of proportions. In fact, it increased within a period of four to five years from 6,000 to 40,000 in a population of a million souls. There are not sufficient churches and houses and employment service to take care of this rapidly increasing Negro group, most of whom are coming from the small towns and rural districts of the south. The white charitable

agencies are not equipped to cope with the situation and in many instances are not willing to assume the responsibilities that accompany such a sudden change in the complexion of its population.

The Detroit Urban League is formed. An employment bureau is established through this agency. Contacts are made with the largest industrial plants; jobs are found fitted to the men and men are found fitted to the jobs. Recreational facilities are provided for the leisure time of the workers and for the members of their families who are beginning to arrive in large numbers. New homes are found with rents suitable to the income of the newcomers. Those unsocial and handicapped members of the group who find themselves in misery and despair are brought in contact with those social agencies which are especially equipped for handling such cases. Order is developed out of chaos and we find that within a period of two years, leading social magazines and social workers throughout our country pointing to Detroit as a place where thousands of Negro newcomers have been brought into a community and absorbed with hardly a vibration in the social structure.

Take another case in which no such precaution was taken—East St. Louis where the sudden inrush into a disturbed industrial situation of many Negroes was the forerunner of the great East St. Louis riot. It has been dignified by the name of riot, but it was really a massacre. The Urban League had a representative at the Congressional hearings following the riot. The League proposed to the Rotary Club there, the establishment of such an agency as Detroit had the good fortune to foster. The idea was accepted with enthusiasm. Before the plan was actually put into operation, however, governmental agencies with a war emergency motive came in, investigated the situation and recommended the establishment of a similar organization for the whole community, all-inclusive in character. This organization, the War Civics Committee, realizing the efficiency of the Urban League plan, took this movement in with the rest and backed it financially and morally. The League carried out the same kind of work in East St. Louis as was conducted in Detroit. Although the general agencies for social improvement had not hitherto been existent in East St. Louis and those created were not as open-minded in their

attitude towards Negroes as was the case in Detroit, persons acquainted with social service movements in America can testify to the encouraging results that followed from the League activities in that benighted community.

Similar activities are now seen in practically all of the largest industrial communities in America. Pittsburgh, Chicago, Columbus, St. Louis and Kansas City as industrial centers; St. Paul and Minneapolis in the far north; Richmond, Atlanta, and Tampa in the far south; Boston, New York, Newark and Philadelphia on the sea-board and Los Angeles on the Pacific Coast in addition to other cities which I could mention are enjoying the fruits of this service. Baltimore, the latest of the cities organizing with an executive secretary, can testify to the untiring efforts of the members of the national movement to bring to communities which are in need of this service this organization's aid in the solution of one of America's baffling problems.

The New York School of Social Work, the first school to offer fellowships for the training of Urban League appointees, has been followed by the Chicago University Graduate School of Social Administration; the University of Pittsburgh; the Pennsylvania School of Social and Health Work and the School of Social Work at Simmons College, Boston, Mass., which are offering from year to year the same opportunities. And there are other institutions which now have indicated their willingness to cooperate in the same manner. The total number of students who have received this training thus far is 28. These "Fellows" become Urban League executives, probation and parole officers, family case workers, girls' and boys' club supervisors, specialists in mental hygiene, directors of recreational activities in connection with play-grounds for public schools and secretaries for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

The League has been instrumental in securing some very significant openings for colored people such as internes in Bellvue Hospital, in New York City. It was responsible for the establishment of the policy of employing Negro representatives in the United States Department of Labor; the em

ployment of Negro personnel workers in many of the large industrial plants; the employment of clerks—male and female—in important business houses; the securing of positions of chemists and general foremen and highly skilled artisans in some of the great industries.

The League has been responsible for inaugurating the systems of vocational guidance and visiting teachers in several public school systems after first testing the practicability of the scheme. It has organized probation and Big Sister and Big Brother work in connection with its general activities. It has been responsible for the establishment of institutions for wayward girls, 'community houses and recreational centers and it has published "OPPORTUNITY" a magazine which is rapidly becoming recognized as one of the outstanding journals of Negro life, discussing in a dispassionate and highly scientific manner the problems growing out of race conditions. This magazine is now being used in classes in Sociology in over forty of our leading white universities north and south. More than 200 school and city libraries receive it regularly and every day it seems that we are adding to this list and receiving requests for the full volumes covering the two years during which it has been published.

We have developed a Department of Research and Investigations which makes special studies of social conditions in our large cities, publishes them for the good it will do those cities as well as other cities of similar character and supplies information for debates, lectures, and writings to many of the leading students of inter-racial problems.

We are now about to launch a new National Industrial Department at a cost of about \$9,000 per year for a three year experimental period, the purposes being;

1. To standardize and coordinate the local employment agencies of the League so that exchange of information and more regular correspondence between them can assure applicants for work more efficient and helpful service and employers of labor a more efficient group of employees;
2. To work directly with large industrial plants both in cities where the League is established and

the communities removed from such centers to procure larger opportunity for work and for advancement on the job for Negro workers; and to stimulate Negro workers to a fresh determination to "make good" on the job so that their future place in industry may be assured;

3. To help thru available channels of information to ascertain points at which there is need of Negro labor and points at which there is an oversupply of Negro labor and to use existing agencies of publicity and placement to direct Negro labor, including migrants, to those points where they are most needed and where their families will more easily become adjusted;

4. To help develop a social program by which Negro families may more easily become adjusted to the requirements for good living in the districts to which they go. This program will include, of course, advising these workers at the earliest possible moment after arriving in a new community to connect themselves with some church so that the religious life to which most of the Negro migrants have been accustomed may be continued.

In this connection, it might be well also to mention the fact that it will be our desire to see better relations between white and colored workers—this to be accomplished not through activities involving force, but through the orderly development of a feeling of good fellowship and comradeship.

The League has made a very definite and conscious effort to develop more confidence in the Negro on the part of white persons—those in positions of responsibility such as the employing class and those who are of the rank and file. Yet, we have not lost sight of the fact that after all is said and done one cannot gain very surely the love of those who are about him without first commanding their respect and this we have emphasized, urging Negroes to measure up in every way to the requirements of our modern civilization and to command the respect of those who deign to sit in judgment on their capacity and their worth. Of course it is impossible for one in the limited time that I have to give in the slightest detail the many accomplishments of this growing organization and the innumerable incidents which show the most encouraging results of fourteen years of experience.

One person has recently said to me that if the League had done nothing during the past year other than that of securing 19 places on the program of the National Conference of Social Work in which the Negro was discussed before thousands of the American leaders in social service to the end that they might go back to their homes and give their Negro citizens a better chance for development along all lines, it would have been an achievement worthy of the sacrifice that has been made to bring the organization to its present position. However, when one can add to this achievement the changing of the whole attitude of mind of the president of one of our largest state universities who had previously indicated a disinclination to encourage the attendance of Negro students so that now this university has over 200 Negro students who are welcomed by the president and the Faculty, you can realize the type of influence which the League is exerting in many quarters, influence which the public can scarcely appraise. Our growing influence brings to us greater demands for service. It also makes us feel very humble because of the great responsibility placed upon us. We count it a privilege, however, to be of service to our country and to the world and we trust that we will have your sympathy and your encouragement and your good will in our effort to carry our part of the world's burden in this most vital epoch in history.

The material things involved in our work are important. They certainly are things that people can most easily see, but above all, we value the spirit of good will and confidence in mankind which through our endeavors, we are privileged to encourage.

FROM LIFE TO LOVE

By Countee P. Cullen

FOUR WINDS and seven seas have called me
friend,
And countless roads have known my restless feet;
Deep crystal springs and pollened buds were sweet
For sustenance their princely fare to lend,
While nameless birds from grove and blossomed
bend

Deluged my soul with song; it it were meet
To love Life so, then Love will but complete
My joy, for Live with Love can never end.
Love, I have heard the sweet of your voice, have
seen

You pass the dawn-flushed singing hills between;
Now suppliant I kneel and pray you show
The mercied sceptre favored Esther saw;
The dawn in me has broke, and well I know
That Love is king and creed and Persian law.

Something New Under The Sun

By Gustavus Adolphus Steward

THE National Negro Business League, or
ganized in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1900
by the late Booker T. Washington, celebrated its
Twenty-fifth Anniversary with a Silver Jubilee
in Chicago last August. During its entire exist
ence the annual sessions of the League have usually
attracted from different parts of the country besides
the inevitable functionaries, a scattering of business
and professional men on vacation, teachers about
to return to their schools, a few wandering minis
ters, newspaper men and curiosity hunters, with
here and there a woman burning with desire to
"show the world" how to run a store, cafeteria,
beauty parlor, or what not. The larger portion of
the attendance, however, has always been composed
of people resident where the annual gathering hap
pened to be held. Thus the organization has
furnished an assembling point for individuals of
widely separated interests, pursuits and habits,
who seemed rather to be in search of some momen

tarily absorbing diversion than greatly concerned with business. The organization, therefore, rapidly gained a reputation for being everything but a business one. Nevertheless, those who attended it listened to lengthy programs, crowded with addresses by speakers chosen apparently because of some outstanding material achievement. In addition, hours of free discussion took place, persons from the floor giving rapturous accounts of their various enterprises, much after the manner of a Methodist class meeting, often so carried away with their own enthusiasm in the telling that palpable exaggeration of their accomplishments was discernible. All in all the League may be said to have functioned hitherto largely as a social body, its chief value being what is called inspirational. The practical results of this annual outlay of time, energy, and money have remained unrevealed. It was only natural, therefore, that a body with so large a name and with such large possibilities should finally be brought sharply up against a wall of criticism. Time was when mere talk and noise, a waving of flags and a shouting of huzzas, would satisfy the most ardent convention-going person. Nowadays when the grand and fulsome preliminaries have been had and the last madly gyrating orator has passionately saluted the elements, people search for results.. After many effusive years of inspiration, those who followed the League's activities began to ask just why is the Business League, and what does it do? These inquiries became embarrassingly specific. Soon the League was called on to tell what it was doing, first, to meet the charge of those critics outside the race, who, composing the stragglers from the ranks of an increasingly tired and drained philanthropy, joined the race's ever-present calumniators in stating that Negroes evince ungratefully very little or no capacity for self help. Secondly, the League was pressed to explain why an organization whose very name implied encouragement of business growth among Negroes was without influence in promoting new commercial ventures, forwarding those already established, or succouring those about to fail.

Such criticism—and it was widespread, increasing and insistent—demanded an answer. Those who believed in Dr. Washington's vision of racial

cooperation, were the first to admit the reasonableness of the public's attitude toward the League. They saw that if it was to justify its continued being, if it was to have any right to seek the support of those to whom it had heretofore appealed, it must inaugurate at once a program not only promising, but producing, concrete and constructive results. A new movement was thus begun within the League.

The first step in this new movement was the formation of the National Negro Finance Corporation, chartered in 1924, with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000, and with offices at Durham, North Carolina. It is a cooperating agency, or subsidiary of the Business League, and has for its president, Dr. R. R. Moton, the principal of Tuskegee Institute, who is also president of the League. Mr. C. C. Spaulding, president of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company, which is advertised as the largest Negro insurance company in the world, is its vice-president, as well as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Business League.

The purpose of this financing company is set forth in its own announcement as follows:

"Its program is to provide working capital for individuals, firms and corporations; to seek and point out new opportunities for profitable efforts; to create and develop a market for listing, exchanging, buying and selling Negro securities; to help make contracts and connections that are mutually profitable; to organize our individual and corporate interests so that they will function in such a way as to bring about a new birth of confidence and assure economic independence; to create and propagate a nation wide spirit of cooperation, coordination and consolidation; to give the largest possible opportunities for participation in directing, managing and controlling corporate investments,- as well as sharing fully in their profits; and to foster and advance by every legitimate means consistent with good business, the financial and commercial development of Negroes."

If this purpose seems vague and too inclusive, a few cases illustrating how such a body might have been of incalculable benefit in the past, and indicating its further service, may clarify it.

A life insurance company, profitable and progressive, the pride of its local Negro organizers and of all those who knew about it, was put up for sale. Another insurance company, owned and controlled by Negroes, bought it with money obtained on a short term loan. When this loan matured, the purchasing company found itself without ready funds. It was given insufficient time to secure them. Its creditors pressed it. The insurance department, having jurisdiction, ordered it to sell. Though a friendly company then made the highest bid, it was sold to an enemy company, greatly to the chagrin of those who had founded it, those who had patronized it, Negro insurance men throughout the country, and the general public. Incidentally, the first purchasing company was held to blame for its ultimate passing into enemy hands. Had there existed ready for service a supply of money like that which the National Negro Finance Corporation contemplates, the loss of this business would have been avoided. A bank in which Negroes of a certain southern city took great pride was obliged to close its doors because its assets were tied up in long term paper, said to be* amply secured. There was no agency which could take over this paper and furnish ready cash for its clamoring depositors. Its affairs now, two years after the event, are still in process of liquidation. To prevent this calamity, with its accompanying misery and loss of confidence, all that was needed was quickly available cash. It is within the purpose of the Finance Corporation to be prepared for just such an emergency.

Again, a fraternal organization which included a large membership of Negroes, which owned buildings in several cities, managed a bank, operated a printing establishment, sold insurance and engaged in many lines of helpful effort, suddenly collapsed because of the alleged mismanagement of its finances by certain of its officials. Its ruin dragged down into despair many unfortunate widows and small wage earners whose savings had been systematically turned over to the fraternity. Confidence of Negroes in their own people was almost remedilessly

shaken by this happening, and the name of the fraternity is little more than a by-word in certain communities. In spite of whatever defalcation may have taken place, the order still possessed valuable real estate and equipment, and money at the time would have done immeasurable good. A Finance Corporation during the distress which followed this catastrophe would have been a true savior.

The wreckage of Negro enterprises, individual and corporate, from the famous Freedman's Bank to the latest gasping, greasy, little eat shop, has cluttered and obstructed the path of his progress for the past half-century. Any organization that will undertake to clear the track ahead is an economic godsend. To avert not only such crises as above indicated, but to launch new commercial efforts, as well as to render aid to those already begun, is the idea back of this most recent and only national financial venture among Negroes. The need of an organization like the National Negro Finance Corporation is apparent. The social and economic status of the Negro has advanced so marvelously during the past twenty years that he is ready to establish and operate large businesses. Large undertakings, however, can be begun only when sufficient credit can be had to finance them. Owing to the peculiar social make up of America, a black man seeking credit does not receive the same generous consideration as a white man in the same case. If the Negro then is to manage large businesses he must increasingly depend upon himself to finance them. Emphasizing this point, Mr. Frederick C. Howe, former Commissioner of Immigration, who attended the organization meeting of the National Negro Finance Corporation, had this to say:

"Credit is a vitally important item in business. Usually one's credit bespeaks his business standing. The amount of credit the Negro commands is not in proportion to his property holdings and bank deposits. The Negro must be in a position to get credit. In the realm of business the Negro must learn to rely first on himself to achieve economic independence the same as other racial groups."

The National Negro Finance Corporation will meet the situation as described by Mr. Howe.

Thus, through its first excursion into the world of finance, the National Negro Business League hopes to demonstrate that it is no longer merely a vehicle for social intercourse, but a practical business organization, studying the problems of its constituents and using its best endeavors to solve them. By the same token it also hopes to silence its critics, giving them positive proof of the Negro's wholesome capacity for self help by the financial bulwark the Finance Corporation will erect to protect businesses owned and managed by Negroes. And as it succeeds, it may be worth while to remember that for this practical achievement, the inspiration—unhallowed term!—came from Booker T. Washington, whose Business League perhaps had to use the last quarter of a century in educating, or irritating, Negroes to the point where they would demand of it more than oratory and the exchange of amenities.

The Inter-Racial Forum

Martha Gruening in the New York World :
"There has probably been a degree of sincere tolerance as well as a large admixture of snobbishness and cowardice in our readiness to absorb the Southerner's point of view about the Negro. No doubt many Northerners have believed the claim reasonable on its face, if one does not know the facts, that he 'knows the Negro'; but the net result of our tolerance toward him has been the worst of intolerance, oppression, and cruelty for several million colored people. Why not, just to strike a balance, transfer a little of our intolerance to the white Southerner and of our open-mindedness to the Negroes?"

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From the General Education Board in the Columbus, • Ga., Enquirer-Sun : "A more cordial relation between the races has followed in the wake of educational progress. Nothing, indeed, is of fairer promise than the awakened interest of the whites in the improvement of Negro schools."

Glenn Frank in the Century: "I find it difficult to believe that Jesus, the Jew, flouted his own race in order to flatter the Nordics. And although my own ancestry has been, for as many generations as I have been able to trace it, white, Protestant, and Nordic, I cannot quite concur in the present attempt to convert Jesus into a mere press agent for the Pilgrim fathers."

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Baltimore Sun: "There are approximately 100,000 negroes in this city. They must have homes in which to live. If they preferred to live in the slums and in insanitary surroundings, the white people of Baltimore could not permit them to do so without running the risk of pestilence and epidemics of diseases. There is no denial of the fact that invasion of white blocks by negroes is, at times, a great hardship on white property owners. For the time being it may seriously diminish value of a home in which the white owner has invested his life savings. When the block becomes a black block, values, we believe, are not only restored, but are apt to be enhanced."

Pot-Pourri

Colored Pupils Lead in Savings

THE Independent Order of St. Luke, that has stood for sixty years as an example of thrift and industry for our people throughout the entire country, takes great pleasure in the report that the Negro pupils have led in the Public School Savings for the first month of the schools.

The News-Leader was kind enough to print the following comparative figures:
First reports on the savings record of the city schools show that Providence Park, a colored school, is leading the whole system with 100 per cent of the pupils having deposits. Booker T. Washington, another colored school, is second with 98.8 per cent depositors.

Chimborazo is leading among the white school;

and is third on the list with 98. George Mason, colored, has 85.8; Nathaniel Bacon, white, has 85. The score of the colored schools is announced as follows:

Armstrong, 48; Webster Davis, 51.7; Buchanan, 87.6; George Mason, 85.8; Navy Hill, 66.2; Baker, 70; Moore, 59.6; Monroe, 46; Sidney, 16.5; Booker Washington, 98.8; Providence Park, 100; Dunbar, 46.

The reporter in the Times-Dispatch the following day took much time and patience to praise the white schools that reached 98 per cent. He studiously left out the Negro schools that had one hundred per cent. He did not fail, however, to list the Negro schools that fell lowest in the rating. Richmond, Va., St. Luke's Herald.

"It Ain't Goin to Rain /Vo More

IT Ain't Going to Rain No More" is the title of a popular song that is constantly on the lips of every youngster in Augusta, but it has not been heard so often for the last eight or ten days. It has rained and rained some more, so the kiddies decided to quit singing. "It ain't going to rain no more."

This song was sung many years ago by colored people who are now elderly. It belongs in that class known as "Folk Songs." It was used in a dancing game something like the "Virginia Reel." The boys and girls stood in two long lines, partners facing each other. There was always a boy who did not have a partner and by the rules of the game, he must steal another's partner. And so the game went on, this one and the other one stealing partners. All the while the refrain, "Tain't going to rain no more," sung to a medley of words, rang out upon the air. One of the questions asked in this song long, long ago was, "What did the rain crow say to the frog?" "Tain't going to rain no more.

A. W. Wimberly in the Augusta, Ga., Herald.

Pity Sympathy, on the Level

THE white man and the black man must get together. With this thought in mind, the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce has started a drive for Negro membership in that body. Sev

eral worthwhile business men have joined. A committee from the Chamber of Commerce met a group of business men this week in one of the assembly rooms in the Knights of Pythias Building. It was a meeting with a purpose. If the contacts being formed by white and colored business men maintain the standard set this week, great benefits will flow therefrom.

Unlike other inter-racial groups, there was no pity or sympathy expressed—it was on the level. One of the speakers put it something like this: The Negro doesn't want any pity. He rather resents it. He doesn't desire anybody's sympathy nor does he need it. But the colored man does want to be on the level. He is human and craves a man's chance, that is all.

The reason for the failure of some inter-racial groups is the type of men who are placed on these bodies. Often they are selected because they hold some quasi public office. They do not represent the thought nor the interest of the Negro group : therefore, the dominant group gets the wrong impression of the real thinking going on among the colored people. It results in the white people getting an idea that all the Negro wants is charity. Sometimes the selection is made with the hope that those selected will conform to a set policy already established. In other words, certain people cannot afford to run contra to the desires of their masters. Therefore, they are unable to speak with authority for the colored group. The Chamber of Commerce is making the right contact. It is a business proposition pure and simple. There is no direct returns in dollars and cents—no politics.
Philadelphia, Pa., Tribune.

Equal Division of Labor on the Wharf

BY the terms of the new wharf labor agreement, an equal number of white men and Negroes will hereafter be employed in loading and unloading ships at Galveston, Texas City, and Houston. Speaking for Galveston, the agreement is of greater moment than might appear on the surface. It applies a timely corrective to a condition that probably would have grown more unsatisfactory if allowed to continue unregulated.

As The Netvs understands it, the readjustment was dictated more in the interest of the general public than of the master stevedores. No question of relative efficiency was involved. It was simply a matter of bringing about an equitable distribution of the enormous pay roll controlled by employers of wharf labor. So important is this source of local income, compared with Galveston's population, that it reaches back into every channel of retail trade. The general consequences of the new arrangement are too well understood to require detailed discussion. For the past several years, about 65 per cent of longshore labor has been done by Negroes.

Several complications have heretofore stood in the way of this realignment. That they have at last been overcome is no small tribute to the fairness of all parties concerned in the negotiations. Both the Negro and the white locals were called upon to make concessions. For the Negroes it required a surrender of about 15 percent. The white unions gave up the distinction they have hitherto drawn between the loading of cotton and other classes of freight. That was primarily a concession to the employers. It simplifies the conduct of stevedoring operations, since the same local will hereafter handle cotton and other cargo. The number of locals has been reduced from four to two.

It should be a source of gratification that relations between employers and employees are sufficiently cordial to permit a readjustment of this scope to be brought about without friction and with no interruption of work.

—Galveston, Tex., News.

Gross Currents

The Contemptuous Wizard

Columbus, O., Oct. 1.—William Joseph Simmons, -founder and former emperor of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, addressing the Knights of the Flaming Sword here last night, said in answer to a charge that he had sold out the Klan:

"Did I sell you out?" he asked. "No. I could have done it three years ago and you would never have known. For selling you out I could have been Presi

dent of the United States, have had a million dollars in cash and \$25,000 a year expenses, .but I didn't be cause I would rather have been a supreme monarch than President."—tf. 1". Evening Post.

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The Rival Moonshiners

Under the caption, "Negro Killed in Race Fight," the Ncv> York Evening Post published on October 15th the following item:

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 14.—One negro is near death and another dangerously wounded as a result of a fight between ten negroes and fifteen white men in the outskirts of the city last night. The trouble is laid to rivalry in moonshining.

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Caught

(From a Chicago Newspaper)

"Three youthful bandits invade Hotel Herman and hold up big crap dice game in which twenty-five delegates to national convention of Poultry, Butter and Egg Association are indulging, and escape with \$1000 stakes."

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One God, One Race, One Society

From a two-column full-page advertisement of "Foresters of America," Dept. 315, \$22 Fifth Avenue, New York—"in the New York World":

WANTED: Honest men who want true FRIENDS—only white men over 18 and under 50, believers in one Deity, need apply.

• • •

An Explanation

A Klan sympathizer in the Syracuse, N. Y., Post-Standard: "The phrase 'white supremacy' does not mean that the Negro's citizenship will be taken from him. It means that the white race is, and always has been mentally and morally superior to the colored race. That does not mean that we always will be: it's up to us."

• • •

*The Way to Replace the Migrants, Gentle
men, Is to Replace Them!*

From a speech delivered by the Hon William H. Wilkes, head of the department of Mines, Manufactures and Agriculture of Arkansas, as reported in the Fort Smith, Arkansas, Recorder of October 27, 1924: "I feel that the exodus of negroes from some sections of the state makes it necessary that something be done to replace them. Naturally, the way to replace them is with substantial folks who will become permanent home-owning citizens. I feel that the immigration bureau is the proper agency through which to bring these people into Arkansas."

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The Latin Peril

No better exposition of the dangers this country exposes itself to when it lets down the immigration ropes and admits promiscuously Italians, Greeks, Spaniards, French and other Latin peoples has yet been promulgated than this brilliant, grandiloquent utterance from The Standard, an organ of the Ku Klux Klan: "Today everyone knows the mental nature of cause and effect, and that one cannot witness horrible scenes or be mentally a participant in corrupt and degraded situations without receiving a poisonous taint Grand opera is one more of the un-American alien influences centered in New York in which Roman Catholics dominate, as composers, librettists, singers and impressarios."

Defining the Negro Problem

By Abram L. Harris, Jr.

A Review of Society and Its Problem—An Introduction to the Principle! of Sociology—By Grove S. Dowj, Thomas Y. Coviell Co., Publishers, New York City. (With special reference to the treatment of The American Race Problem.—Chap. IX.)

IN this book of twenty-six chapters Mr. Dow presents what he considers the fundamentals of sociology. He has essayed the positivistic and concrete approach to the study of social phenomena. The obvious value of this

method is that it enables the student to grasp more readily concepts which appear vague and obtrusive when detached from the world of life—from individual and group experience.

The book begins with a chapter on "The Nature of Sociology," aiming at a description of the relationship between sociology and other sciences. Such a chapter is already hackneyed and trite to persons versed in sociologic lore. It is a work of an introductory nature, however, and it has a place because of its simple presentation of the content and scope of sociology as a science. A similar chapter by Blackmar and Gillen is better written and gives the beginner firmer grasp of the affinity which links sociology with kindred sciences. The author displays some discernment of the complexity of the social process by expressing disinclination in ascribing a single factor as the cause of the social problems he analyses. But neither is this pluralism nor objective attitude maintained steadfastly throughout the text.

Part II of the book comprises discussions of population and its attendant problems, immigration, eugenics and heredity, urban migration, the race problem, etc. The author's treatment of heredity and eugenics is not as comprehensive as might be desired. For example, recent biological discoveries which have definitive bearing upon certain social ills—instance mental defectives—so conspicuously absent that their omission seems due to deliberate exclusion rather than to the author's ignorance of them. Detailed discussions of heredity and environment emanating from sociologists of this generation should embrace much of the data gathered by leading psychological and clinical laboratories. These findings are available and society is entitled to much less unbiased deduction than have been made hitherto. Parts III and IV are devoted, respectively, to the "Evolution of Social Institutions" and an "Analysis of Society." Chapter X of the former is a study of the evolution of the family and some of its modern problems.

The author may be rightly censored for superficial thinking in more than one chapter. But nowhere, perhaps, does he abandon scientific approach so recklessly as in Chapter IX on "The American Race Problem." The abundance of statistical data compiled in this chapter is not sufficiently voluminous to eclipse a sub

conscious Nordicism. It is upon this chapter that a more detailed criticism will be focused.

According to Professor Dow, the Negro in the South has not rushed to the city but has remained in an almost unvarying proportion on the farm. The admission that there has been a slight movement to the smaller towns does not compensate for the under-estimation of tendencies in the Negro population focalized by the migrations of 1916 and 1922. A survey made by the Department of Agriculture shows that southern Negro farmers are migrating to the urban communities of both North and South. During the decade 1910-20, 135,000 Negroes moved to cities in the South Atlantic States and about the same number to cities in the East-North Central States. During the same decade the urban population decreased by nearly one-fourth of a million, or 3.4 per cent. A treatment of the Negro population movements which does not consider these changes caused by the exigencies of manufacturing and agricultural processes and the consequent urbanization of the American population as a whole, is faulty. Corollary to the increase in number of Negroes in the North has been a similar increase in Negro industrial wage-earners. The Department of Labor estimates that in five years the number of Negroes in manufacturing and mechanical trades has increased 255,389, of which increase 37,016 are women. The same report estimated that Negroes engaged in personal and domestic service had decreased 57,642. Yet Professor Dow's a priori analysis find that the Negro in the northern cities is able to obtain employment only at menial jobs (page 161).

That there are more mulattoes in the northern and western cities the author attributes to no less a sentimentality than the adventuresomeness and restlessness which they inherited from their white forebears. If restlessness is a property peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon, it would not be at all illogical for Professor Dow to designate as mulattoes the nearly 500,000 Negroes who have migrated from the South in the past three years. This seems a covert attempt on the part of the author at reintroducing the moribund innate superiority myth of the mulatto, predicated upon the inherent superiority of white man. The hereditarians and Professor Dow to support his implied belief in this aspect of biologicdeterminism must explain why the greatest percentage of superior Negroes is found in Ohio where the percentage of mulattoes is 35.2 while the Negro population of Michigan which is 47 per cent mulatto has fewer

superior Negroes. Were Professor Dow's hypothesis valid, Michigan with the highest percentile incidence of mulattoes in any state should have the greatest percentage of superior Negroes. The analogy might be carried farther: Louisiana with 21.4 per cent mulattoes has a median intelligence score for Negroes of 19.01 while Pennsylvania with 19.2 per cent mulattoes has a score of 37.32 per cent; New Jersey with 15.8 mulattoes has a score of 35.31 while Alabama with 16.7 per cent mulattoes scores only 10.25 •"" Georgia with 17.3 per cent mullatoes scores only 9.88. These results of the Army Intelligence Tests undoubtedly prove confounding to the Nordics when they note that the Negroes of Ohio registered a median of 49.28 while the native vihite stock of eight Southern States registered an average median of merely 42.55. The facts which explain these phenomena are not so obscure as to baffle painstaking inquiries. A survey of the educational conditions of the states mentioned above, show* that those with the lowest scores have the poorest public school facilities, most poorly paid teachers, greatest amount of illiteracy, and fewest schools.

In an effort to account for so-called "negroid" characteristics, heredity is again appealed to. These the author explains as having evolved under the selective process of an African environment. "The Negro" to quote Professor Dow, "was not compelled to use much ingenuity or to tax his intellect to any great extent to provide a living so his mental powers did not develop." Ergo, the Negro is docile, lazy, indifferent to the future, superstitious, non-purposive in thought and possesses a predisposition to crime and immorality. Improvidence and shiftlessness can hardly be attributed to the Negro as a racial inheritance in the light of the author's own statement of the Negro's half century of material and cultural progress.

A few absurd contradictions appear. A sentence in "Impossible Solutions" reads: "We may admit that the crossing—white and black crossings—might not be disadvantageous, physiologically—altho the writer personally doubts it." (Page 183). Previously he states, "Biologically the crossing of .the strains of a race as a rule has a beneficial effect and the mixing of the colored and white races is no exception." (Page 182). Or again: "The mulatto is in nearly all cases illegitimate—very seldom being born in wedlock." (Page 183). In another place he refutes himself: "The increase in mulattoes is probably not the result of any increase in immorality, but is due

rather to the gradual seeping of the white blood through the whole black population."

The trend in Negro education, according to the author, is away from higher learning. This is as it should be, for industrial education is one of the solutions to the race problem. Had Professor Dow stopped to consider the large annual increases in the student bodies of such institutions as Howard, Fisk, Lincoln, Virginia Union, and Morehouse Universities, as well as in the "white" universities, and the increase in graduates from reputable professional and technical schools both at home and abroad, he could by no means have produced such a fallacious generalization. Vocational guidance and industrial education are by no means to be deplored. However, the imputation that identity with a certain race group foredooms one to pursue cooking, farming, or canning no matter what his aptitudes and potentialities may be—is accepted with frank question. Professor Dow's treatment of the race question is a classic example of the American student's proneness to separate for special treatment certain illusory Negroid traits, the causation of which is sought by fashioning a highly questionable psychological and social relationship between aboriginal African and the American Negro.

All in all "Society and Its Problems" abounds in material for sociological study. Manipulated by a skilled teacher, it might prove highly supplementary to a more theoretical social psychology.

Negro Elementary School Teacher in West Virginia

By Joseph S. Price, viith Preface by F. C. Sumner.

The West Virginia Collegiate Institute Bulletin,
Series 11, No. 3, Sept. 1924.

A SIGNIFICANTLY beneficial attribute of the Negro's increasing racial consciousness is the developing practice on the part of trained Negroes of applying the methods and standards evolved for the various aspects of social life to the Negro racial group. In the field of industry, Booker Washington was the outstanding leader who "fitted" the Negro in the spirit of the times—a spirit more intense following its revival after the sudden interruption caused by the Civil War. In the fields of fiction, dramatics, business, mortality, and education, the Negro versed in the technique of scientific treatment has turned to the promising sphere

of Negro Life as the opportunity to develop more skill in his field and as the opportunity to compare accurately the Negro group with the other groups. An interesting contribution of this sort in the field of educational surveys and teacher-training is "The Negro Elementary School Teacher in West Virginia."

Using 300 replies to a questionnaire filled out by teachers in attendance at the 1922 summer session of the West Virginia Collegiate Institute and at the two 1922 meetings of the West Virginia Negro State Teachers' Association, the author essays to assemble some meaningful statistics respecting the Negro elementary teacher of West Virginia. Thus, the composition of the teaching staff is studied in terms of age, sex, estate, physical defects, place of birth, choice of teaching as one's life work, in and out-of-State school attendance, social stock, and lodging conditions. A study of their training shows that 95 per cent are graduates of four-year high school courses and 8 per cent are graduates of approved normal schools. Other problems surveyed are those of appointment, tenure, certification, salary, equipment, and supervision. Thus, the average (mean) tenure is 8.46 years and the average (mean) salary is \$1009. In all, six chapters, totaling 100 pages, are given to the presentation of the problem, the method, the statement and interpretation of results, and the practical application.

The study bears some significant relations to the field of education. Not only is education more and more an experimental science based, in many instances, upon surveys of this general nature, but much of the work is being done by teacher-training institutions and Departments of Education in our colleges and universities. The West Virginia institution falls in line and offers a stimulating suggestion as it presents this survey of the actual situation in that state. Again the teacher and her qualifications are the subject of study as they have well been in the case of the work done by the Carnegie Foundation and by Anderson and Farmer in Wisconsin.

On the critical side of the subject might well be proffered the reaction that the study seems a bit superficial and over-inclusive. Instead of taking each item and giving both the statistical results and the interpretation in one presentation, the author takes one chapter to give all the statistical facts collected and a second to offer some explanatory and interpretative comment

on the findings in each case. Not only does the reader suffer from the lack of a complete and forceful presentation of each type of factor surveyed but the additional comments of the second chapter, many of which are both enlightening and very opportune, lose their effect with the tables absent. Again, the large number of factors observed with the small number of cases (varying from 84 in occupation of mother to 200 in previous educational training) suggests the probable advantage of a more restricted study made on a more thorough basis. In the matter of statistical arrangement, improvement could well be made with the statistical tables by confining each table to a single item or pair of related items rather than assembling a group of small miscellaneous facts in a single table. These problems of subject and arrangement are significant items of consideration in a scientific educational study intended to stand the test of technique as well as to present valuable results.

All in all, the study is a worthy contribution. It is deserving of the considerate approval of all persons interested in teacher-training and of the group of students interested in the scientific treatment of Negro education. Not only the information respecting the elementary teacher of West Virginia, but the suggestion of the fruitful opportunity ever present to the student of Negro education make this survey significantly valuable.

H. Councill Trenholm.

SOCIAL PROGRESS



Mrs. Elise McDougald

To Mrs. Elise McDougald has come the signal dis

tion of being appointed to the position of assistant principal of Public School No. 89 of New York City. Born and trained in New York City, she met part of the requirements for eligibility for this position by teaching eight years in the elementary schools, No. 11 and No. 9, Manhattan. This, together with necessary graduate work in the science of pedagogy and proof of skill in executive work made it possible to take the four examinations for the position. In the light of the new viewpoint on education, knowledge of the facts within the narrow confines of the academic classroom, would not augur success for an administrator in the immense and difficult public schools of New York City. Sympathetic understanding of the economic and social problems influencing the lives of the children is vital. Mrs. McDougald entered social work, after resigning as a teacher, in the capacity of assistant industrial secretary of the N. Y. Urban League. She served as assistant placement secretary at Manhattan Trade School, endeavoring to point the way for greater service from that school to its colored students. In 1918, the lack of facts about the colored woman worker in New York City compelled Mrs. McDougald to seek aid in having a survey made. She interested the Womens' Trade Union League first and with its help, secured financial backing from the war-time funds of the Y. W. C. A. This survey was published under the caption "New Day for the Colored Woman Worker." She next acted at head of the woman's department in the U. S.

(images)

Mrs. Elise McDougald

Roland Hayes

(From drawing by Francis Holbrook)

Labor Department's employment bureau in Harlem, and after the signing of the armistice went back to work with children in the hope of helping them at the most critical and constructive periods in their lives. Opportunity to do this was offered her by the Henry Street Committee on Vocational Guidance. For one year, the vocational guidance bureau was financed by this committee. The pioneer work was established by them and in the second year, it was taken over by the Board of Education and continued for six years. This work of counselling young graduates of the elementary schools, Nos. 119, 89, 5, showed how hopeless is training only, if no opportunity follows. With this conviction, Mrs. McDougald brought about the interest of the Board of Su

perintendents and the U. S. Department of Labor in a joint survey of the occupations open to men and women (colored) in New York City. The facts secured in this exhaustive study, the school end of which was made by Mrs. McDougald, has been of vital import to the superintendents of schools in planning new courses in new schools and has prevented the practical carrying out of policies based upon lack of information about Negroes in New York. Beside the detail work of supervising the plans of 500 children a term, Mrs. McDougald accepted active work with the following committees: The North Harlem Vocational Guidance Committee, the Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro Workers. Committee for Equalization of Opportunities for all children of the Teachers' Union Auxiliary,

The North Harlem Community Forum and is Chair, man of the Committee (General) on Vocational Guidance for High School Students of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority.



Roland Hayes is now an institution. His concerts have swiftly become the classic example of the power of art over the barriers of race. His last New York appearance at Carnegie Hall on November 28 was simply another such demonstration. That vast auditorium was filled before him and down to the narrow passage strip behind him on the stage. His voice, still that flawless blend of his racial gift and artistic perfection, has made and holds friends for the Negro such as no other brief single contribution has been able to accomplish. Deems Taylor, music critic for the New York World, said of this performance: "Care Selve " as he sang it last night was Haendel as Haendel should be sung, and his interpretation of Wolf's "Auch Kleine Dinge"

was one of the most exquisite examples of pure lieder
Myle that I have ever been privileged to hear."
He has brought new life to the spirituals and a profounder
appreciation of them generally. At the con
clusion of the program no one stirred. It was neces
sary after three encores to put out the lights as a final
signal that the performance was over. Such is his
triumph.

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The National Urban League had added to its staff
as Extension Secretary, Mrs. Harriet Shadd Butcher
of Washington, D. C. A graduate of Smith College,
A.B., 190\$, a graduate student in the Harvard Gradu
ate School of Education, a teacher at Howard Univer
sity for one year and at the Dunbar High School for
seventeen and a half years, Mrs. Butcher brings to her
new post a quite thorough educational background and
a most engaging personality. She is the daughter of
•he late Dr. Furmann J. Shadd, Washington physician,
for many years Secretary-Treasurer of the Howard
University Medical School, and of Mrs. Alice Parke
Shadd, formerly a teacher in the Washington public
schools.

Mrs. Butcher will carry on an educational program in
connection with the League's activities and will assist
in spreading the Urban League idea by personal inter
views, in conference and at public meetings.

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The People's Finance Corporation

After being established two years the People's Fi
nance Corporation of St. Louis has increased its capi
tal twice and now has a capital and surplus of \$250,000.
The institution, which was the first industrial loan bank
established among Negroes in this country, uses the
same system a* a "Morris Plan" Bank. There are over
750 stockholders, the largest number of any financial
institution in the United States operated by colored
people. One outstanding feature is a savings depart
ment which was opened last year. The annual business
came to approximately one half million dollars, and a
15 per cent dividend has been declared this year. Last
year 10 per cent was paid.

The new home of the People's Finance Corporation at the northwest corner of Jefferson and Market Streets will be ready for occupancy by May, 1925. The building represents an investment of approximately \$150,000. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year at the last regular meeting of the Board of Directors: Charles E. Herriot, Pres.; J. E. Mitchell, Vice-Pres.; W. H. A. Barrett, Vice-Pres., George W. Buckner, Vice-Pres. and Manager; George H. Anderson, Sec'y; Edward L. Grant, Asst. Sec'y; E. L. Harris, Treas; D. W. Bowles, Chairman Finance Committee and Counsel.

The Man Who Makes The Negro Year Book

The structure of inter-racial work has one firm pillar in the patient and undemonstrative researches of Monroe N. Work, Editor of the Negro Year Book, to which source many thousands owe their balanced judgments on the race question.

The 1925 edition of the Negro Year Book, which will appear in the early spring, is designed to be the most comprehensive edition of the Book which has been published. Every section has been revised and will cover the three years, 1922 to 1924. Special attention has been given to the political conditions, to the situation in Africa, to the review of books relating to the Negro and to the attitude of the Negro to the various phases of the problems which have, during these three years, been most acute. Mr. Work was one of the first of the present school of research students in Negro life. In 1902 he received from the University of Chicago, the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy and in 1903 the degree of Master of Arts, in Sociology. His thesis for the master's degree was "Negro Real Estate Holdings in Chicago." This attracted widespread attention and brought forth many comments from the press throughout the country. He showed that the first owner of property on the site of what is Chicago was a San Domingan Negro, Baptist Point De Saible, who settled there as an Indian trader about 1790. The first position held after graduation from the University of Chicago was with the Georgia State Industrial College as Professor of History and Education. This position he held for five years. In 1908 he went to Tuskegee Institute and established the Department of Records and Research. The results of the work of this depart

ment are embodied in the Negro Year Book, the first edition of which appeared in 1912. This publication has become a standard authority on matters pertaining to the race.

Mr. Work is a member of the American Negro Academy, the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, the American Sociological Society, the American Economic Association, the National Geographic Society and the Academy of Political and Social Science. His annual reports of lynchings are the recognized authority on this subject.

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Louis A. Hamilton, a personnel worker at the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, reported at the Urban League Conference that in their plant were 185 colored employees, of which number 157 were employed in the foundries and the majority of these on piece work, averaging about \$6 per day. They have 49 houses for colored employees, three, four and five rooms, with bath, light and gas, renting for \$12, \$15 and \$18 per month, respectively. They have set aside buildings for their use for church work, social, educational activities, etc A band has also been formed and instrumental music is taught to any of the employees who desire to learn it.